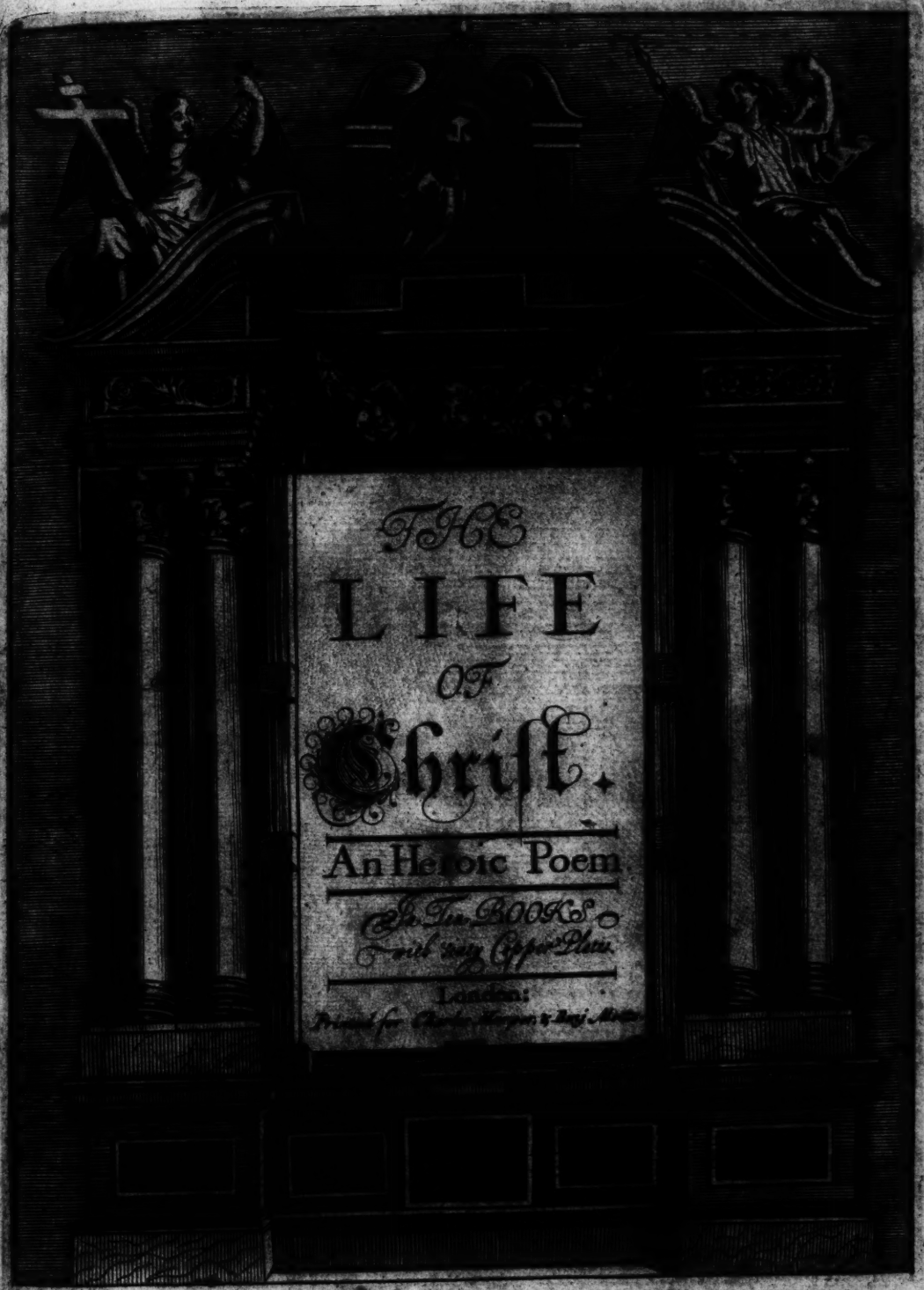
Anne Grosvenor



N.° 2.

UMI

THE

LIFE

OF OUR

Blessed Lord & Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

AN

HEROIC POEM:

DEDICATED TO

Her Most Sacred MAJESTY.

In Ten Books.

ATTEMPTED BY

SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

Chaplain to the most Honourable JOHN Lord Marquess of *Normanby*, and Rector of *Epworth* in the County of *Lincoln*.

Each Book Illustrated by necessary Notes, explaining all the more difficult Matters in the whole History: Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry.

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LONDON:

TO

Her moſt Sacred MAJESTY

MARY,

By the Grace of GOD

QUEEN

OF

Great Britain, France and *Ireland*, &c.

THIS

POEM

Is moſt Humbly Dedicated

BY

Her Majeſty's moſt Loyal,

Moſt Obedient,

And moſt Dutiful Subject and Servant,

S. Weſley.

THE PREFACE,

Being an ESSAY on HEROIC POETRY.

A *Juſt Heroic Poem* is ſo vaſt an *Undertaking*, requires ſo much both of *Art* and *Genius* for its Management, and carries ſuch Difficulty in the *Model* of the Whole, and *Diſpoſition* of the ſeveral Parts, that it's no Wonder, if not above One or Two of the *Ancients*, and hardly any of the *Moderns*, have ſucceeded in their Attempts of this Nature. *Rapin*, and other *Maſters of Epic*, repreſent it as an *Enterprize* ſo *hardy*, that it can ſcarce enter into the Mind of a *wiſe Man*, without affrighting him, as being the moſt *perfect Piece* of Work that *Art* can produce. That Author has many excellent Reflexions and Rules concerning it in his Diſcourſe *ſur la Poetique*; but *Boſſu* is the firſt I've ſeen who has writ a juſt and perfect Tract thereon, wherein he has in a clear and Scholaſtic Method amaſs'd together moſt that's to be found in Antiquity on that Subject, tho' chiefly keeping to the Obſervations of *Ariſtotle*, which he drew from *Homer*, and who ſeems the firſt that reduced *Poetry* to an *Art*. That *Author* defines *Epic*, "An *Artificial Diſcourſe*, in order to form "the *Manners* by Inſtructions, diſguis'd under the *Allegories* of ſome one im-"portant *Action*, recited in Verſe, in a manner probable, diverting and admirable: which he thus himſelf abridges, "'Tis a Fable agreeably imitated on ſome *im-*"*portant Action*, recited in Verſe in a manner that's *probable* and *admirable*: In which Definition are contain'd, as he afterwards explains it, the general *Nature* of *Epic*, and that double, *Fable* and *Poem*: The *Matter*, ſome one *important Action* probably *feign'd* and *imitated*: Its *Form*, *Recitation* or *Narration*: And laſtly, its *End*, *Inſtruction*, which is aimed at in general by the *Moral* of the *Fable*; and beſides in the particular *Manners* of the Perſons who make the moſt conſiderable *Figure* in the Work.

To begin with *Fable*, which he makes included in the *general Nature* or *Eſſence* of *Epic*. This, he ſays, is the moſt *eſſential Part* of it; "That ſome *Fables* and "*Allegories* ſcatter'd up and down in a *Poem* don't ſuffice to conſtitute *Epic*, if "they are only the Ornaments, and not the very *Foundation* of it. And again, "That 'tis the very *Fund* and *principal Action* that ought to be *Feign'd* and *Alle-*"*gorical*: For which reaſon he expreſly excludes hence all ſimple Hiſtories, as by Name, *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*, *Silius Italicus*'s *Punic War*, and all true Actions of particular Perſons, without Fable: And ſtill more home; that 'tis not a Relation of the *Actions* of any *Hero*, to form the Manners by his *Example*, but on the contrary, a Diſcourſe *invented* to *form the Manners* by the Relation of ſome one *feign'd Action*, deſign'd to pleaſe, under the *borrow'd Name* of ſome *illuſtrious Perſon*, of whom Choice is made after we have fram'd the *Plan* of the Action which we deſign to attribute to him.

Nor indeed is *Boſſu* ſingular in his Judgment on this Matter, there being few or none who have ever writ on the ſame Subject, but are of the ſame mind: For thus *Boileau* in his Art of *Poetry*,

Dans

The PREFACE.

Dans la vaſte recit d' une longue action
Se ſoutient par la Fable & vit de Fiction.

Which his *Tranſlator* I think better;

In the Narration *of ſome great Deſign,*
Invention, Art, and Fable, *all muſt join.*

Rapin too gives his Vote on the ſame ſide, *Rien n'eſt*, ſays he, *plus eſſentiel an Poem Epique, que la* Fiction; and quotes *Petronius* to that purpoſe, *Per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria præcipitandus eſt Liber Spiritus.* Nor is't only the Moderns who are of this Opinion; for the *Iliads* are call'd in *Horace, Fabula qua Paridis, &c.* And laſtly, even *Ariſtotle* himſelf tells us, "That *Fable* is the *prin-* "*cipal thing* in an *Heroic Poem*; and, as it were, the very *Soul* of it. Ἀρχὴ δὲ καὶ οἷον ψυχὴ. And upon this occaſion commends *Homer* for *lying* with the beſt Grace of any Man in the World: Authorities almoſt too big to admit any *Examination* of their *Reaſon*, or *Oppoſition* to their *Sentiments*. However, I ſee no cauſe why *Poetry* ſhould not be brought to the *Teſt*, as well as *Divinity*, or any more than the other, be believed on its own bare *ipſe dixit*.

Let us therefore examine the *Plan* which they lay for a *Work* of this *Nature*, and then we may be better able to gueſs at thoſe *Grounds* and *Reaſons* on which they proceed.

In forming an *Heroic-Poem*, the firſt thing they tell us we ought to do, is to pitch on ſome *Moral Truth*, which we deſire to enforce on our *Reader*, as the *Foundation* of the whole Work. Thus *Virgil*, as *Boſſu* obſerves, deſigning to render the *Roman* People pleaſed and eaſie under the *new Government* of *Auguſtus*, laid down this Maxim, as the *Foundation* of his Divine *Æneis*: "*That great and notable* "*Changes of State are not accompliſhed but by the* Order *and* Will *of God: That thoſe* "*who oppoſe themſelves againſt them are* impious, *and frequently puniſhed as they de-* "*ſerve; and that Heaven is not wanting to take that* Hero *always under its par-* "*ticular Protection, whom it chuſes for the Execution of ſuch grand Deſigns.* This for the *Moral Truth*; we muſt then, he ſays, go on to lay the general *Plan* of the *Fiction*, which, together with that Verity, makes the *Fable* and *Soul* of the *Poem*: And this he thinks *Virgil* did in this manner, "*The Gods ſave a great* "Prince *from the Ruines of his* Country, *and chuſe him for the* Preſervation *of* "Religion, *and re-eſtabliſhing a more* glorious Empire *than his* former. *The* Hero "*is made a* King, *and arriving at his new Country, finds both* God *and* Men *diſpos'd* "*to receive him: But a* neighbouring Prince, *whoſe Eyes Ambition and Jealouſie have* "*cloſed againſt Juſtice and the Will of Heaven, oppoſes his Eſtabliſhment, being aſ-* "*ſiſted by* another King deſpoil'd of his Eſtate *for his* Cruelty *and* Wickedneſs. "*Their Oppoſition, and the War on which this pious Prince is forc'd, render his Eſta-* "*bliſhment more* juſt *by the* Right *of Conqueſt, and more* glorious *by his Victory and* "*the Death of his Enemies.* Theſe are his own Words, as any may ſee who are at the pains to conſult him; nor can I help it, if either *Virgil* or *Boſſu* happen to be *Prophets*.

When the *Poet* has proceeded thus far, and as *Boſſu* calls it, *dreſs'd* his *Project*, he's next to ſearch in *Hiſtory* or receiv'd *Fable*, for ſome *Hero*, whoſe *Name* he may *borrow* for his *Work*, and to whom he may ſuit his *Perſons*. Theſe are *Boſſu*'s Notions, and, indeed, very agreeable to *Ariſtotle*, who ſays, that *Perſons* and *Actions* in this ſort of Poetry muſt be *feign'd*, *allegorical*, and *univerſal*.

This is the Platform they lay; and let's now ſee if we can diſcover the Reaſons whereon they found theſe *Rules*, being ſo unanimous for *Fable* rather than *true Hiſtory*, as the Matter of an *Heroic Poem*; and, if I miſtake not, theſe are ſome of the principal.

1. Becauſe they had obſerv'd the beſt *Models* of *Heroic Poems* were laid after this manner; the greateſt part of the Action both in *Homer* and *Virgil* being *pure Fable*. *Homer* beginning, and all the reſt following his Steps.

2. Becauſe

2. Becauſe no ſingle Hero, or *true Hiſtory*, which the Ancients knew was ſufficient, without *Fable*, to furniſh *Matter* for an *Epic Poem*. *Hiſtory*, ſays *Ariſtotle*, treats of *particular Things* as they really are; *Poetry*, as they ought to be; and therefore he prefers *Poetry* as the more *grave* and more *inſtructive*; the *Poets* being forc'd to follow the ſame Methods with their *Kindred-Art*, that of the *Painters*, and gather a great many *Beauties* together, out of 'em all, to ſteal *one Venus*.

3. A third Reaſon may be, becauſe, ſuppoſing they ſhould have found ſome one Example from whence to enforce ſtrongly any particular Point of *Morality*, yet it would have miſs'd thoſe other Characters of *Epic*, moſt of its *Agreeableneſs*, and all its *Power* to raiſe *Admiration*. *A chaſt Hiſtorian* muſt not go about to *amuſe* his Reader with *Machines*; and a *Poet* that would imitate him, muſt have been forced to *thin* his *Stage* accordingly, and disband all his *glorious Train* of *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, which compoſes all that's admirable in his Work; according to that of *Boileau*; *Chaque Virtue devient une divinitie.*

And theſe, if I miſtake not, were the main Reaſons on which the fore-mention'd *Rules* were *grounded*. Let's now enquire into the Strength and Validity of them: To begin with *Homer*, he wrote in that manner, becauſe moſt of the ancient *Eaſtern Learning*, the Original of all others, was *Mythology*. But this being now *antiquated*, I cannot think we are oblig'd ſuperſtitiouſly to follow his *Example*, any more than to make *Horſes ſpeak*, as he does that of *Achilles*. 2. If a *Poet* lights on any ſingle *Hero*, whoſe true *Actions* and *Hiſtory* are as *important* as any that *Fable* ever did or can produce, I ſee no reaſon why he may not as well make uſe of him and his Example to form the *Manners* and enforce any *Moral Truth*, as ſeek for one in *Fable* for that purpoſe: Nay, he can ſcarce fail of *perſuading* more ſtrongly, becauſe he has *Truth it ſelf*; the other but the *Image of Truth*, eſpecially if his Hiſtory be, in the Third place, of it ſelf *diverting* and *admirable*. If it has from its own *Fund*, and already made to his hand thoſe *Deorum Miniſteria*, which coſt the Poet ſo much in the forming 'em out of his own *Brain*. Nor can we ſuppoſe *Fiction it ſelf* pleaſes; no, 'tis the *agreeable* and the *admirable*, in the *Dreſs* of *Truth*; and ſuch a Plan as this would effectually anſwer both the Ends of *Poetry* in general, *delectari & monere*, nay come up fuller to the End of *Epic*, which is *agreeable Inſtruction*; and thence it follows ſtrongly, that a Poem written in ſuch a manner, muſt, notwithſtanding the foregoing Rules, be a true and proper *Heroic Poem*, eſpecially if adorn'd with Poetical *Colours* and *Circumſtances* through the whole *Body* thereof.

Now that all this is not *gratis dictum*, I think I can prove, even from moſt of thoſe very Authors I've already produc'd, as of the contrary Opinion; and that I can make it appear, *Boſſu* goes too far in fixing *Fable* as the *Eſſential Fund* and *Soul* of the *principal Action* in an *Epic Poem*. To begin with *Rapin*, who has this Paſſage, *ſur la Poetique*, Reflex. 5. *La Poeſie Heroique*, &c. "Heroique Poeſie, ac-
"cording to *Ariſtotle*, is a *Picture* or *Imitation* of an *Heroic* Action; and the Qua-
"lities of the Action are, That it ought to be (among others) *true*, or at leaſt,
"ſuch as might *paſs* for *true*: Thus he. And hence it follows, according to him and *Ariſtotle*, that the *principal Action* in Heroic, not only ought to *paſs for Truth*, but may be *really true*: For *Horace*, he does indeed call the *Iliads* a *Fable*; but then he does not oblige his Poet ſuperſtitiouſly to follow *Homer* in *every thing*, owning that he ſometimes *doats* as well as *other Men*: Further, this may, and I think does, refer rather to the *Dreſs* and *Turn* of the *Action*, than to the *Bottom* and *Ground* of his Hiſtory, which there's at leaſt as much, if not more reaſon to believe *true* than *falſe*: And in the ſame Senſe may we take *Petronius* and *Boileau*; nay, if we don't take 'em thus, I can't tell whether there were ever ſuch a thing as a *true Heroic Poem* in the World; not ſo much as the *Fairy-Queen*, *Gondibert*, or *Orlando Furioſo*; all which have Fable enough in 'em of any reaſon; but their principal Actions might be ſtill *true*, as we are ſure was that of the beſt Heroic that ever was written; (I need not ſay I mean *Virgil*) ſince few or no Authors ever deny'd that there was ſuch a Man as *Æneas*, or even that he *came into Italy*, built *Cities* there, and *erected a Kingdom*, which *Tully* mentions, as a generally receiv'd

Tradition

Tradition in those Parts, and which it seems he thought not frivolous, but true and solid; otherwise he'd scarce have given it a place in his *Argument* for his *Client*. Of this Opinion too seems *Horace* himself, in his *Art of Poetry*, namely, That there's no necessity of the *principal Action*'s being *feign'd*; for his Direction is, "*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge*; Either follow *Tradition* or *Fame*, "or else *feign* what's agreeable thereunto. He makes not *feigning* essential to Heroic Action, but gives leave to follow *Fame*, who is not so great a *Lyar*, but that she is sometimes in the *right*. Nay, what if we should after all have *Bossu* himself on our side, which I'm mistaken if he be not; for these are his Expressions, *Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 7. *Le Fiction*, *&c.* "The Fiction may be so disguis'd under the Verity "of the History, that those who are ignorant of the *Art* of the *Poet*, may be- "lieve it not a *Fiction*; and to make the *Disguisement* well, he ought to search "into History for the Names of some Persons, to whom such an *Action* has pro- "bably or *truly* happen'd, *&c.* Hence 'tis evident, that according to *Bossu*'s own Notion, the *main Action* may be *true*; which appears even from *Aristotle* himself, as quoted by him, 97. Κὰν ἔσῃ, &c. "An *Author* is not less a *Poet*, because the "Incidents he recites have *truly* happen'd; if so be that which happen'd had the "*appearance* of *Truth*, and all that *Art* demands, and be *really* such as it *ought* "to have been *feign'd*. And this *Bossu* himself illustrates admirably well by an ingenious *Simile*; "A *Statuary*, says he, first forms his Design, Posture, Altitudes "which he intends for his *Image*; but if he then lights on any precious *Ma-* "*terial*, *Agate*, or such like, where the *Figure*, the *Colours*, and *Veins* will not be "accommodated to all he design'd, he regulates his Design and Imagination accor- "ding to his *Matter*; nor ought we to believe, at the same time, that these *singular* "*lucky Hits* condemn the *Justness* of his *Art*. From all which, I must leave it to the Reader, whether I han't sufficiently prov'd what I've undertaken; that *Fiction* is not necessary to the *principal Action* of our Heroic Poem; on which I've been something more large, not so much on my own account; for 'tis indifferent to me by what Name any Man calls *my Poem*, so it answers the great End of Epic, which is *Instruction*; but because I've heard some Persons have been so conceited as to *criticise* on our *immortal Cowley* for this very reason, and deny his *Davideis* the Honour of being an Heroic Poem, because the Subject thereof is a *true History*.

And here I should drop the Discourse of *Fable*, were there not another sort of Persons still to deal with, perhaps more *importunate* than the former: The *first* will not like a Piece unless 'tis *all Fable*, or at least the *Foundation* of it: These *latter* run into the contrary extreme, and seem unwilling or afraid to ad- mit any thing of *Fable* in a *Christian Poem*; and as *Balzac* in his Critics on *Heinsius* his *Baptista*, are frighted, as at some Magical Charm, if they find but *one Word* there which was made use of by the old Heathens; which, says he, (unluckily as things have since happened) is as preposterous as to see *Turks* wear *Hats*, and *French- men Turbants*; the *Flower-de-lis* in the *Musselmens* Colours, or the *Half-Moon* on the *Standard* of *France*. He's, however, it must be granted, justly angry with *Tasso*, as Mr. *Dryden* since, for setting his *Angels* and *Devils* to *stave and tail* at one another; *Alecto* and *Pluto* on one side, and *Gabriel* and *Raphael* o' t'other; as well as with *Sannazarius*, for mingling *Proteus* and *David*, and calling the *Muses* and *Nymphs* to the *Labour of the Blessed Virgin*. Tho' the truth is, the *Italian Poets* seem more excusable, at least to a *Papist*, in this Case, than any other Nation, who parted with as *little* of their *Idolatry* as they could possible, after they had kept it as *long* as they were able, making the *Change* very easie, and turning their *Pantheon* into an *All Saints*; much like the good Fathers in the *Spanish Conquests* in *America*, who suffer the *Natives* to keep their *Old Idols*, so they'll but pay for 'em, and get 'em *christen'd*; by this means making many a good *Saint* out of a very *indifferent Devil*. So far, I say, *Balzac* is undoubtedly in the right, that *Christianity* and *Heathenism* ought not to be *confounded*, nor the *Pagan Gods* mention'd, but *as such*, in *Christian Poems*. Of which *Boileau* also says, "They "should not be Fill'd with the Fictions of Idolatry; tho' he tells us just before,

The PREFACE.

In vain have our miſtaken Authors try'd
Thoſe ancient Ornaments to lay aſide.

As tho' he were afraid leſt all Poets ſhou'd be *forc'd* to turn *Chriſtians*, and yet in the next Lines he thinks it full as bad,

To fright the Reader in each Line with Hell,
And talk of Satan, Aſhtaroth *and* Bel.

As tho' he'd have no *Chriſtian* to be a *Poet*. And much at the ſame rate is *Monſieur Balzac* very angry with *Buchanan*, for the ſame reaſon; nor will he by any means let us ſubſtitute *Belzebub*, *Aſmodeus*, and *Leviathan*, in the room of *Alecto*, *Tiſiphone*, and *Megæra*, which is, in his Opinion, perfect *Pedantry* and *Affectation*; and is extreamly afraid, leſt any of thoſe Barbarous Hebrew Words ſhould disfigure the *purity* of the *Latin Tongue*; when ſurely he cou'd not but know, that this *pure Latin Tongue* it ſelf, for which he's ſo much concerned, is nothing but the *gradual Corruption* or *Barbarizing* of the *Greek*; as *that* of the *Phenician* and *Hebrew* before; and the *Italian*, and his own *French* too, from the *Latin* afterwards, by the *adulterous mixture* of 'tis hard to ſay how many Languages: So that between 'em, they'd make it impoſſible for a *Chriſtian Poet* to write a good *Heroic Poem*, or even a Tragedy, on any, but profane Subjects; by taking away all the *Machines*, and therein whatever is *admirable*. No, ſays *Balzac*, inſtead of thoſe hard Words and proper Names, *Appellatives* may be choſen, Words common to all People: As for example, *Ill luck* inſtead of the *Fates*, and the *Foul Fiend* for *Lucifer*; and whether this wou'd not ſound extreamly *Heroical*, I leave any Man to judge: It being beſides certain, that 'tis *ſingulars* and *particulars* which give an *Air* of *Probability*, and the main *Life* and *Beauty* to a *Poem*, eſpecially of this Nature; without which it muſt of neceſſity *ſink* and *languiſh*. However ſo much of Truth, I muſt confeſs, there is in what he ſays, that I verily believe *Magor-miſſabib*, or *Maherſhalalhaſhbaz*, wou'd ſcarce yoke decently in one of our Pentameters, but be near as unquiet and troubleſom there, as a *Mount Orgueil* it ſelf. Nor can partiality ſo far blind my Judgment as not to be my ſelf almoſt frighted at ſecond hearing of ſuch a thundering Verſe, as *Belſamen Aſhtaroth Baaltii Ba'al*: Which ſeems as flat Conjuration, as ∴ *Zinguebar*, *Oran*, *&c.* tho''tis now too late to amend it. But then there are *other Words* of a more *ſoft* and *treatable Cadence*, even in the ſame Hebrew Language, eſpecially when mollified by a Latin or Greek *Form*, or *Termination*; and ſuch as theſe one may make uſe of and let others alone: though neither is our bolder rougher Tongue ſo much affrighted at them, as the *French* and *Latin*.

But *Boileau* puſhes the Objection further, and wou'd make it bear againſt the *Things* as well as *Words*, perſuading himſelf,

Our God *and* Prophets *that he ſent,*
Can't act like thoſe the Poets *did invent.*

Tho' he too, is ſhort in Hiſtory, how excellent ſoever in Poetry. For firſt, the Heathen Poets did not *invent* the *Names* of their *Gods* and *Heroes*, but had 'em from *Eaſtern Tradition*, and the *Phenician* and *Jewiſh* Language, tho' deflected and diſguis'd after the Greek and other Forms, as *Joſephus* tells us, which the learned *Bochart* has proved invincibly; and I have made ſome Eſſay towards it, in my Sixth Book. Nay further, it ſeems plain to me, that moſt, even of their beſt *Fancies* and *Images*, as well as *Names*, were borrow'd from the Antient *Hebrew Poetry* and *Divinity*, as, were there room for't, I cou'd, I think, render more than probable, in all the moſt *celebrated Strokes* of *Homer*, moſt of the Heathen Poetical Fables, and even in *Heſiod*'s blind *Theogonia*. Their *Gods* or *Devils*, which you pleaſe, were not near as Antient as the *Hebrews*. The

Word *Satan* is as ancient as *Job*; nor can they ſhew us a *Pluto* within a long while of him. *Aſhtaroth*, and *Aſtarte*, are old enough to be Grandmothers to their *Iſis*, or *Venus*, and *Bel*, of the ſame ſtanding with Idolatry. Lawful it muſt certainly be, to uſe theſe very *Heathen* Gods in *Chriſtian*, ſince they were us'd in *ſacred Hebrew Poetry*, in due place, and in a due manner; *Bel boweth down*, Nebo *ſtoopeth*, ſays *Iſaiah*. And what a noble Deſcription has the ſame Prophet of the *Fall of* Lucifer? Nor can I ſee why it may not be as *convenient* and *agreeable*, as 'tis *lawful* to tranſplant 'em from *Hebrew Poetry* to our *own*, if we uſe 'em as they did. And then for *Angels*, *Prophets*, and *Oracles*, it wou'd be ſtrange, if they ſhou'd not *ſtrike* the *Mind* as *agreeably* when *real* and *true*, as the *Dæmons*, or *Oracles*, or *Prophets* of the *Heathens*, form'd, as has been ſaid, partly from miſtaken Fragments, or *Traditions* of *ſacred Story*, partly indeed from the Juggles of the *Heathen Prieſts*, and crafty *Ambitious Dæmons*. On the whole, we have all the Advantages they had, and yet more than they, for *Heroic Poetry* in theſe matters. As for that Queſtion of *Boileau*'s, " What Pleaſure can it be to hear the howlings " of *repining* Lucifer? I think 'tis eaſier to *anſwer* than to find out what ſhew of *Reaſon* he had for asking it, or why *Lucifer* mayn't *howl* as pleaſantly as either *Cerberus*, or *Enceladus*. And let any one read but his Speech, in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe*, *almoſt equall'd* in Mr. *Dryden*'s *State of Innocence*, and I'm miſtaken if he's not of the *ſame Mind*; or if he be not, and it gives him no *pleaſure*, I dare affirm 'tis for want of a true taſte of what's really *admirable*.

But *Boileau* comes to a ſtronger Objection, both againſt the Names and uſe of theſe Dæmons, by way of *Machine*, I mean, in *Chriſtian Poetry*;

The Myſteries we Chriſtians muſt believe
Diſdain ſuch ſhifting Pageants to receive.

Thus has his Tranſlator turn'd him; and taking it in that Sence, the meaning muſt be, that it *diſgraces* Chriſtianity, to mix its *Myſteries* with Stories of *Dæmons*, *Angels*, &c. But ſure it can never be any diſgrace, to repreſent it really as it is, with the frequent *Intervention* of thoſe *inviſible* and powerful Agents, both *good* and *evil*, in the *Affairs of Mankind*, which our Saviour has both aſſerted and demonſtrated in his Goſpel, both by *Theory* and *Practice*: Whence we learn, that there are really vaſt numbers of theſe *Spirits*, ſome tempting, or tormenting, others *guarding* and *protecting Mortals*: Nay, a *ſubordination* too among them, and that they are always vigilant, ſome for our *Deſtruction*, others for our *Preſervation*, and that, as it ſeems, of every *individual Man*; and if this be true in general, I'm ſure 'tis *probable* in particular: Nor can it be any diſgrace to *Chriſtianity*, to apply *general Probabilities* to particular *Caſes*, or to mention theſe Dæmons in *Poetry* any more than in *Divinity*.

But indeed the Tranſlator has here mended *Boileau*'s *Thought*, or at leaſt made it more plauſible and defenſible, tho he has *miſs'd* his *Sence*; for theſe are his Lines:

De la foi d' une Chriſtien les Myſteres terribles
D' Ornemens egayés ne ſont point ſuſceptibles.

The plain *Engliſh* of which, I think is, " That the terrible Myſteries of the *Chri-* " *ſtian Faith*, are not at all ſuſceptible of theſe *gayer Ornaments*. I'll not be too Critical here, tho' methinks its but an odd ſort of *Gayety* that's to be found in Tales of Hell; *agreeable*, I own, the moſt *dreadful* thing may be, if well manag'd in Poetry, but he can hardly ever make 'em *gay* without a very ſtrong *Catachreſis*. But tho' we let that paſs, ſo muſt not what follows, wherein he further explains his Notion. *L' Evangile*, &c.

The Goſpel offers nothing to our Thoughts
But Penitence and Puniſhment for Faults.

To

To which it may be first said, that supposing this true, and the Gospel did present nothing else, yet why mayn't *Angels* be us'd in it, to *warn* Sinners to that *Repentance* which we know *they* so much rejoyce in; or *Devils*, to *punish* and *torment* the Guilty and Impious; as in the Case of *Sceva*'s Son, and others. But yet further, as to the assertion it self, I know not what *their Gospel offers*, nor I believe are they better accquainted with what *ours* does; but we are sure 'tis far enough from being such a *dismal melancholy thing* as they represent it, since *Immortality* and *Life* are brought to *light* therein. We know that it gives us the *noblest Examples*, the most *divine Law*, the strongest, yet justest *Passions*, the most glorious *Combats*, and *Friendships*, and *Sufferings*, such as neither *History* or *Fable* cou'd ever yet equal. It shews us a *God* really *Descending*, disrob'd indeed of all his more dazling and *insupportable Glories*, as our divine *Herbert*; but yet clothed with what has more of *true Divinity*, with Humility, and Charity, and Patience, and Meekness, and Innocence. Here's *War*, here's *Love* indeed; such as never was besides, or will be more. He lov'd our *Dust* and *Clay*, and even for us, single encounter'd all the *Powers of Darkness*, and yet more, his Almighty Father's anger. But I'll go no farther, lest the Reader should think I forget where I am. I must return to *Boileau*, whose strongest Objection is yet behind; *Et de vos Fictions*, &c.

And mingling Falshood with those Mysteries
Wou'd make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.

But I hope the Critic knew, that there is a fair difference between a mere *Fiction*, or *Falshood*, and an *Instructive Parable* or *Fable*, on one side, or a few more lively *Poetical Colours* on the other. To mingle *Falshoods*, or dull *Legendary Fictions*, without either *Life* or *Soul* in 'em, with our *Saviour*'s *Blessed Gospel*, nay make 'em, in some Sence, *superiour* to it: This wou'd indeed incline an *Italian* to be of the same Faith with his Countryman, that 'twas all *Fabula Christi*, in the worst Sence of the Word: But certainly expressing the *Truth* in *Parables*, and mingling these with the *Mysteries of the Gospel*, can't be thought to give it an *Air* of *Fiction*: nor dare any affirm it does so, without *Blasphemy*, since our Saviour has so often done it. Nor only these but deeper Allegories are thought to be made use of in the Christian Religion; for Example, the *Throne* and *Temple* of *God* in the *Revelations*, and the Description of the *New Jerusalem*, with all its Gates and Foundations of *Sapphires* and *Emeralds*, and that lovely *Scheme* of *Trees* and *Rivers*, worthy a Paradise: All this, I say, will scarcely be granted *literal*, and consequently must be all an *Allegory*; alluding partly to the Old *Jewish Church* and *Temple*, partly to *Ezekiel*'s Visionary Representation and Prophetical *Paradise*. Nor can it, I think, be justly reckoned more criminal, where we have any great *instructive Example*, which has been real *matter* of *Fact*, to *expatiate* thereon; adding suitable and proper *Circumstances* and *Colours* to the whole, especially when the History it self is but succinctly Related, and the *Heads* of things only left us. And this some great Men have thought was the Method of the *Holy Penman* himself, whoever he were, in that lovely antient *Poem* of *Job*; which, that 'twas at the bottom a *real History*, few but *Atheists* deny; and yet 'tis thought some *Circumstances* might be *amplified* in the account we have left us, particularly the *long Speeches* between that *Great Man* and his *Friends*; tho' the main *hinges* of the Relation, his Person, Character, and Losses, the *malice* of the *Devil*, the *behaviour* of his Wife and Friends, nay even the *Substance* of their *Discourses*, as well as of that between God and him, and the wonderful *Turn* of his Affairs soon after: All this might, and did, truly happen. Or, if any *amplification* should be here deny'd, does not the *Divine* however every day, *Paraphrase* and *Expatiate* upon the *Words* of his *Text*, inverting their Method as he sees occasion, and yet is still thought unblameable. All the difference is, that he delivers what's *probable*, as only *probable*; whereas the Nature of Poetry requires, that such *probable Amplifications* as these, be wrought into the main Action, in such a manner, as if they had *really happen'd*; and without this, a Man might *Ryme* long enough, but ne'er cou'd make a

Poem, any more than this would have been one, had I begun with, *Abraham* begat *Isaac*, and so *tagg'd* on to the end of all the *fourteen Generations*, much as *Nonnus* has done with St. *John*, and yet often miss'd his Sence too, as *Heinsius* judges.

But enough of *Fable*, and of those who would either reduce all *Heroic Poetry* unto it, or absolutely banish it thence.

Next the *Fable* of *Epics*, the *Poem* is to be considered; which, after *Bossu*, is the other part of its *general Nature*, and shews the *manner* of handling it, comprehending *Thoughts*, *Expressions* and *Verses*; of which there need not much be said, since they are obvious to every *Reader*. The *Thoughts* must be *clear* and *just*, and *noble*, and the *Diction* or *Expression* suited to them. The chief Difficulty, as *Rapin* observes, is to keep up the *Sublime*, which *Virgil* has done admirably, even in the *meanest Subjects*; and which *Aristotle* thinks may be best done by the judicious use of *Metaphors*. There ought to meet, according to him, *Proportion* in the *Design*, *Justness* in the *Thoughts*, and *Exactness* in the *Expression*, to constitute an accomplish'd *Heroic Poem*; and the great *Art* of *Thought* and *Expression* lies in this, that they be *natural* and *proper* without *Meanness*, and *sublime* without a *vitious Swelling* and *Affectation*.

The *Matter* is next in an *Heroic Poem*, which must be some *one important Action*; it must be *important*, *Res gestæ Regumque Ducumque*, with *Horace*. "It only speaks "of *Kings* and *Princes*, says *Rapin*, by which he must mean that it *chiefly* and *principally* turns upon them: for both *Virgil* and *Homer* have occasion for *Traitors*, and *Cryers*, and *Beggars*, nay even *Swineherds* (in the *Odysses*) and yet still more, of *whole Armies*, which can't be all compos'd of *Kings* and *Princes*. However, the *more* there is of these *lower Walks* in the *Plan* of a *Design*, the *less Heroic* it must appear, even in the Hands of the greatest *Genius* in *Nature*. Such a *Genius*, I think, was *Homer*'s, and yet the Truth of this Assertion will be plain to any who compares his *Odysses* with his *Iliads*; where he'll find, if 'tis not for want of Judgment, in the *latter* a very different Air from the *former*, in many places much more *dead* and *languishing*, and this which I have given, seems one *probable Reason* on't; not excluding that of *Longinus*, that *Homer* was then *grown old*, and besides too much of the Work was spent in *Narration*; to which may be added, that he here design'd a *wise* and *prudent* rather than a *brave* and *fighting Hero*, having wrought off most of the *Edg* and *Fury* of his *Youthful Spirit* and *Fury* in *Achilles*, as in *Ulysses* he express'd more of *Age* and *Judgment*.

This *Action* must be *one* and *uniform*: the Painture of *one Heroic Action*, says *Rapin* from *Aristotle*. It must be, as *Bossu* from *Horace*, *simplex duntaxat & unum*, that is, the *principal Action* on which the whole Work moves ought to be *one*, otherwise the whole will be confus'd; tho' there may be many *Episodic Actions* without making what *Aristotle* calls an *Episodic Poem*, which is, where the Actions are not *necessarily* or not *probably* link'd to each other, and of such an *irregular multiplication of Actions* and *Incidents*. *Bossu* instances very pleasantly in *Statius*'s *Achilleid*; but he tells us there's also a *regular* and *just Multiplication*, without which 'twere impossible to find matter for so large a Poem, when as before it's so ordered that the *Unity* of the whole is not broken, and consequently divers *Incidents* it has bound together are not to be accounted *different Actions* and *Fables*, but only *different Parts* not finish'd, or entire of *one* Action or Fable *entire* or *finished*: and, agreeable to this Doctrine, *Rapin* blames *Lucan*'s *Episodes* as too *far-fetch'd*, *over-scholastic*, and consisting purely of *speculative Disputes* on natural Causes whenever they came in his way, not being link'd with the *main Action*, nor flowing *naturally* from it, nor tending to its *Perfection*.

And in this *Action*, the Poet ought, as *Rapin* tells us, to *invert* the *natural Order* of things, not to begin with his *Hero* in the *Cradle*, and write his *Annals* instead of an *Epic Poem*, as *Statius* in his *Achilleid*, the Reason of which seems plain, because this would look more like *History* than *Poetry*. It's more *agreeable*, more *natural*, in some Sence, to be here *unnatural*; to bring in, by way of *Recitation* or *Narration*, what was *first* in order of time, at some distance from that time when it really happened,

pened, which makes the whole look unlike a *dull formal Story*, and gives more ſcope for handſome *Turns* and the *Art* of the *Writer*. Another Reaſon why a *whole Life* is not ordinarily a proper *Subject* for *Epics*, is, becauſe many *trivial Accidents* muſt be therein recited; but if a *Life* can be found in which is nothing but what's *diverting* and *wonderful*, tending beſides to the perfecting the *main Action*, and the *Order of time revers'd* in the whole, the Caſe would be ſo much altered, that I think their Rules would not hold.

For the *Form of Epic*, which comes next in view, 'tis agreed on all Hands to be *Recitation* or *Narration*. *Boſſu* ſays, The Perſons are not at all to be introduced before the Eyes of the Spectators, acting by themſelves without the Poet; not that he'd hereby exclude the Poet from introducing the *perſons* telling their own Story, or ſome one of them that of the *principal Hero*: for great part of *Epic* is thus far *Dramatic*. And thus *Virgil* manages his *ſecond* and *third* Books by way of *Recitation*, and that by his *Hero* himſelf, making him give *Dido* a long *account of the Wars of Troy*, and his own Actions, tho' thereby he falls into the *Impropriety* of commending himſelf, with a *—ſum pius Æneas*. *Vida* takes the ſame way of *Recitation*, wherein he employs two or three of his *ſix* Books; and *Milton* follows them both, tho' leſs naturally than either; for he introduces our Saviour, in his *Paradiſe regain'd*, repeating a great part of his own Life in *Soliloquy*, which way of Diſcourſe includes, in a *Wiſe Man* eſpecially, ſo much of *Calmneſs* and *deep Reflection*, that it ſeems improper for the *great* and *noble Turn* required in ſuch a Work, unleſs in deſcribing a *Paſſion*, where it may be more *lively*. All that they mean by not introducing the Parties, is not doing it as in a Tragedy: they are not to be brought in *abruptly* to tell their own *Tale* from the beginning, without the *appearing Help* of the *Poet*, as *Actors* in a true and proper *Drama*. And this *Narration*, ſays *Rapin*, ſhould be *ſimple* and *natural*; but the greateſt *difficulty* is, not to let its *ſimplicity* appear, leſt it thence grow *diſagreeable*, and the chiefeſt *Art* in this, conſiſts in its *Tranſitions*, and all the *delicate ſurpriſing Turns*, which lead the Reader from one thing to another without his thinking whither he's going, or perceiving any *Breach* or ſo much as a *paſſage* between 'em; after all, the more *Action* there is in *Epic*, ſtill the more *Life* there will be. A Poet may, I find, eaſily fall into *Poorneſs* of *Thought* by aiming too much at the *Probability* and neglecting the *Admirable*; whereby he loſes that *agreeableneſs* which is a mixture of both. He ought then to take more care than *ſome have done*, not to keep himſelf too long behind the Scenes, and truſt the *Narration* with another, which, without a great deal of *Art* and *Pains*, will take off much of the *Life* of the Work, as *Longinus* has already formerly obſerved.

And here come in the Qualities of *Narration*, mentioned in our *Definition*, that it ought to be done in a manner *probable*, *agreeable*, and *admirable*; 'tis rendered *probable* by its *Simplicity* and *Singularity*, and *admirable* by the *Grandeur* of the *Subject*, the *Figures* and *Machines*, or θεοὶ ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, much more lawful here than in the *Drama*'s; and laſtly *agreeable*, as has been ſaid, by a mixture of *both*.

The laſt thing in our *Definition*, is, the *End of Epic*, indeed the *firſt* and *principal* which ought to be intended, and that's *Inſtruction*, not only, as *Rapin* thinks, of *great Men*, but of *all*, as in *Virgil*'s Scheme, which we have already deſcribed; and this either by the principal *Moral* aim'd at in the whole, or the *Manners* of *particular Perſons*. Of *Fable* and *Moral*, I've already diſcours'd, and whether be the more *lively* and *probable* way to *inſtruct*, by *that* or *Hiſtory*. But here it may be worth the while to enquire, whether the *principal Hero* in *Epic* ought to be *virtuous*? *Boſſu* thinks *not*, the *manners* being formed as well by ſeeing *Errors* as *Beauties* in the chief *Actors*; but yet methinks it ſeems too much to form a *Hero* that's a perfect *Almanzor*, with not one *ſpark of Vertue*, and only remarkable for his extraordinary *Strength* and little *Brains*; ſuch was certainly *Homer*'s *Achilles*, of whom I think the *Father* was in the right when he obſerves, the *Poet makes him not do one brave or vertuous Action*, all the while he lies before the *Town*: whereas *Virgil*'s *Hero*, is, to tell truth, an *indifferent good Heathen*, and, hating one or two *ſlips*, comes up pretty well to his *own good word*. The ſame however may be ſaid for *Homer*, which our

preſent

preſent Dramatiſts plead for their *Excuſe*; that he copied his *Hero* from thoſe who were eſteemed ſuch in the *barbarous Age* in which he liv'd,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, &c.

Made up of *Lewdneſs*, *Love*, and *Fighting*: who, had he liv'd in our Days, would have made an excellent *Town Bully*, I wiſh there were not too much reaſon to ſay a *modiſh Gentleman*. But tho' old *Homer* took this way, *Virgil*, who writes with much more *Judgment* and *Exactneſs*, and follows him in many things, here thought fit to leave him; making his *Hero*, as I've ſaid, not only *brave* and *prudent*, but for the moſt part *virtuous*. Which would much better form the *manners* of his Reader, than if they were ſet to ſpell out *Inſtruction* from *contraries*, as *Homer* has done. Whence it follows, the more *virtuous* a *Hero* is, the better; ſince he more effectually anſwers the true end of *Epics*. After all, *Rapin* ſays, the chief Excellency of an *Heroic Poem* conſiſts in the *juſt proportion* of the *Parts*; that *perfect Union*, *juſt Agreement*, and *admirable Relation*, which the *Parts* of this *great Work* bear one towards another; and blames *Taſſo* for mingling all the *Sweetneſs* and *Delicacy* of *Eclogues* and *Lyricks*, with the *Force* of an *Heroic Poem*. But I ſhould think him *miſtaken* here, and that this is not the meaning of *Ariſtotles* ἀνάλογον. For if we allow not ſuch a *pleaſing Variety*, how ſhall we excuſe even *Virgil* himſelf, who has his *Dido*, as well as *Taſſo* his *Armida* and *Erminia*? nay, how ſhall we manage *Love*? which is uſually one great *Epiſode* of *Heroic*, if not with ſomething of *Delicacy*. I grant *Love* ought to have a *different Air* in *different* ſorts of *Poems*; but ſtill if it be natural it muſt have ſomething of *Softneſs*; and for his *Enchanted Forreſt*, which this *ſevere Critic* alſo blames, I believe there's few who read that part of his *Work*, who would willingly have it omitted, for the ſake of a fancied *Regularity*, any more than they would part with Mr. *Dryden*'s Improvement on't in his King *Arthur*. However, if it be a fault, 'tis ſtrange ſo many who have been Maſters of the greateſt *Genius* ſhould unanimouſly fall into it; as *Ovid* in his *Palace of Circe*, *Arioſto* in that of *Alcina*, and *Spencer* in his *Acaſia's Bower of Bliſs*, and ſeveral others, who have taken the ſame Method. I ſhould therefore rather think that this *beautiful* and *marvellous Analogy* which *Ariſtotle* requires as the beſt thing in *Epic*, relates rather to the *Harmony* and *Agreement* of the *Parts* with the *Whole*; ſo that there appears no *Fracture* or *Contradiction*, the *different Parts*, tho' much *unlike*, yet *all together* making one *beautiful Figure* and *uniform Variety*.

And thus much of the *Definition of Epic*, containing the main Rules thereof, by which the Reader may be able to form a Judgment of *this*, or any other *Heroic Poem*: Eſpecially if to theſe *Rules* be added ſome *Examples* to render them more *plain*. In order to which, I deſire to expreſs my *Thoughts* freely of *other Poems*, as I muſt expect every one will do of *mine*, always obſerving that piece of *Juſtice*, never to *find fault*, without taking notice of ſome *Beauty to ballance it*, and giving, where I can find it, the *better Judgment* of *other* Perſons as well as my *own*. Concluding all with a brief Account of my own Work.

To begin then with Grandſire *Homer*, this may be added to the particular *Remarks* have been already made. I think none will deny but the *Diſpoſition* of his *Iliads*, is ſo truly *admirable*, ſo *regular*, and *exact*, that one would be apt to think he wrote his *Poem* by *Ariſtotle*'s *Rules*, and not *Ariſtotle* his *Rules* by his *Poem*. I confeſs, I once thought that he had been oblig'd to his *Commentators* for moſt of the *Beauties* they *celebrated* in him; but I am now, on a nearer view, ſo well ſatisfied to the contrary, that I can ne'er think his Poem writ by *piece-meal*, without any *Connexion* or *Dependance*: wherein *Dionyſius* the *Halicarnaſſian* very juſtly praiſes the *Order* and *Management* of the Deſign, as well as the *Grandeur* and *Magnificence* of the *Expreſſion*, and the *ſweet* and *paſſionate Movements*. Nor is it without Reaſon that *Horace*, *Longinus*, and all Antiquity have given him, as the *Model* of *juſt* and *noble Sentiments* and *Expreſſions*. I muſt confeſs there's ſomething in his *Numbers* that ſtrikes me more than even *Virgil*'s, his *Thoughts* and *Expreſſions* appear ſtronger than

than his, tho' it cannot be denied but that *Virgil*'s *Design* is much more *regular*. *Rapin* says a great deal of that *Prince* of the *Latin Poets*, tho' indeed he can never say enough, "He had an *admirable Taste*, says he, of what's *natural*, an *excellent* "*Judgment* for the *Order*, and an *incomparable Delicacy* for the *Number* and *Harmo-* "*ny* of his *Versification*. And adds, "That the *Design* of the *Poem* is, if we consi- "der it in all its *Circumstances*, the most *judicious* and *best-laid* that ever was or "ever will be. There is indeed a *prodigious Variety* in *Virgil*, and yet the same *Soul* visible in every *Line*. His *own great Spirit* informs his *Poetical World*, and like that he speaks of,

——————*totos infusa per Artus*
Mens agitat Molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

He's *soft* with the *height* of *Majesty*, his *Marcellus*, his *Dido*, and, I think, above all, his *Elegy* on *Pallas* is very *noble* and *tender*. The joints so *strong* and *exactly* wrought, the *Parts* so *proportionable*, the *Thoughts* and *Expression* so great, the *Complements* so *fine* and *just*, that I could ne'er endure to read *Statius*, or any of the rest of the Antient *Latins* after him; with whom therefore I shan't *concern* my *self* nor *trouble* my *Reader*. *Ariosto* was the first of the *Moderns* who attempted any thing like an *Heroic Poem*, and has many *great* and *beautiful Thoughts*; but at the same time, 'tis true, as *Balzac* observes, that you can hardly tell whether he's a *Christian* or an *Heathen*, making *God* swear by *Styx*, and using all the *Pagan* Ornaments; his *Fancy* very often runs away with his *Judgment*, his *Action* is neither *one* nor *simple*, nor can you imagine what he drives at; he has an hundred *Hero*'s but you can't tell which he designs should be chief: *Orlando* indeed seems a *wild Imitation* of *Homer*'s *Achilles*, but his *Character* is not *bright* enough to make him the *Principal*; and besides he orders it so, that he does more great Actions when he's *mad* than when *sober*. Agreeable to this are *Rapin*'s thoughts of him, which, in few words, are "That he's *elevated* and *admirable* in his *Expressions*, his *Descriptions* fine, but that "he wants *Judgment*; and *speaks well*, but *thinks ill*, and that tho' the *Parts* are "*handsome* enough, yet the *whole Work* can by no means pass for an *Epic Poem*, "he having never seen the Rules of *Aristotle*; which he thinks *Tasso* had, and therefore wrote much *better*, whom he commends as more *correct* in his *Design*, more *regular* in the ordering his *Fable*, and more accomplish'd in all *parts* of his *Poem* than any other of the *Italians*, whom yet he justly blames, because he has two *Hero*'s *Godfredo* and *Rinaldo*, of whom *Godfredo* seems the *principal*, and yet *Rinaldo* performs the greatest part of the *notable Actions*. He seems to imitate *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but then he raises his *Agamemnon* too high, or keeps him too low, for he hardly lets him do one *great Action* through the whole Work. He further criticises upon him as mingling too much *Gallantry* with his *Poem*, which, he thinks, is unbecoming the *Gravity* of his *Subject*. But whether this Censure be just, I know not, for *Love* and *Gallantry* runs through all *Virgil*'s *Æneids*, in the Instances of *Helen*, *Dido*, and *Lavinia*, and indeed it gives so great a Life to *Epic*, that it hardly can be *agreeable* without it, and I question whether ever it has been so. Nor is he more just, I think, against *Tasso*'s *Episodes*, which he blames as not *proper* to circumstantiate his *principal Action*, not entring into the *Causes* and *Effects* thereof, but seeking too much to *please*, tho' I think this Charge is *unjust*, for 'tis in his *Episodes*, if any where, that *Tasso* is *admirable*. I might here give several Instances, but shall, at present, only refer my Reader to that of *Tancred* and *Erminia*, and I'm mistaken if he does not dissent from *Rapin* in this particular. *Sannazarius* and *Vida* were the next who did any thing remarkable in *Epic*; they both writ in *Latin* on the same Subject, both *Christian Heroics*; *Rapin* says they both had a good *Genius* for *Latin*, the *Purity of their Style* being *admirable*, but that their ordering of the *Fable* has nothing in't of *Delicacy*, nor is the manner of their Writing proportionable to the *dignity* of the *Subject*. For *Sannazarius* he's indeed so faulty, that one can hardly with Patience read him, the whole *Structure* of his *imperfect* Piece, *de partu*, being built on *Heathen Fable*; yet he has *great* and *vigorous Thoughts* and very *Poetical Expressions*, tho' therein *Vida* far excels him, whose *Thoughts* are so *noble*, and the *Air* of his

Stile

Stile ſo great, that the Elogy *Balzac* gives his Countryman *Taſſo*, wou'd as well or rather better have fitted him; "That *Virgil* is the Cauſe, *Vida* is not the "*firſt*; and *Vida*, that *Virgil* is not *alone*. It is true, as *Rapin* obſerves, that his *Fable* is very *ſimple*, and perhaps ſo much the *better*, conſidering the *Subject*; tho' he forgets not *Poetical Ornaments*, where there's occaſion, if he does not lean a little to *Sannazarius*'s *Error*; for he talks of the *Gorgons* and *Sphinxes*, the *Centaurs* and *Hydra's* and *Chimera's*, though much more ſparingly and modeſtly than the other. He has the *happieſt beginning* that perhaps is to be found in any Poem, and by mingling his *Propoſition* and *Invocation*, has the advantage of placing one of the *nobleſt* Thoughts in the World in the firſt Line, without danger of falling into the abſurdity of *Horace*'s Author with his *Fortunam Priami*: For thus he ſings,

Qui mare, qui terras, qui cœlum numine comples---Spiritus alme, &c.

After the Invocation, in the very beginning of the Poem, he's preparing the Incidents for his Hero's Death; he brings him to *Jeruſalem* at the Paſſover with *Hoſanna's*; then raiſes his Machines, and falls to the Deſcription of Hell. He through the whole, uſes his Figures very gracefully; few have been more *happy* in *Compariſons*, more *moving* in *Paſſion*, ſuccinct, yet full in *Narration*: Yet is he not without Faults; for in the ſecond Book he brings him to his laſt Supper in the Garden, from thence before *Caiaphas* and *Pilate*; which too much precipitates the main Action: Beſides, it ſeems harſh and improbable to bring in S. *John*, and *Joſeph*, our Saviour's reputed Father, as he does in the Third and Fourth Book, giving *Pilate* an account of his Life; not to inſiſt on the general Opinion, that *Joſeph* was not then alive. But notwithſtanding theſe few failures, it can't be deny'd, that his Deſcription of our Saviour's Paſſion in the Fourth Book, is incomparably fine; the diſturbance among the Angels on that occaſion; his Character of *Michael*, and the Virgins Lamentation under the Croſs, and at the Sepulchre, are inimitable. And thus much for *Vida*, on whom I've been more large becauſe I've often made uſe of his Thoughts in this following Work; his Poem being the moſt complete on that Subject I've ever ſeen or expect to ſee. And here han't the Engliſh more reaſon to complain of *Rapin*, that he takes no notice of their Heroic Poems, than *Lopez Viga* of *Taſſo*, for not mentioning the *Spaniards* at the Siege of *Jeruſalem*: but ſince he has been ſo partial, as not to take any notice of our Writers, who ſure as much deſerve it as their *Dubartas* and *Ronſard*; we may have liberty to ſpeak of our *own*, and to do 'em Juſtice: To begin with *Spencer*, who I think comes the neareſt *Arioſto* of any other; he's almoſt as *Irregular*, but much more *Natural* and *Lovely*: But he's not only *Irregular* but *Imperfect* too, I mean, as to what he intended; and therefore we can't well imagine what it wou'd have been, had he liv'd to complete it. If Fable be the *Eſſence* of *Epic*, his *Fairy Queen* had certainly enough of that to give it that *Name*. He ſeems, by the *account* he gives of it to Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, to have deſign'd *one Principal* Hero King *Arthur*, and one main *important Action* bringing him to his Throne; but neither of theſe appear ſufficiently diſtinct, or well defin'd, being both loſt in the vaſt Seas of Matter which compoſe thoſe Books which are finiſh'd. This however muſt be granted, the Deſign was Noble, and required ſuch a comprehenſive Genius as his, but to draw the firſt Sketch of it: And as the Deſign, ſo the Thoughts are alſo very great, the Expreſſions flowing natural and eaſie, with ſuch a prodigious Poetical Copia as never any other muſt expect to enjoy. *Gondibert* methinks wants Life; the Style is rather ſtiff than Heroic, and has more of *Statius* than *Virgil*; one may ſee every where a great deal of Art, and Pains, and Regularity, even to a fault; nor is a Genius wanting, but it's ſo unnatural, that an ingenious Perſon may find much more pleaſure in reading a worſe Poet. Beſides, his *Stanza's* often cramp the Sence, and injure many a noble Thought and Paſſion. But Mr. *Cowley*'s *Davideis* is the Medium between both; it has *Gondibert*'s Majeſty without his ſtiffneſs, and ſomething of *Spencer*'s Sweetneſs and Variety, without his Irregularity: Indeed all his Works are ſo admirable, that another *Cowley* might well be employ'd in giving them their juſt Elogy. His *Hero* is according to the ancient Model, truly Poetical, a

mixture

mixture of ſome *Faults* and greater *Virtues*. He had the advantage of both Love and Honour for his *Epiſodes*, nay, and Friendſhip too, and that the nobleſt in Hiſtory. He had all the ſacred Hiſtory before him, and liberty to chuſe where he pleaſed, either by Narration or Prophecy; nor has he, as far as he has gone, neglected any advantage the Subject gave him. Its a great Loſs to the World that he left the Work unfiniſh'd, ſince now he's dead, its always like to continue ſo. As for *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* its an Original, and indeed he ſeems rather above the common Rules of *Epic* than ignorant of them. Its I'm ſure a very lovely Poem, by what ever Name it's call'd, and in it he has many Thoughts and Images, greater than perhaps any either in *Virgil* or *Homer*. The Foundation is true Hiſtory, but the turn is Fable: The Action is very Important, but not uniform; for one can't tell which is the Principal in the Poem, the Wars of the Angels or the Fall of Man, nor which is the Chief Perſon *Michael* or *Adam*. Its true, the former comes in as an *Epiſode* to the latter, but it takes up too great a part thereof, becauſe its link'd to it. His Diſcourſe of Light is incomparable; and I think 'twas worth the while to be blind to be its Author. His Deſcription of *Adam* and *Eve*, their Perſons and Love, is almoſt too lively to bear reading: Not but that he has his *inequalities* and *repetitions*, the latter pretty often, as have, more or leſs, all other Poets but *Virgil*. For his antique Words I'm not like to blame him whoever does: And for his blank Verſe, I'm of a different mind from moſt others, and think they rather *excuſe* his *uncorrectneſs* than the contraries; for I find its eaſier to run into it, in that ſort of Verſe, than in *Rhyming Works* where the *Thought* is oftner turned; whereas here the Fancy flows on without, check or controul. As for his *Paradiſe Regain'd*, I nothing wonder that it has not near the *Life* of his former Poem, any more than the *Odyſſes* fell ſhort of the *Iliads*. *Milton*, when he writ this, was grown *Older*, probably *poorer*: He had not that ſcope for Fable, was confin'd to a lower Walk, and draws out that in *four Books* which might have been well compriz'd in *one*: Notwithſtanding all this, there are many ſtrokes which appear truly his; as the Muſtring of the *Parthian* Troops, the Deſcription of *Rome* by the Devil to our Saviour, and ſeveral other places.

And now I've done with all the reſt, I may take liberty to ſay ſomething of my *own*.

For the *Subject* I dare ſtand by it, that 'tis fit for a better *Heroic Poem* than any ever was, or will be made; and that if a *good Poem* cou'd not be made on't, it muſt be either from the *weakneſs* of the *Art* it ſelf, or for want of a *good Artiſt*. I don't ſay the *Subject* with all its *Circumſtances* is the *beſt* for *Epic*, but conſidered in it ſelf, or with a *prudent choice* out of the *vaſt Field* of *Matter* which it affords.

The *Action* is *Important*, if ever any was, being no leſs than the *Redemption* of the *World*, which was not *accompliſh'd* till after our Saviours *Death* and *Reſurrection*. The *Aſcenſion* I confeſs ſhould be left out, according to the common *Rules* of *Heroick Poetry*, but I had not the ſame *reaſon* of *omitting* it, as others have for not coming to the *End* of their *Hiſtory*, a little *ſhort* of which they generally *ſtop*, becauſe after the *main Buſineſs* is over, nothing *great* remains, or however not *greater* than has already paſt. And if any thing *mean* followed, the Reader wou'd leave off *diſſatisfied*. But I've as *great* and *remarkable* an *Action*, as any in the whole ſtory, yet upon my *Hands*, and which if I had omitted, I had loſt many very *moving Incidents* that follow'd the *Reſurrection*; and beſides, *Vida* before me, has carry'd it yet *further*, to the *actual Deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt* on the Diſciples, and the ſpreading the *Chriſtian Name* all the World over; which I have done only in *Prophecy*.

The *Action* is I think *uniform*, becauſe all the *Epiſodes* are part of the *main Action*, the *Redemption of the World*; to which his *Incarnation*, and Divine *Conception* were abſolutely neceſſary, and ſo were his *Holy Life*, *Doctrine*, *Miracles*, and eſpecially his *Sufferings* and *Agonies*. My *principal Hero* was *perfect*, yet *imitable*, and that both

in *active* and *contemplative* Life. He leaves his own *Kingdom* to *ſave* and *conquer* another, endures the greateſt *hardſhips*, is reduc'd to the *loweſt ebb*, nay is at laſt forc'd to *ſuffer Death* it ſelf. Yet after all, he *emerges* from his *Misfortunes*, *conquers* all his *Enemies*, fixes *Laws*, eſtabliſhes *Religion*, *Peace*, and his own *Empire*, and is advanced higher than any *Conquerer* ever was before him.

The other *Perſons* are Heroical enough, *Angels*, *Kings*, *High Prieſts*, *Governours*, *Councellors*, nay even the *Apoſtles* themſelves were more than *Kings*, for they were *thought* and *call'd Gods* by the People. The *Moral* I *find* not *make* it, in a true *Example*, which others are forced to *Form* in *Fable*; "That we ought to do *Good*, to "*ſuffer evil*, *ſubmit* to the *Divine Will*; to *venture* or loſe a *Life* for a *Friend*; to "*forgive* our *Enemies*.

Yet further I deſire to recommend the whole of the *Chriſtian Religion*; all the *Articles of Faith*; all that *Syſtem* of *Divinity* and *Moralsty* contain'd in the *Goſpel* of the Bleſſed Jeſus, to the *Study* and *Practice* of Perſons of *Ingennity* and *Reaſon*; to make his *Divine Perſon*, which is already infinitely *Amiable*, if poſſible, *actually* more Ador'd and Lov'd; and to Vindicate his *Miſſion*, his *Satisfaction*, and his *Divinity*, againſt all *Jews*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, and *Heretics*; which ſure are the moſt proper Ends that can be propos'd in a Work of this *Nature*: Which may be *agreeably* and *admirably* done, if 'tis not the Poets fault; for here's all the *marvellous* that cou'd be wiſh'd for, already done to my Hand, and all *ſacredly True*, *Angels* and *Demons*, and *Miracles*, with *Voices from Heaven*.

Now the Subject being ſo *fit* for a *good Heroic Poem*, I ſhall have the leſs *excuſe*, if this be a bad one. And here I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, I had ſeen none of theſe *Rules* given by the *Maſters of Epic*, when I laid the *Scheme* of this *Poem*, tho I wiſh I *had*, for I might probably then have done it *better*, or *not at all*. I knew not the *hazard* of the *undertaking*, but greedily embrac'd it, when firſt propos'd by ſome *Friends*, who were ignorant of what they put me upon. Being *full* of the *Deſign* wherein, the earneſt deſire I had to ſee it accompliſh'd, and either a *lucky Chance*, or the *Happineſs* of my *Subject*, may perhaps in ſome *Inſtances*, have ſupply'd the want both of *Rules* and *Genius*. All I will ſay of my own *performance* is, that I now know the *Faults* on't, tho I am not oblig'd to *point* 'em out to my *Reader*, who will but too ſoon *find* 'em. That I wou'd have *mended* much that's now amiſs, had I lived in an Age where a man might afford to be Nine or Ten Years about a Poem. And in the Mean time this *ſatisfies* me, whatever is the ſucceſs, that Iv'e *done all that cou'd be done by one in my Circumſtances* towards the rendering it more *compleat* and *free* from *Faults*, and only wiſh that my own *Reputation* may ſuffer, by the *weakneſs* of the *Work*, and not the *Dignity* of the *Subject*.

I cou'd plead for my ſelf what *Longinus* ſays on *Works* of this Nature, wou'd it not look like Arrogance, "That even the *greateſt Genius* may ſometimes ſink "into *meanneſs*, when the force of their *Spirits* is once *exauſted*: That its very "difficult for *height* of *Thought* to *ſuſtain* it ſelf long in an equal *Tenour*; and that "ſome *Faults* ought to be excuſed when there are more *Beauties*. But if none of theſe will paſs, I hope it will not much mortifie me, ſince I think the *World and I have no great matter to do with one another*. I'm ſenſible my Poem wou'd have had *fewer Enemies*, had I left out ſome *Paſſages* in't. But as *mean* as the worſt of this are, I wou'd not buy their *good Word* at ſuch a rate. I had almoſt forgot to mention the Gravers Work, which is not without *Faults*, particularly he has err'd in the *Poſture* of the *Diſciples* at the *laſt Supper*, whom he has made *Sitting*, when they were really *Declining*, or *Diſcumbent*. But its now more than time to conclude my *long Preface*, which I ſhall do in few Words. Since the *chief Deſign* in this *Work*, is to advance the *Honour* of my *Hero*, and next to that, the *entertainment* of *Pious* and *ingenious Minds*; for the truth of which, I hope I may appeal to the great Kennet's *Reaſons*; I ſhall not be much *concern'd* for the *ſucceſs* it may meet with in the *World*.

To

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY *on his* Divine Poem *of the Life of* CHRIST.

AS when ſome *Prophet*, who had long retir'd,
Returns from Solitude with Rapture fir'd,
With full *Credentials* made ſecurely bold,
To liſtning Crowds does Charmingly unfold
What Angels him in awful Viſions told;
With wondrous Truths ſurprizing ev'ry Breaſt,
His ſacred Miſſion is by all Conſeſt.
So you, great *Bard*, who lay till now conceal'd,
Compiling what your Heav'nly Muſe reveal'd,
No ſooner quit the Shade, but ſtrike our Eyes
With *Wonder*, and our Mind with *Extaſies*.
Ev'n we, the Tribe who thought our ſelves inſpir'd,
Like glimm'ring *Stars* in Night's dull reign admir'd;
Like *Stars*, a *num'rous* but a *feeble* Hoſt,
Are gladly in your Morning-luſtre loſt.
When we (and few have been ſo well inclin'd)
In Songs attempted to Inſtruct Mankind,
From Nature's Law we all our Precepts drew,
And ev'n her Sanctions oft perverted too;
Your ſacred Muſe does *Revelation* trace;
And *Nature* is by you improv'd to *Grace*.
Verſe is a Tribute due to *ſacred* Writ,
But ſeldom paid, or, not in currant Wit;
The Undertakers fail in *Zeal* or *Art*,
They want the Genius, or they want the Heart:
To Crown your pious Off'ring *both* combine;
At once your Numbers and your Theme Divine.
The Race of Poets, while a *virtuous* Train,
For Inſpiration never call'd in vain;
But fail'd in *Wit*, their ſtock of *Virtue* ſpent,
And as they grew Debauch'd, grew Impotent.
'Tis in their own, and in Religion's wrong,
When Beauty, Wealth or Pow'r employs their Song.
But if they *treſpaſs* who are only *Vain*,
What *Puniſhment*'s reſerv'd for the *Prophane*!

How ſhall the *Panders* ſcape, who foul *Deſire*,
In Poetry's alluring *Charms* attire?
Too guilty, while, like *Emp'ricks* they employ
Their baneful *Skill*, and pivately deſtroy;
But when the publick *Teeming Preſs* they ply,
Thro' all the *Realm* their poyſon'd *Papers* flie;
Not *rural Nymphs* are ſafe in their *Retreats*,
Th' *Infection* reaches the remoteſt Seas.
Who once the *Poets Fiction* thus betray,
What *Helicon* can waſh their *Stains* away!
Such *Lepers* wou'd make *Jordan's* Stream impure,
But *Jordan's* Stream can ne'er ſuch *Lepers* Cure.
What juſt *Encomiums*, Sir, muſt you receive,
Who *Wit* and *Piety* together *weave*.
No *Altar* your *Oblation* can refuſe,
Who to the Temple bring a *ſpotleſs Muſe*:
You, with freſh Laurels from *Parnaſſus* born,
Plant *Sion's* Hill, and *Salem's* Tow'rs adorn;
You break the *Charms*, and from prophane *Retreats*
Reſtore the Muſes to their *Native Seats*.
Mr. *Milton*. Our leading * *Moſes* did this Task purſue,
And liv'd to have the *Holy Land* in view;
With vig'rous *Youth* to finiſh the *Succeſs*,
Like *Joſhua* you Succeed, and all *Poſſeſs*.
Deep *Learning's* Stores to raiſe this Pile are brought,
Bright *Fancy* after *Judgment's* Model wrought:
The *vaſt Idea* ſeem'd a Subject fit
To exerciſe an able Poet's Wit;
But to *Expreſs*, to *Finiſh* and *Adorn*,
Remain'd for you, who for this *Work* was Born.
The temper'd *Stile* not too remiſs or ſtrong,
But ſuited to the *Subject* of the Song;
Which, varying, always ſhews a *Maſter's* Skill,
Sweet as a *Vale*, or lofty as a *Hill*.
Here, *pious Souls*, what they did long deſire,
Poſſeſs their *dear Redeemer's Life* intire:
Here, with whole *Paradiſe regain'd* they meet,
And *Milton's* noble Work is now compleat.

June 28. 1693. *N. Tate.*

To

To the Ingenious Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY *on his* Poem *of the Life of* CHRIST.

REdeem'd! It's true; the happy Muſe no more
Can her *Egyptian* ſlaviſh Chains deplore;
No more ſhall ſpurious Gods or Heroes rais'd
In pow'rful Numbers, be devoutly prais'd;
Verſe form'd 'em Idols, while Immortal Verſe
Wou'd Fancy's Dreams in weighty Lines rehearſe;
Perverted Poetry cou'd with eaſe controul
The wiſer Paſſions of the thoughtful Soul;
And into Miſchiefs force the Paſſive Throng,
Hurry'd by the impetuous Witchcraft of deluding Song.
The Muſe, a Convert made, in nobler Strains
Sings that great God who in himſelf contains
This ſpacious ALL, whoſe active Word commands
The Prince of Idols with his gloomy Bands
Down to thoſe Deeps, where endleſs Torture dwells,
Beneath the ſolid darkneſs of a thouſand Hells.
God's and his *David's* Son, the wond'rous Heir
Of Heav'n and Earth, thy tuneful Rhimes declare:
No Man of Sorrows now, nor meanly Crown'd
With bluſhing Thorns, nor barbarous Fetters bound;
But in immenſe *Eternal* Brightneſs plac'd,
With all his Father's ancient Glories grac'd;
Great, Pure, Immortal, always Bleſt, Sublime,
Before the *firſt*, beyond the *laſt* of Time;
Where to the Name of their triumphant King,
Hymns ſweet as *Thine*, extatick Angels ſing.
What poor Evangeliſts preſcrib'd of old,
And ſtudious Prieſts ſtill to their Flocks unfold;
Was, till of late, by pious Crowds admir'd,
Their Tales Authentick as their Minds Inſpir'd;
Now Damn'd as plain and low, tho' myſtick all,
Truth muſt before the Dagon Nonſenſe fall.
A dull lewd Song to *Celia* dubs the Wit,
When, with his Title proud, the ſenſeleſs Chit

Defies

Defies his Maker, and his Dictates ſcorns,
And Heav'n to ridicule and banter turns:
Truth for his Fancy muſt be gaily dreſt,
Like the *May* Lady at ſome Country Feaſt.
In thy ſmooth Verſe ſtands that unchanging Truth,
With Beauties varniſh'd and adorn'd with Youth;
Dreſt in Poetic Robes of Flame and Light,
Pleaſant as Morning, and as Mid-day bright;
Thy Verſe may Charm him who the Preacher flies,
Reform the Brute, and make the Senſeleſs Wiſe.
So when a Devil malignant *Saul* poſſeſt,
And broke the quiet of his tortur'd Breaſt;
When Rage and Folly in his Thoughts combin'd,
Diſeas'd his Body, and diſturb'd his Mind;
His Harp the gay *Jeſſean Pſalmiſt* ſtrung,
And to his Harp ſome ſacred *Anthem* ſung;
So ſmooth his Voice, ſo ſwift his flying Hand
Did trembling Notes and chiding Strings command;
So much of Heav'n did the black Spirit confound,
Nor cou'd his Hell ſupport the charming ſound;
But from his Throne the proud Uſurper flew,
While Muſicks Terrors did *his* flight purſue,
And *Saul's* rebellious Thoughts and inward Rage ſubdue.

Sic puer Elkanides *Domini reſupinus in Æde*
Summiſsâ æthereos excipit aure ſonos,
Afflatuq; ſacro Divinos concipit Ignes,
Et ſubito in vatum proruit Ipſe modos:
Tu, Juvenis, rapis Arma prior, Muſaſque profanas
In pia Chriſticolûm, maxime, caſtra refers.
Macte animis Weſleie *tuis, repetitaque Chriſti,*
Geſta ſubacta magis penſa ſecunda dabunt.

Raptim.

L. Milbourne.

To

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, *on his* Poem *the Life of* CHRIST.

Chriſt's Life! And ſung in *Engliſh* Poeſie!
Who of our *Bards* durſt e'er eſſay't till *thee!*
Their Pens are *idly Buſie* for the *Stage*,
To humour there the *Genius* of the Age;
Their chief deſign is ſtill to pleaſe the *Pit*,
And there expoſe the *Folly* of their *Wit*;
But every Theme that's Noble and *Divine*,
With *awkard Modeſty* they ſtill decline:
About the ſacred *Ark* they trembling ſtand,
But dare not touch with their *unhallow'd* Hand;
They plead, alas! They 've too prophane a Muſe,
And urge their very *Crimes* for their *excuſe*.
Dryden alone, ſwoll'n with a nobler Pride,
Out of the common road once ſtep'd aſide;
Bravely went on where *Milton* broke the Ice,
And ſweetly mourn'd the *loſs of Paradiſe*;
Richly *embroyder'd* his old faſhion'd Ground,
And ſtill refin'd the golden *Oar* he found;
Each *Comlineſs* up to a *Beauty* wrought,
Poliſh'd each Line and *heighten'd* every Thought;
What *Mortal* cou'd have been with him compar'd,
As he *began*, had he but *perſever'd!*
Cowley indeed (his Works ſufficient proof)
For this great Theme——
At once was *Poet*, and was *Saint* enough.
Had he the *bleſſed Jeſus* made his *choice*,
He'd *Heav'nly Skill* to ſing, and *Heav'nly Voice*;
But on his *Type* he rather choſe to write,
His *ſhadow*, yet himſelf a glorious Light;
David, that mighty Man, employ'd his Pains,
He *David* ſung, and ſung with *David's* ſtrains;
Scarce cou'd the Muſick of his *charming Lyre*
Of whom he ſang, more *pleaſe*, or more *inſpire*:

But

But ah! While he too nigh to *Heav'n* did ſoar,
The *Angels* caught his Soul o'th' *Wing*, and bore
To their bleſt *Quire*, whence he return'd no more:
Around him ſtrait the wond'ring *Seraphs* throng,
And beg from him a more *Seraphick Song*;
He ſang, their high-tun'd *Harps* they higher raiſe,
And ſtrive to play a *Conſort* to his *Lays*;
But ſuch high *Notes* immortal *Cowley* ſings,
As ſtretch'd their *lowd*, their *everlaſting Strings*;
So his great *Hero*'s drawn but to the *Waſt*,
And but the *Scheme* of what ſhou'd follow caſt!
Yet all muſt needs *admire*, when it they view,
Both what he *did*, and what he *meant* to do.
O that ſome happy *Muſe* wou'd yet go on,
And *finiſh* what ſo nobly is *begun*!
But *Davideis* muſt (I fear) remain,
Wiſh'd to be *finiſh'd*, but ne'er *undertaen*:
Yet thou from *Cowley* haſt this *Honour* won,
He ſang but *David*, thou his *greater Son*:
A *bold Attempt*, yet manag'd ſo by you,
We muſt your *Courage* praiſe, and *Conduct* too;
So great the *Theme*, and yet ſo ſweet the *Song*,
The *God* thou ſing'ſt doth ſure *inſpire* thy Tongue:
Thou open'ſt all the *Treaſuries* above,
And ſhew'ſt the *Wonders* of *Almighty Love*:
How the *eternal Father* made a *Child*,
With awful *Sweetneſs* in the *Manger* ſmil'd;
The various *Hazards* which his *Nonage* ran,
Until the Infant *God* grew up to *Man*;
Then drawing o'er his *radiant* Head a *Cloud*,
To ſhew the *Man*, a while the *God* you *ſhroud*;
And to a *Scene* of *Sorrow* guid'ſt our Eye,
The mournful *Glories* of ſad *Calvary*;
They raiſe him to the *Croſs*, and their *deride*;
The Holy Jeſus *pity'd* them, and *Dy'd*.
Then how the *World* its *Makers death* bemoan'd,
Heav'n wept, Winds ſigh'd, Earth quak'd, whole Nature groan'd;
Next how that *Death* our Sins did *expiate*,
How great the *Purchaſe*! But how dear the *Rate*!
This, and much more thy *Muſe*, great *Weſley*, ſings,

Thy

Thy *Flow'rs* are more, and ſweeter than the *Springs*;
Which with freſh Beauties ev'ry *Verſe* adorn,
Sprightly as Light, and fragrant as the Morn;
Thy lofty *Wit* 's by ſolid *Judgment* fix'd;
Thy fruitful *Fancy* with deep *Learning* mix'd:
Their mingled Glories ſparkle in each *Line*,
Each Word both ſpeaks thee *Poet* and *Divine*,
Go on, great *Bard*, ſtill let thy tuneful *Lyre*
Strike Envy dumb, and teach her to admire.

Thomas Taylor.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, *on his Excellent* Poem *called the Life of* Chriſt.

SURE there 's ſome dearth of Wit ſtarves ev'ry Age,
And few yet felt the true *Poetic Rage.*
Each *Pagan* Clown engroſs'd the Muſes care,
And like his fellow Beaſts, was dub'd a Star;
Huge brawny Limbs claim'd all the Poets Song,
And 'twas exceeding Virtue to be ſtrong;
But now — The God, the God! — Be gone Prophane!
Nor with unhallow'd Gifts the Altars ſtain:
Saturnian Days again enrich the Year,
And promis'd Months in Golden Orbs appear.
Again the *Mantuan* Genius charms the Plains
With more than mighty *Maro*'s lofty ſtrains.
Big with prophetic Fury, *Virgil* taught
Th' aſtoniſh'd World, what Wonders ſhou'd be wrought.
Under dark Types he veil'd the Heav'nly Birth,
And brought the God-like Infant ſmiling to the *Earth.*
Each beauteous Line the future God confeſt,
At length amaz'd, to *Weſley* left the reſt.
So the bright Guardian Star with pointed Ray,
Shone thro' the *Eaſt* and gilt the duſky way,
And told the Sages where their Saviour lay;
Then conſcious of its Truſt, withdrew from ſight,
That they might pay their Off'rings, where that pay'd its light.
Here, here, the God to *Weſley*'s Charge repairs,
And with his Preſence crowns the Poets Cares:
Weſley! A Name which in juſt numbers Shines!
A Name immortal as his ſacred Lines!
To thee, great Bard, the darling Muſes owe
That freedom which on others they beſtow.
Touch'd with the Beauties of Seraphick Love,
Unbody'd and unchain'd from fleſh they move.
Nor *Phyllis* now, nor *Strephon*'s Plaints prevail,
The wretched burthen of ſome whining Tale;
But the chaſt Siſters now their Droſs refine,
Poets are truly Prieſts, and Poetry 's Divine.

See!

See! How in tuneful Verſe the Infant reigns,
And with ſoft Looks beguiles his Mother's pains!
Pleas'd with thy Song, he leſs Attentive hears
Th' harmonious Muſick of the charming Spheres;
Bids Angels ceaſe their Notes, that *Weſley*'s Lays
May urge with more effect their young Redeemers praiſe.
O more than Man! Whence comes this ſacred Fire,
That doth with ſparkling Rage thy Breaſt inſpire?
Sure thou'ſt a ſecond Rape on Heav'n perform'd,
And with arm'd Hands Æthereal Forges ſtorm'd:
Nought but the Gods own flames cou'd thus diſpenſe
So healing and ſo kind an Influence.
Beauties ſhine thro' the Work, adorn the whole,
Chain up the Senſe, and captivate the Soul.
Whether thou ſing'ſt the dying Hero's fame,
And in loud ſighs groan'ſt forth thy Maker's Name,
When tyr'd with Fleſh, he quits the humane load,
And Heav'n, and Earth, and *Jews* confeſs the God;
Or thy bold Muſe with heighten'd Pinnions flies,
And brings her Charge exalted to the Skies;
Thy Verſe thro' ſtarry Hoſts the God convey,
And with new Glories paint the milky way.
To thy great Name what Altars ſhall we raiſe?
None but the God thou ſing'ſt can give ſufficient praiſe.
As when of old ſome pious Saints eſſay'd
To pleaſe high Heav'n, and annual Off'rings paid,
Struck with the ſacred Horror of the place,
And proſtrate on the Ground, they veil'd their Face.
With awful diſtance, and with trembling bows,
Their Wonder fully paid their promis'd Vows:
So we amaz'd at thy vaſt Work retire,
And where we ought to Sacrifice, admire.

William Pittis,

June 23. 1693.

Fellow of *New-College* in *Oxon.*

To his Reverend Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, *on his* Poem *of the Life of* CHRIST.

Τίνα θεὸν, τίν' Ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα, κελαδήσωμεν. Pindar.

WHilſt others write of *Criminal Amours*,
And how they vainly ſpend their vacant Hours,
Your *Phanſy*'s more ſublime, it ſoars above
The mean Intrigues of their inglorious *Love*:
Wretchedly they debaſe a *noble Art*,
And only touch the *Ears*; but you the *Heart*.
You, (with *Columbus*,) not alone deſcrie,
But conquer (*Cortez*-like,) new Worlds in *Poetry*.
Sure 'twas the ſame great *Maſter* of the *Quire*
That did direct the *Royal Pſalmiſt*'s *Lyre*,
Who your *Seraphick-Breaſt* did thus *inſpire*:
A *God Incarnate* is a Theme ſo *Great*,
It ſhou'd be manag'd at no vulgar Rate;
Nor have you done it. For, in ev'ry *Line*,
We read (at once) the *Poet*, and *Divine*:
The *Muſes* thus to you the *Graces* be,
And thus *Parnaſſus* is *Mount-Calvary*.
You (modeſtly Ambitious of fair *Fame*)
Take a ſure courſe t' immortalize your *Name*.
For, till this Fabrick of the *World* ſhall end,
And a devouring *Conflagration* blend
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* together; till we ſee
Time ſwallow'd up of vaſt *Eternity*;
Till then, your *Verſe* ſhall be preſerv'd alive,
And almoſt *Nature*'s aged ſelf ſurvive.

June 23. 1693.

Henry Cutts.

To

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, *on his* Poem *of the Life of* CHRIST.

BLeſt are the *Bards* who, fill'd with God-like *Fire*,
Dare, like its *Flames*, to native *Heav'n* aſpire,
Commence here *Angels*, and, in equal *Lays*,
Praiſe him alone whom *Saints* and *Seraphs* praiſe:
On ſacred *Themes* a ſacred *Rage* they uſe,
Advance their *Art*, and deifie their *Muſe*.
Theſe, *Poets* are! Thou, *Weſley*, then art bleſt;
No mortal Beauty fires thy *glowing Breaſt*;
Thy *Heart*, thy *Soul* with the whole God poſſeſt.
No Spurious God, ſuch as at *Delphos* ſpoke,
And dubious *Anſwers* ſold for impious *Smoke*.
But that bright Infant *Sun* whoſe dawning *Ray*
Drove *Shades*, and *Sprights*, and *Gods* of *Night* away;
Who his true *Godhead* at his *Birth* diſplay'd,
And cruſh'd, at once, *Hell*'s dreadful *Serpent's head*;
Who bears, with eaſe, this pond'rous *Fabric*'s load,
Makes conſcious *Nature* tremble at his *Nod*,
And *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Hell* confeſs the God.
Who out of *Nothing* ſwarms of *Worlds* cou'd bring,
Of *Light* inviſible th' unfathomable *Spring*;
Sole, *firſt* and *laſt*, ſtill round himſelf he rouls,
In th' undivided *Triple-ſtream*, above the reach of *Souls*.
Hold, headſtrong *Muſe*, nor in thy *ſcanty* Verſe,
Attempt his *boundleſs Wonders* to rehearſe;
Nor, off'ring *Incenſe* with unhallow'd *Fire*,
Like *Nadab* in revenging *Flames* expire.
The *Right*, the *Pow'r* of chanting ſuch a *Song*
To none but conſecrated *Bards* belong.
None but *Apelles Alexander* drew;
A nobler *Draught* to nobler *Hands* is due.
So, *Weſley*, when we thought, with pious *Awe*,
No Pencil fit thy *ſuff'ring God* to draw,
Perform'd by thine the mighty Task we ſee;
Or he, thy Lord, has done the Work by thee.

Thy

Thy Choice, like pious *Mary*'s, is the beſt,
While others live with *Martha*'s Cares oppreſt;
Whence once engag'd, unknowing to go back,
Yet doom'd each Hour their wearied Minds to rack,
To ſooth a dull, ungrateful, impious *Age*;
Th' eternal Drudges of the *Preſs* and *Stage*.
Baffled this Moment, thoughtleſs of the paſt,
Still rich in Hopes, and wretched to the laſt;
Witty by Fits, but oft'ner dull than wiſe,
And fond of Fame, which yet they ſacrifice.
Ah! cruel Fortune! Tyrant of my Life,
To Fools ſo kind, with Poets ſtill at ſtrife,
Thou may'ſt conſtrain thy Slave to loſe his Right
To dear-bought Fame, the Poet's beſt Delight;
But never, *never* ſhall thy Honor be,
Thou Proſtitute, a Proſtitute to thee.
Nor will I uſe a Spark of heav'nly Fire
Chaſt Flames to quench, and kindle looſe Deſire;
Or, to mean Flatt'ry and worſe Falſhoods bent,
Poyſon the Weak, and ſtab the Innocent.
Ah! muſt I never, in bold Numbers, ſing
Britain's great Rulers and Heav'n's greater King!
Ev'n our wing'd Brother-Poets of the Grove
Strive here below to Rival thoſe above.
Each Morning they their warbling Voices raiſe,
Inſpir'd by Nature Nature's God to praiſe.
The lab'ring Hind by them beguiles his Cares,
Yet by his Arts their callow Brood enſnares.
Then blinded, taught t' unlearn their native Strain,
And cag'd for Life, the Wretches ſing for Grain.
So 'tis with us: Alike by Nature free,
Our Lays were Sacred as our Deity;
But by a ſelfiſh World enſlav'd, while young,
Blinded by Vice, we'er taught a meaner Song;
Kept cloſe and *bare*, we ne'er enjoy the Spring,
The Town our Cage, where we muſt *ſtarve* or *ſing*.
Much happier *Weſley*! wiſer grown betimes,
Thou left'ſt its Hurry, for more peaceful Climes;
Nor, while thy Mind a ſhort Repoſe enjoy'd,
Was thy chaſt Muſe on trifling Themes employ'd:

Tales

Tales of an angry Warrior's ſullen Grief,
The tedious Voyage of a crafty Chief,
Troy, which a Horſe could conquer in a Night,
Or a falſe Wand'rer 's fatal Loves and Flight:
Theſe ne'er could pay the Poet's Cares and Toils,
The coſtly Seeds were loſt in barren Soils.
Nobler thy Choice, and happier thy Eſſay,
Modeſt yet bold, Majeſtic and yet gay;
As *Autumn*, ripe, yet flouriſhing as *May*.
But here, my Friend, thou check'ſt my zealous Muſe,
And bid'ſt me for thy God my Incenſe uſe;
Thou ſhun'ſt the Praiſe which thy own Virtue draws,
And can'ſt deſerve, but can'ſt not hear Applauſe.
Know, 'tis beneath thy Friend to make thee vain;
I praiſe thee not: Yet muſt I praiſe thy Strain.
I may — Since Men, when they applaud thy Lays,
The Prophets great Inſpirer only praiſe.
Yet tho' to God alone the Praiſe belong,
With him and thee we ſhare the pleaſing Song.
Thus *Aaron* Incenſe on its Altar laid,
And, while attending *Iſr'el* bow'd and pray'd;
The balmy Steams, for Heav'n alone prepar'd,
The Prieſt, the People, and the Godhead ſhar'd.

Peter Motteux.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE First BOOK.

THE *Propoſition. The Invocation. Our Saviour's Aſcent on Mount* Tabor, *with his three Diſciples; whence they take a View of the Countrey about it. The Transfiguration. After which our Saviour deſcends from the Mount; and after having foretold his Paſſion, going through* Galilee *approaches* Jeruſalem. *And, in his Paſſage thither over Mount* Olivet, *raiſes* Lazarus *from the dead: Then being invited by* Simon *the Leper to a Feaſt, in whoſe Houſe the Deſtruction of* Sodom *is deſcribed on a Suit of Hangings;* Mary Magdalen *there anoints his Feet. The next day he deſcends to* Jeruſalem, *and makes his triumphant Entry into the City, attended by vaſt Crouds of People, bearing Palms, and ſinging* Hoſanna's. *Whence he retires in the Evening to Mount* Olivet; *which is deſcribed, with the Country about it. The Deſcription of the Garden near* Gethſemane, *and our Saviour's uſual Employment there. A Digreſſion concerning Divine Love and virtuous Friendſhip. A Character of the three Diſciples,* Peter, James *and* John. *Their Deſcent from the Mount to* Jeruſalem; *where in the Temple, they are met by* Joſeph *of* Arimathea, *who formerly in the Temple, had ſeen many of our Saviour's Miracles. Hence he takes 'em with him to his pleaſant Garden on the ſide of* Calvary, *where being met by his Friends,* Nicodemus *and* Gamaliel, *they put them on a Diſcourſe of our Saviour's Life and Miracles. Which ends the Firſt Book.*

THE


Majuma
Ascalon
Ashdod
Rinocolora
Simeon
DESERT
Gaza
PHILISTI
OF Beersheba
Dan
Timnah
Azem
Desert of Shur
Shebah
Beth-labaoth
Bered
Beer-la-harvi
Hazorshusah
Balah
Ziglag
Sitnah
Esek
Hazer-shual
Eltolad
Eltekeh
KADESH
Tochen
Sharuhen
Karkaa
South Ramah
Geran
Arada
Rechoboth
Beth marcaboth
Azmon
Bealoth
Baalath
Maladah
Hazor-gaddah
Sansana
Telza
Hazor
Horma
Baalah
Hadaltah
Danuah
Bethpalet
Bethul
Iattir
Kezilah
Zappuah
Adullam
Kerioth
Anab
Nezib
Zorah
Ziph
Shamur
Jim
Hezron
Jarmuth
Shilhim
Azekah
Adar
Shema
Socoh
Gedor
Mispeh
Gebah
Ashtemoth
Hebron
Azem
Hezron
Amam
Migdalgad
Biliam
Humtah
Tenam
Bethlehem
Kadesh Bernea
Kiriath-sepher Deber
Hezekah
Lachish
Zebnah
Kabon
Jacktheel
Valley of Hinnom
Desert of Tekoe
Holon
Zior
Bozkath
Desert of Zin
Goshon
Arah
Eglon
Tekoe
Aphekah
Lahmam
Lahma
Eshean
Kithlish
Zekza
Desert of Iudah
Dumah
Libnah
Giloh
Jesimon
Arad
Janun
Eder
Beth tappua
Carmel
Maon
Desert Ziph
Desert
Nibshan
Mahalen
Accrabbim
Kinah
Kedesh
Secacah
Kabzeel
Iuttah
Iezraeal
Zoar
Iagur
Adadah
Dimonah
Ithnan
Hazor
Iockeam
Zanoah
Iudah
Engedi
Medain
Zeboim
Admah
Gomorah
Sodom
PART
OF MOAB
SCALE OF MILES
5
10
15
South


40
30
32
10
20 West
MEDITERRAN
Shicron
Ephrai
Ioppa
Lidda
Apollonia
Tipsah
Saron
The Royal Pallace
Tirzah
Kibzaim
Zereda
Samaria
Leritos house
Yezen serah
Timnah serah
Michas house
Michas grove
Joshua's Sepulcher
Debora's Palm
Atarath
Luz
Bethanen
Aijalon
Gibeon
Gibethon
Kiriathyarim
Mount Ephron
Emaus
Gilboa of Saul
Moza
Shilo
Mt. Phinehaz
Zemaraim
Bethel
Mont Bethel
Mount Ebal
Dothan
Shechem
Mt. Gerezim
Ai
Lebanon
Ramah
Gallim
Michmash
Jerusalem
Valley of Hinnom
Nob
Anathoth
Manahath
Giah
Adummim
Hazor
Irpeel
Zelah
Morad
Pirathon
Sycher
Bezec
Ephraim
Archelaus
Altar
Thebes Tower
Ataroth
Baal Hazor
Ieriche
Almon
Sheharim
Valley of Kezia
Enshemesh
Eleph
Taralah
Vale of Workmen
Gilgal
Aphira
Lud
Haarath
Jordan River
Mephaat
Ed's Altar
Adam
Zaretan
Baalmeon
Beth Ieshimoth
PLAINES
Bethpeor
Kiriathaim
OF
MOAB
Bamoth Baal
Mount Pisgah
Nebo
Mount Nebo
Mount Abarim
Livias
Boxra
Macherus
Reuben
Lasha
Ashdod Pisgah
Getiloth
Achor
Debir
Bohan's stone
Betharabah
Beth hoglah
Zeboim
Meballat
Secatah
Meddin
Iahazah
MEDEBA
Desert of Kedemoth
Medeba
Kedemoth
Arnon River
MILES
20


PART OF Dor
Taanach
OF THE
TRIBE
OF
MANASSEH
Ephraim
Mount Samaria
Samaria
Megiddo
Iezreel
Gath Rimmon
Cesarea of Palestine
Hadadrimmon
Ibleam
Gur
Aphek
Rabbith
Beth pazzer
Endor
Iarmath
Shunem
Sarid
ASSHER
Dabbasheth
Rimmon Dimnah
Shimron Meron
Sepulcher
Maralah
Idalah
Kishon R
Nahalal
Tabor
Bethulia
Inel Tiger
Zebulon
Chisloth Tabor
Tiberias
Tarichea
Daberath
Shion
Anaharoth
Kishon MOUNT
Kishon R
En Iappuah
Syriam Tents
Mt Obadia
Herodi well
Bethshitah
Dothan
Iezreel
Iphar
Betheron
Sycher
Bezek
Shalem
Zererath
Abelmeholah
Zaretan
Tibbath
Ophra
Enhaddah
Shamir
Enganon
GILBOA
Manasseh
PART OF MANASSEH
Ilsachar
Bethshemesh
Enor
Salem
Bethsan
Iordan
River
Debir
Ataroth
BASHAN
Iabesh Gilead
Saul's Sepulch
Succoth
Ataroth Shophan
Ephron
Gadara
Gerasa
Zaphron
Dathema
Bosor
Bascamah
Bosora
River
Alemah
Casphor
Reniel
Ramoth Gilead
Lazer
Beth-haran
Mahamaim
Logbehah
Karkor
Mobah
Rabbah
Heshbon
Water of Nimrim
Beth-nimrath
Gad
Dibon
Elealeh
Shibmah
Iahazah
Nophah
Arnon
A City betweeu the Rivers
Aroer
Arnon R
Mephaath
Zareth Shahar
PART OF AMMON
GALILEE
LOWER
Caphas
Caun
MOUNT
CAR
Sepulcher
Naim
Kishon R


A New MAPP of the
HOLY LAND
Printed for Charles Harper att the Flower Deluce over against St Dunstans Church in Fleet-street London
Acho
Tyre
Sidon
Bethlehem
Nazareth
Sephoris
Dothaim
Iotopata
Iaphiah
Mount Carmel
Forrest
Iockneam
Naim
Aphek
Canah minor
Canah major
Nepthali
Rehob
Hazor
Cinneroth
Capernaum
Corazin
Iulias
Gamala
Edrei
Ashteroth Karnaim
Kenah
Rogelim
Milzpeh
Pella
Arbel
Thisbe
Lodebar
Argob
Golan
Baal gad
Baalhermon
Mount Hermon
Mount Gilead
Sea of Galilee
Lake Asphaltites
River Jordan
Upper Galilee
Lower Galilee
Tribe of Asher
North

THE LIFE OF Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery

CHRIST:

AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK I.

I Sing the *Man* who reigns enthron'd on *high*;
*I sing the *God*, who not disdain'd to *dye*:
Him, whom each *modest Seraph* trembling sings,
The most *afflicted*, yet the best of *Kings*:
Who from th' *Eternal Father's* side came down,
Stript of his Starry Diadem and Crown;
From *Satan's* Chains to ransom captive Men,
And drive him to his own *sad Realms* agen.
What *Pain*, what *Labour* did he not endure,
To close our *Wounds*, and *Happiness* secure?

Propositum. Eph. 1. 20, 21. Phil. 2. 6, 8. Acts 20. 28. John 8. 42. Rev. 12. 10. Rev. 5. 9.

He still was doing *Good*, and let us see
1 Pet. 2. 21. * By his *Example*, what we ought to be:
Taught us a *perfect Law*, unknown before;
Did by his *Merits* the lost World restore,
1 Pet. 2. 24. And gave his *Life*, when he could give no more:
Hence a *new* Race of Times and Men began,
* And *happy Years* in decent Order ran:
Hence *Faith* and *Truth* agen to Earth return,
And lost *Astræa* we no longer mourn.
Mat. 20. 48. So vast the Work, *Apostate Man* to save!
Mar. 10. 45. So great the Price our *dear Redeemer* gave!
1 Cor. 6. 20. 7. 23. Nor will He *me* His *mighty Aid* refuse,
The same my *God*, my *Hero* and my *Muse*,
Who sing his *Life*; a *Work immense* and *rare*,
Too heavy for an *Angel's* strength to bear:
The mighty *Masters* of the tuneful Throng,
Whose *numerous Souls* are struck with *sacred Song*,
Whose *Names* the *World* out-last, the *Sun* out-shine,
Immortal *Cowley*, *Herbert* all divine *
Beheld the *weighty Task*, but durst not stay,
And wisely shrunk their *conscious* Arms away:
How then shall I, a *nameless Thing*, presume,
Unmark'd, unknown, to fill their sacred room;
Sunk in the useless Crowd by *Birth* and *Fate*,
Sunk lower by *unequal Fortune's* Weight!

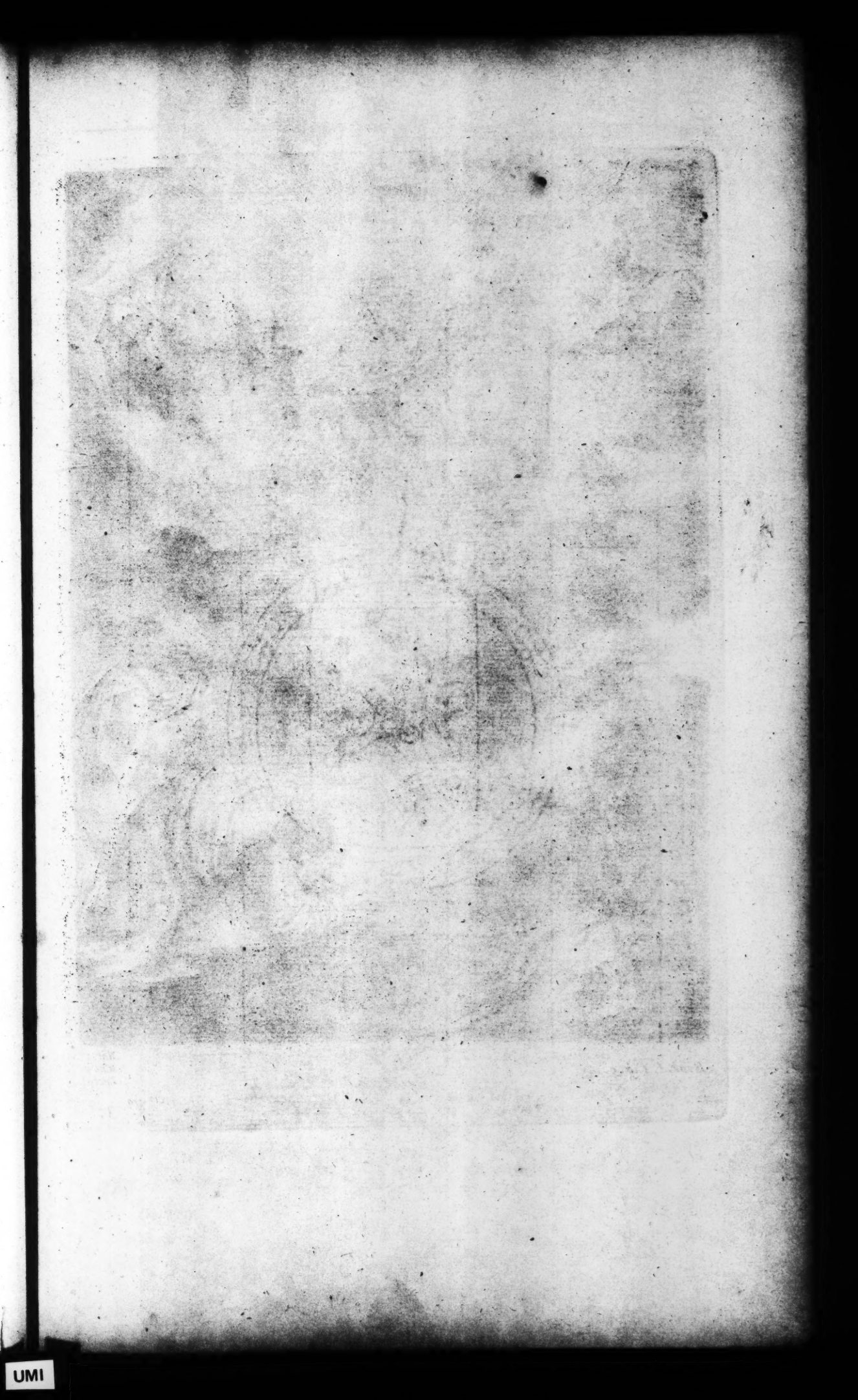
Invocation. O Thou, whose Word this *ALL* of nothing made,
And when thou hadst each *beauteous Scene survey'd*,
Gen. 1. 4, 10, 12, 18, 21, 25, 31. Pronounc'd it *Good*; Let thy kind *Spirit* shine
Through every part of this *New World* of mine!
Gen. 1. 3. Both *Light* and *Being* by thy *FIAT* give,
And This through *Thee*, as long as *Thine* shall live!
Two Worlds already did our *LORD* confess,
And sure the *Third*, his *Own*, could do no less:
Mat. 21. 9. Mark 11. 9. Luke 19. 38. John 12. 13. *Glad Earth* and *trembling Hell* just Witness gave,
These to *subdue*, and those he came to *save*:
His ransom'd *Subjects* loud *Hosanna's* sing,
Mat. 8. 18. Mark 5. 7. Luke 8. 27, &c. His *Rebels* fled, and knew their *angry King*:
Already he in Defarts vast and wild
In God-like *Innocence* severely mild,
Matt. 1. 10, 11. Had met the *Tyrant* of the *Realms* below,

And

And conquer'd *Hand* to *Hand* the mighty *Foe*:
Curſing he fled, as when *transfix'd* he fell,
With all the doubled *Spite* and *Rage* of *Hell*:
Heav'n does at laſt in its own *Cauſe* appear;
The *ſtrongeſt Forces* muſt maintain the *Rear*:
Th' *Inhabitants* of thoſe bright Realms of *Day*,
Muſt *Homage* to their mighty *Maſter* pay,
Tho' veil'd in humble Robes of *mortal Clay*:
Tabor the Place to prove his *Miſſion* true, Mount *Tabor* deſcrib'd.
Where *Heav'n* and *Earth* muſt have an *Interview*:
* That *Mount of God*, as *Sinai* long before, Exo. 19. 20.
The upper Worlds whole Weight deſcending bore:
* Lovely it look'd like ſome *Divine Abode*,
All beauteous as the *Paradiſe of God*:
Steep is th' *Aſcent*, but when the *Top* you gain,
It more than recompences all your *Pain*,
Preſenting the pleas'd *Eye* an *even Plain*;
And underneath, around the ſpacious Coaſt
The *nobleſt Proſpect Jury*'s Land can boaſt:
If *Eaſt* inclin'd to *North* you caſt your Eye,
* Royal *Tiberias* thence with Eaſe you'll ſpy,
Whoſe wealthy *Citizens* their pleaſure take
* In numerous *Boats* upon the neighb'ring *Lake*;
While *Ships* of greater Bulk with decent *Pride*
Their *Penons* waving, *Sails* extended wide,
Traverſe its length, or run from ſide to ſide:
Beyond whoſe *Eaſtern* bounds far off you ſee
With pleaſant Horror *Stony Arabie*:
Kiſhon to *South*, whoſe *Banks* new *Waters* fill,
* When paſt by *Weſtern Hermon*'s gentle Hill:
A noble River now, tho' not ſo large
As when the *Stars* on *Iſrael*'s ſide did charge;
When o'r its *Crimſon Waves*, a ghaſtly throng,
* *Bodies* and *Shields* and *Helms* promiſcuous roll'd along:
From thence 'twixt *Weſt* and *North* it onward goes,
And near the Walls of little *Naim* flows, Judg. 5. 20, 21.
* Whence *Carmel*'s *Mount* and *Grove* its Waves entice
To add *new Beauties* to that *Paradiſe*:
Where when the Prophet *Baal*'s curſt *Prieſts* did ſlay, 1 Kings 18. 40.
It waſh'd their *Blood*, and *Iſrael's Stain* away:

Both hurry'd swift to the great *Western Flood*;
* Within whose *Arms*, more *North*, rich *Tyrus* stood;
Her *Walls* so strong, nor *Sea*, nor *Land* they fear:
And farther on, her Sister *Sidon* near,
Under fair *Libanus* you might descry,
Where *Clouds* at once and *that* obstruct your *Eye*:
Thence back to *South* direct your *Sight* again,
You'll *Jezreel* see, and rich *Megiddo*'s Plain:
1 Kings 21. 6, 7, &c. Proud *Jezreel*, where unhappy *Naboth* fell,
Whose guiltless *Blood* cost that of *Jezebel*.
To this blest *Mount* did our blest *Lord* ascend;
Mat. 17. 1. 2, &c. Three *Witnesses* must thither him attend,
Mark 9. 2, &c. * Two, destin'd *Martyrs*, and the third his *Friend*;
Luke 19 28, &c. *Zebedee*'s happy *Sons*, whose mighty Name
* From awful *Thunder*, scarce more *active*, came;
Mark 3. 17. *Cephas* before 'em both in *Zeal* and *Fame*:
These with his more *peculiar Favour* blest,
He with him takes, and leaves *beneath* the rest.
Scarce had the chearful *Harbinger* of *Day*
Clapt his bright *Wings* and warn'd the *Shades* away,
E'r our still watchful Saviour, who denies
The *Sun*, his *shade*, before himself should rise,
Had conquer'd *Tabor*'s hoary top, and there
Yet higher mounts in ardent *Hymns* and *Pray'r*:
No *earthly* Thought, no *sublunary* thing
Could clog his tow'ring Souls *Seraphic* Wing:
He pass'd through all the glittering *Guards* on high,
Who staid their *Songs*, and *bow'd* as he went by;
Nor stop'd but at his *Father*'s radiant Throne,
"The great *Three-One*——
He *ask'd* and had, and *beckon'd* thence away,
(Gladly all *Heav'n* his lov'd *Commands* obey:)
Two of the *brightest Saints* which fill the *Place*
* Ay-gazing on the *Beatifick Face*:
That faithful *Leader* of the *chosen Band*
* Who Nature sway'd with his *Almighty Wand*;
Whom quaking *Sinai* shew'd so much before,
Exo. 19. 18. That *Heav'n* it self could hardly now do more:
Heb. 12. 18. And him who on the *glorious Wings* of Morn
2 Kings 2. 11. In a bright *wond'rous Car* to *Bliss* was born;

Whose





Mat: 17
Mar: 9
Luc: 9

Book I. Pag: 3.

N.° 3.

Whoſe Soul of Flames as *pure* as *warm* was made,
As *thoſe* which him to his *Reward* convey'd:
ELIAS, who to *Heav'n* triumphing rode,
* *MOSES*, expiring with the *Kiſs of God*:
* Thus *Law* and *Prophets* their Perfection find
In him, the *Hope*, the *Price* of loſt Mankind:
Meeker than *Moſes*, whilſt his *Zeal* flam'd higher,
Than his who ſhew'd the *Way* to Bliſs in *Fire*:
Upon the ſhivering *Mountain's Brow* they walk'd,
And things *unutterable* look'd and talk'd:
* Talk'd of his wond'rous *Paſſion*, wond'rous *Love*; Mat. 17. 1. *to* 9.
A *Riddle* pos'd the very *Bleſt* above: Mar. 29. 2. *to* 8.
They knew their *LORD* ſo long *enthron'd* on high, Luke 9. 28. *to* 36.
They knew he *muſt*, yet knew he *could* not die;
The *Light of Light* hymn'd by the Heav'nly *Quire*,
The *Coeſſential Son* of his *Almighty Sire*.
While thus new *Myſteries* they ſtill diſcern'd,
And more than *Heav'n* it ſelf could teach them, *learn'd*,
Dull Slumbers the three *Witneſſes* ſurpriſe,
And heavy ſhameful *Sloth* faſt ſeal'd their Eyes: Luke 9. 32.
With their ſhort *Vigils* tir'd, *ſupine* they lay,
Till them their Maſter turning did *ſurvey*;
From his lov'd *Face* he ſhot a *piercing Beam*,
Which rous'd them all from their inglorious *Dream*;
They *gaz'd* a while, but found the *Scene* too bright,
And fled again th' *inſufferable Light*.
Thus, when at the laſt dreadful hour of *Doom*
Th' *Arch-Angel's Trump* ſhall wake each *ſilent Tomb*;
When *God's Pavilion* in the Clouds is ſpread,
Keen Rays of *Lightning* wreath'd around his *Head*;
O'rburthen'd *Nature* at the ſight would fly,
Again would be *entomb'd*, again would *die*.
But now our Lord his *Glories* part repreſs'd,
And mildly *veils* and *mitigates* the reſt:
Again they look'd; what wond'rous things they ſaw?
Not they themſelves the ſhining *Scene* could draw,
If yet alive—What *Glory* and what *Grace!*
Daz'ling his *Form*, ineffable his *Face*:
That *Prophet's* who from trembling *Sinai* came,
Was dreſs'd in a far leſs *Illuſtrious Flame*: Exo. 34. 35.

The

The *Sun* ſhrunk back his *Head* but newly ſhown,
Eclips'd with ſtronger *Splendor* than his own:
Like thoſe *eternal Youths* which ever dwell
Near *Light*'s and *Beauty*'s unexhauſted Well:
Young *Cherubs* look thus *glittering* and thus *gay*,
Adorn'd in all their *feſtal Robes*, when they
Some mighty *Meſſage* to the World convey:
* His *ſeamleſs Robe* than new faln Snow more white, *
One radiant *Pillar* all of ſparkling *Light*:
Far did it *Mortal Art*'s beſt ſtrokes outſhine,
All o'r the *Workmanſhip* of *Hands Divine*:
But *Heav'nly things* we to baſe *Earth* compare,
So *Night* like *Day*, *Shades* like the *Sun* are fair:
So the bold *Painter*'s *Art* pretends to ſhow
Beauteous as thoſe above, feign'd *Clouds* below.
Next him the two *great Prophets* them ſurpriſe
With *modeſt Glories*, only leſs than *his*:
Such as the *twinkling Stars clear Silver Ray*,
To th' ſtronger Luſtre of the *Golden Day*.
An *Heav'nly Joy* ſeiz'd each Diſciple's Breaſt,
Too big or to be *ſtifl'd* or *expreſt*:
Reaſon at *Revelation* muſt expire;
What wonder if the *Sun* ſhould damp the *Fire*?
Thus when *young Prophets* have a Viſion ſeen,
Or labour with th' *unequal God* within;
With *ſacred Rage* inſpir'd they're now no more
Mild, calm and peaceful as they were before:
New *Wildneſs* in their Looks and Eyes we find,
And ev'ry Mark of a *diſorder'd Mind*;
Nature does then beyond it ſelf appear;
Thus *Cephas* look'd, thus the bleſt *Pair* look'd here:
All that they *knew* was *Pleaſure* mixt with *Pain*,
All that they *fear'd* was loſing it again:
When *Cephas* thus——"Dread Maſter, if we e'r
"Were thy peculiar *Love*, and tend'reſt *Care*,
"In this bleſt Place for ever let us ſtay,
"Rather than *Us*, O take our *Lives* away!
"* Three *humble Tabernacles* ſoon we'll rear
"For *Thee*, and theſe *Illuſtrious Strangers* here:
"Nor has ev'n *God* himſelf diſdain'd to dwell

"In

"In the *poor Tents* of his *lov'd Iſrael.* Exo. 11.18, 34.
Scarce from his *Lips*, the laſt ſwift *Accent* flies
E're ſtill *new Scenes* of *Miracles* ariſe!
For lo! a *Cloud* wafts through th' enlight'ned *Air*, Mat. 17. 5. Mark. 9. 7. Luke 9. 34.
Thoſe which a *Summer Ev'ning* dreſs, leſs fair;
A *wond'rous Cloud*, the *Morn* it ſelf leſs bright,
Wove from the fineſt Threads of *Heav'nly Light*:
Such as far off in thoſe *bleſt Regions* ſtray,
Where God's high *Throne* ſcatters *eternal Day*:
* Such that *ſtrange Cloud* that made the World's firſt Morn, Gen. 1. 3.
Before the *Stars* or *Sun* itſelf was born:
* That *Pillar* ſuch which did from *Egypt* come, Exod. 13 21.
And *piloted* the *choſen Nations* home;
From *Earth* to *Heav'n* did its broad Top aſpire,
Miraculous Mixture! 'twas both *Shade* and *Fire*.
And lo, it *comes*, and lo, they ſtrive in vain;
Their fault'ring *Knees* their *Bodies* can't ſuſtain:
Celeſtial Luſtre ev'n through *Clouds* ſurvey'd
Muſt ſink the ſtrongeſt Frame of *Matter* made.
Blunted with *Wonders* and exhauſted all
Their *Spirits* forſake their Task — ſo *down they fall*;
So *down they fall*, diſſolv'd in reverend *Fear*;
But firſt a *Voice*, an *awful Voice* they hear,
The *Voice* of *God*, in *Thunder* dreſt no more,
As when he ſtoop'd on *Sinai* heretofore;
Thunder and *Darkneſs* then the World did fright,
But now the *Voice* is calm, the *Cloud* is bright:
"Th' *Eternal Father*, Firſt o'th' great *Three One*
" *Mildly* atteſting his *Eternal Son*;
"Whate'r he ſpake, not *Truth* it ſelf more clear,
"Commanding *them* and all the *World* to hear:
They *hear*, but dare not him who ſpeaks it *meet*,
So *down they fall*, and kiſs their Maſters *Feet*:
Nor long his kind and ſpeedy *Succour* ſtays;
He *touch'd*, whoſe very *Touch* the Dead can raiſe,
Their *lifeleſs Limbs*, and him they *riſing* praiſe:
Around they look'd, but could no more deſcry
That *Heav'nly Pair*, whoſe happy Company
They late enjoy'd, return'd to *Bliſs*, to ſhow
To thoſe *above*, what they had learn'd *below*:

Thus

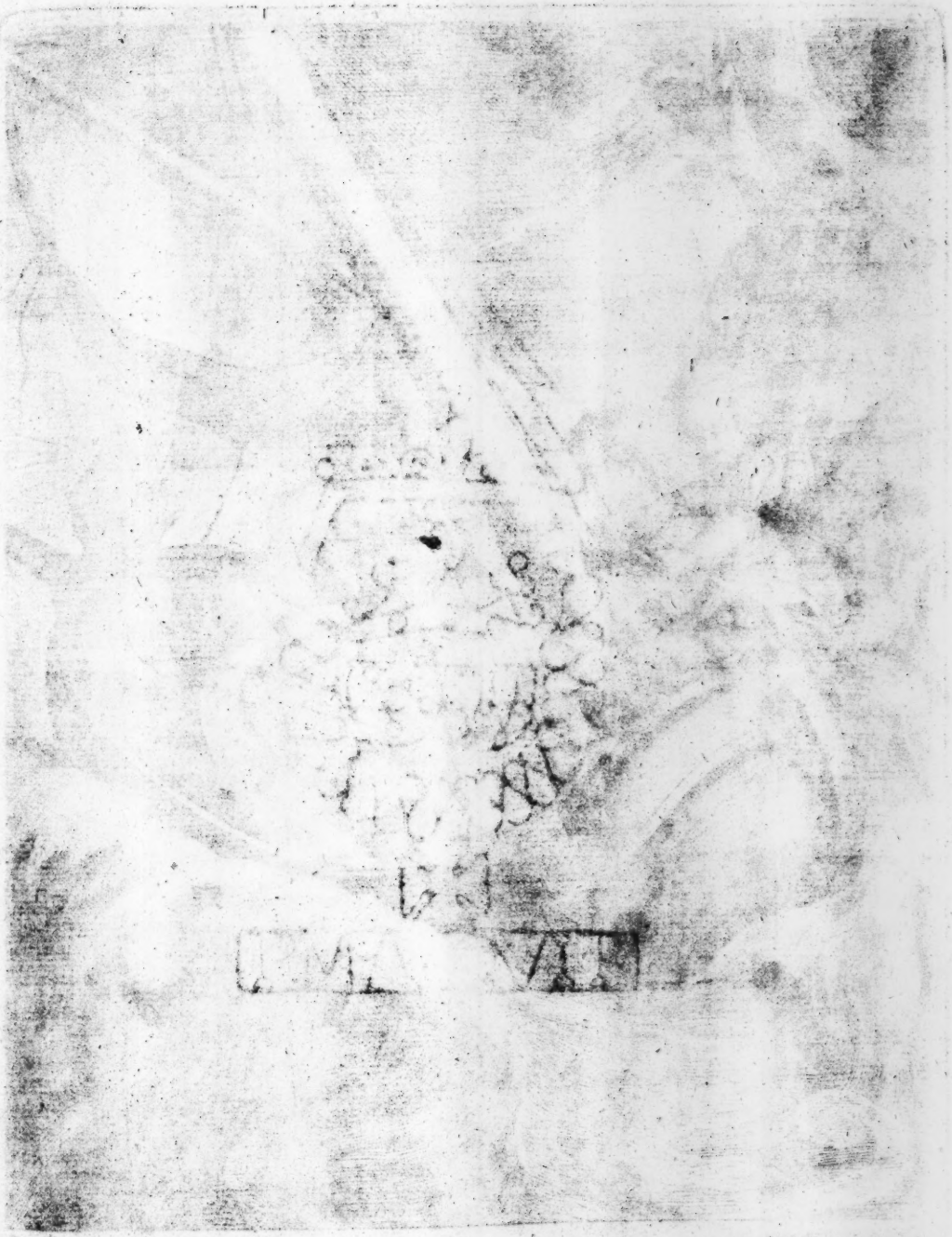
Thus *Holy Souls* from *dregs* of *Sin* refin'd,
Whoſe *Frames* are little leſs than *perfect Mind*,
Whoſe *Converſe* and *Acquaintance* with the *Bleſt*
Commences *here*, and half their *Heav'n*'s poſſeſt:
Thus, when to theſe through *Sleeps* thin *Curtains* ſhine
Angelic Eſſences, and Forms *Divine*,
They ſighing wake, and claſp the *empty Air*;
Thus *Cephas*, thus the *Zebedæan* Pair,
And would have *griev'd*, had not our *Lord* been there;
Who, *free* from worldy *Glories* vain deſire,
Unwarm'd at fond *Ambition*'s fooliſh Fire,
What they had ſeen commands 'em to *conceal*,
Nor to the World thoſe *ſacred Truths* reveal,
Till, when he conquer'd *Death*, and broke its *Chain*,
That Faith to *this*, as *this* to *that* might gain.
Wond'ring they long revolv'd his *deep intent*,
Nor fathom'd what thoſe *ſtrange Expreſſions* meant:
How can he ſuffer ſad *Rebuke* or *Pain*?
How can he either *dye* or *riſe* again?
With a *kind Doubt* they theſe *ſad Truths* receive;
And what they *muſt* fain would they *not* believe:
Till quitting *Tabor* he the ſame expreſt
To thoſe beneath, with the ſame *Griefs* oppreſt:
His *Pains*, his *Wounds*, and that ſad *Scene* of *Woe*
He for th' *ungrateful World* muſt undergo:
How he muſt enter *Death*'s uneaſie Gate,
The *Son of Man* muſt ſuffer *mortal Fate*:
How then the *Son of God* muſt break the Chain
And on the *third* glad *Morning* riſe again.
Deep was the *Sorrow* ſeiz'd each *Loyal Breaſt*,
When *Truths* ſo *terrible* their Lord expreſs'd:
All gladly, if they dar'd, would him *reprove*,
Mat. 16. 23. As *Cephas* did with his too forward *Love*:
Mar. 8. 33. *Miſtaken men!* your kindneſs ſoars too high;
Or *He*, or *you* and *all the World* muſt die:
He knew the *fatal Price* that muſt be paid
Eph. 1. 4. Long long before the World's *Foundation* laid;
1 Pet. 1. 20. Rev. 13. 8. He knew the *Hour*, and thither did proceed,
Where He, th' *attoning Lamb*, muſt mildly bleed;
To proud *Jeruſalem*, out-ſtretching high

Her

Her lofty *Turrets*, glitt'ring in the Sky;
Charg'd with ſo many a *Prophet*'s Blood before
The Guilt of *his* could only ſink 'em more.
Through *Galilee*'s wild Coaſts his *Progreſs* takes,
But *unproclaim'd* and ſilent Journeys makes:
In vain, alas, he ſtrives to be *conceal'd*,
He's like the *Sun* by his own *Rays* reveal'd:
See where from far the *crowding Regions* meet,
And caſt th' *infirm* and *deſp'rate* at his feet!
Where theſe from old *Bethabara* they bring,
And theſe from Father *Jordan*'s double Spring:
Nor *Devils* nor *Diſeaſes* longer ſtay,
When warn'd by his Almighty Voice away.
The *Lame* their Feet without their Crutches find,
His *Word*, as to the World, gives Light to th' Blind,
Such *Light* as cheers at *once* their *Eyes* and *Mind*.
What *Angel*'s *Eloquence* cou'd equal prove
To all the *Wonders* of his *Pow'r* and *Love*?
How oft, with the long Days *fatigues* oppreſt,
His *Works* the *God*, his *Pain* the *Man* confeſt,
His toilſom *Labour* call'd for gentle *reſt*?
Oft leſt *officious Crowds* ſhou'd him *ſurprize*,
He from the *Sea* ſeeks what the *Land* denies,
In a ſmall *Boat* of fair *Bethſaida's* Town
* Which *Zebedee* and faithful *Cephas* own:
Theſe, once when length'ning *Shadows* warn'd away
From the dim *Heav'ns* the *dying Lamp* of *Day*
He bids forſake the *Galilean Shore*,
And with his *faithful Houſhold* waft him o'er
For *Gadaras* ſtrong *Turrets*, rais'd ſo high
As *Heav'n* and *Earth*, they'd both at once *defy*:
They *lancht*, whilſt he his humble *Cabin* takes
And *ſleeps*, tho' all his *Guard* of *Angels* wakes:
When ſtrait a thick *black Miſt* began to riſe
Still dark'ning more and more the *diſappearing Skies*:
Old *Zebedee* by long experience, wiſe,
When firſt intent he view'd the thick'ning *Air*,
Calls up his *Mates*, and bids for *Storms* prepare;
He to the *Helm*, he knew to *guide* it beſt,
And to their well known *Quarters* all the reſt:

Nor needleſs was his *Caution* or their *Haſt*,
With one black *Mantle* ſtrait all *Heav'n*'s o'ercaſt:
Whether the *Enemy* aſſay'd in vain,
What he had loſt at *Land*, at *Sea* to gain;
Or hop'd he by *ſurprizal* might prevail,
Where by *fair Force* he durſt no more *aſſail*:
Mark 4. 38. * Or whether *Nature* only ſent the *Storm*
T' experience what her *Maſter* cou'd perform;
Suffer'd by him whoſe Word can *Storms* remove,
To ſhew his God-like *Pow'r*, and God-like *Love*:
But whether it from *Nature*'s *Storehouſe* fell,
Or iſſu'd from the *baleful Caves* of Hell;
Still more and more its *threatning Rage* prevails,
And from the *Maſt* ſoon rends the *Paper-Sails*:
* The *Dead-Sea* roars, and ſulph'rous Vapours come
In rolling *Flames*, from its *Infernal Womb*,
From Regions wide away loud *Ruine* bear,
As gathering *Thunders* bellow round the *Air*.
Old *Jordan* hears, its *Waters* backward run
(* As thrice before) the fatal Shock to ſhun,
Againſt the *Stream* rolls in th' *unnatural Tide*,
And *ſhould'ring Seas* upon each other *ride*:
Wind againſt *Wind*, *Floods* daſhing *Floods* ariſe,
One *Whirlpool* all the *Waves*, one *Whirl-wind* all the *Skies*:
Cold ſleet from every *Quarter* driving comes,
And *Fear* as much each trembling *Hand* benums:
While from the *Hollow* of a dreadful Cloud,
Fates angry *Meſſengers* for a paſſage croud,
And o'er *affrighted Mortals* roar aloud:
Broad *Sheets* of ghaſtly *Flame* from thence are ſent,
Diſcovering either *wrathful Element*,
Whoſe *Horrors* ſtrike their Eyes with cruel *Light*,
Thro' the dire *Chaſms* of interrupted *Night*:
They ſaw the boyling *Deep* roll wide away,
While *Nature*'s ſecret *Chambers* open lay:
So vaſt the *Gulph*, it ſhew'd a *horrid Shore*,
And *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Paths* unknown before;
Aloft black low'ring *Worlds* of *Water* rave,
And *greedy Death* broods o'er each threat'ning *Wave*,
Thither on *Surges tumultuous* they riſe,

And







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And hang on *Pyramids*, amidſt the *Skies*.
Whence they look down on *Fate*, which will not ſtay,
But on the next *curl'd Billow* haſts away;
Not more his *Art* can the wiſe *Steerſman* ſhow,
The *Helm* is gone, and the next *ſtaggering blow*
Drives in ſome treach'rous *Plank*, and down they go:
Half fill'd with *Waves*, they on their *Maſter* think,
One dreadful Cry they make—We *ſink!* we *ſink!*
All pray'd, but *Judas* moſt, and dreading *Fate*,
Invoke the Saviour's *Aid*, if *that* not now too late.
He *roſe*, he came, he heard their *gaſping crys*,
He came with *Love* and *Pity* in his *Eyes*.
Chid the mad *Waves*, rebuk'd the bluſt'ring *Wind*;
Theſe gently roll, that murmurs *ſoft* and *kind*,
The *Billows* ſink, not int' a *Gulph*, but *Plain*,
And mild *Eteſian Whiſpers* fan the *Main*:
All in a moment huſht and *quiet* laid,
Still'd by his *Word*, as when the *World* he made:
When *Sooty Waves* did firſt thro' *Chaos* roar,
Whoſe *turbid Motion* knew no *reſt* nor *ſhore*:
Till the *Almighty Word* its *Boſom* preſt,
And hovering o'er *diſpos'd* to *gentle reſt*,
With a *fair Birth* thence did it pregnant prove,
* And *Light* was born to *Chaos* and to *Love*.
Thus here—when reaching ſtrait the *wiſht-for ſhore*,
All trembling *kneel*, and their dread Lord *adore*.
Soon known the guilty *Demons* ſhun his ſight,
And ſink, confeſſing, down to conſcious *Night*:
Yet more illuſtrious Wonders him attend,
When *laſt* to *Salem* he his *ſteps* did bend,
The *Sun* looks biggeſt near his *Journeys* end:
For now, o'er *lofty Olivet* they go,
And ſee far off the *cluſt'ring Town* below:
Deſcending thence, among the *Trees* they ſpy
Thy happy *Walls*, delightful *Bethany!*
A *Villa* where good *Lazarus* was Lord,
And often at his *Hoſpitable Board*,
With *Plenty* and with *Welcome* ſpread did ſee
* Our *Saviour* and his *faithful Family*.
Nor cou'd they paſs his *Gates*, invited in

* By *Martha* and *repenting Magdalen:*
Wiſe *Martha* ſtill kept *home*, and ſafer there
Her Brother's *Houſhold* made her *humble Care.*
Fair *Magdalena* had at *Court* been bred,
On *Pleaſures* downy Pillows laid her Head;
There found her *Vertue* but a weak *Defence*,
And loſt her *Fame*, and loſt her *Innocence.*
Her Soul by *Vanity* and *Pride* poſſeſt,
And many a blacker foul *Infernal Gueſt*;
7 Devils. All which our Saviour's *Word* expell'd her Breaſt.
Each *Hell-bred Fiend* at once he chas'd away,
Chas'd all the ugly *Miſts*, and let in *Day*;
By a *ſevere Repentance* did reſtore,
And made her *Soul* far *brighter* than before:
Thus an *illuſtrious Penitent* ſhe prov'd,
And much ſhe *pray'd*, and much ſhe *wept* and *lov'd:*
To *Bethany* then back did *grieving* come,
By her kind *Brother* gladly welcom'd home;
Who now, beneath a *Fever's* mortal Rage,
Beyond the feeble power of *Art* t' aſſwage,
For *Life*, juſt gaſping lay; and by his Bed
The *poſ'd Phyſician* ſadly ſhakes his *Head*,
Thence with ſlow ſteps in *ſilence* walks to th' door,
Gives him for gone, his *Skill* can do no *more:*
Tho' firſt with Grief *confus'd* and *hurry'd* all,
Their *abſent Gueſt* at length to mind they call;
To him in haſt a *Meſſenger* they ſend,
To come, if not too late, and *ſave* his *Friend*,
Him whom he lov'd. He bids 'em not deſpair,
"There was no *danger*, and he'd ſoon be there:
John 11. 6. But whilſt he in the neighb'ring Regions ſtay'd
And from his *gaſping Friend* his help delay'd,
His Soul from *mortal Miſery* was fled,
And his cold *Corps entomb'd* among the dead;
The *Funeral Pomp* t' his *widow'd Houſe* return,
And his *ſad Siſter's Loſs* condole and mourn:
While deeply they remain'd *lamenting* here,
Tidings at length were brought, our *Lord* was near:
The *Siſters* riſe their *God like Gueſt* to meet,
And proſtrate thrown with *tears* embrace his *Feet*,

And



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Ian

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Ioan.



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And tho' they cannot doubt his *Love* or *Care*,
Both join in this——
"Their *Brother had not dy'd, had he been there.*
The *Jews*, who the *two Mourners* ſtill attend,
So good a *Neighbour*, and ſo kind a *Friend*
Juſtly *lament*, all his good *Actions* tell,
And own there's few that *liv'd* or *dy'd* ſo well:
With ſuch a *general Tide* of Grief oppreſt,
*Our Saviour *groan'd* and *wept* among the reſt:
He own'd himſelf a *Man*, his *Paſſions* mov'd
Like ours, he wept the *Loſs* of what he *lov'd*:
Agen he *wept*, agen did inly *groan*:
When at the *Grave* arriv'd, a pond'rous *Stone*
After the *antient Rite* its Mouth ſecur'd,
(The *Body* in a ſpacious Vault *immur'd*)
This *Jeſus* bids remove, when *Martha* cry'd,
"'Tis now ſo long, dear Maſter, ſince he dy'd,
Such putrid Steams muſt needs infect the *Air*,
"As neither *theſe*, nor you his *Friend* can bear:
To whom our Lord——"*Believe* and Wonders ſee,
"*Believe* and leave the reſt to *Heav'n* and *Me*.
The Stone remov'd, to *Heav'n* he lifts his Eyes,
And prays a while, then bids his *Friend*, *Ariſe!*
Tho' dead, the *Son* of *God's* dread *Voice* he knows,
Tho' dead, at his *Almighty Voice* he roſe;
A *Shout* the Croud amaz'd around 'em gives,
"Dread Son of God, they cry, he *lives*, he *lives!*
Upon his Neck the raviſh'd *Siſters fell*,
And almoſt need another *Miracle*,
Them from their furious *Tranſports* to revive,
Half dead with Joy, that he's agen alive.
Nor here would our *meek Saviour* longer ſtay,
But from the faithleſs *Croud* withdraws away;
Withdraws the *Elders Envy* to repreſs,
And ſhelters in the *lonely Wilderneſs*. John 11. 54.
In *doing good* his happy *hours* he ſpent,
And ſcatter'd *Miracles* where e'r he went:
Here liv'd retir'd, till the great *Paſch* was nigh,
When he, th' *immaculate Lamb*, was doom'd to die.

Then

Then mildly back *returns*, devoted ſtill
To *do* or *ſuffer* his great *Father's Will.*
Deſcending from the *Olive-bearing Hill,*
* Rich *Simon* him accoſts; nor long before
Our Lord did him to humane Sight reſtore,
A frightful *Leper* he, *recluſe* remain'd,
Till by his Word he *Health* and *Eaſe* regain'd.
On his *Eſtate* now ſplendid lives, and great,
Near *Bethany* his fair *Paternal Seat:*
Nor has he yet forgot how much he *owes,*
But due *Reſpect* t' his *great Phyſician* ſhows.
Him paſſing near, he gently did *arreſt,*
And tells him, he that *Night* muſt be his *Gueſt,*
Since he a little *Banquet* did prepare,
And *Laz'rus* and his *Siſters* would be there,
He and his *Twelve*: Nor did our *Lord* deny
His *hoſpitable Wiſh* to gratifie.
Never *moroſe* or *ſupercilious* he;
His Converſe always *open* was and *free*;
Life's *mod'rate Pleaſures* taſts, if in his way,
If not, could as *content*, without 'em ſtay.
In a cool *Summer Parlor* all they found
Prepar'd, rich *Tyrians Carpets* ſpread the Ground,
Hangings as rich adorn'd the ſtately Room,
The dear-bought Work of *Sidon's* noble Loom:
On which, whilſt on the Couch good *Simon* plac'd
Our Lord and *his*, unſatisfi'd they gaz'd,
* Which *Sodom's Fate* inſcrib'd ſo lively bore,
Gen. 19.24. It look'd almoſt as *dreadful* as before:
The *Workman's Art* did here ſo happy prove,
You'd think the very *Figures weep* and *move*:
And there ſo plain the *flaming Cities* ſhow,
Spectators fear, leſt they ſhould *Statues* grow;
Like *Lot's* Apoſtate *Wife* — See where ſhe ſtands,
And backward throws her longing *Eyes* and *Hands!*
Her *Eyes* and *Hands*, from whence warm Life was fled,
Theſe with a careleſs ſtroke left *pale* and *dead.*
That *Cheek* that's neareſt *freſh* and *ruddy* ſhows,
T' other, as ſeems, each moment *paler* grows.
Her *Hair* part haſt'ning Fate did ſlowly *bind,*

And

And part ſtill *faintly waver'd* in the Wind:
One *Foot* ſeems *rais'd*, as thence its Load 'twould bear,
But t' *other*, like a Statue's *rooted* there:
Juſt *half transform'd*, as yet an equal Striſe
Betwixt *Death*'s chilling *Froſt* and ſtrugling Life:
Till by degrees ſhe ſeem'd of *Senſe* bereft,
And ſtill the *more* you look'd, the *leſs* was left;
Yet in her Face, *Fear*, *Anger*, *Pity* ſtrive,
As skilful *Artiſts* make their *Marble* live:
Not far before the *good old Man* appears,
Thence by his *Angels* haſten'd, and his *Fears*;
The ſmall *Remains* of *Sodom* with him bears,
And moiſtens with his Tears his *Silver Hairs*:
See him ſcarce reach'd to *little Zoar*'s Walls,
When from *black* Clouds the *ruddy* Vengeance falls:
(Big drops of *flaming Gold* profuſely ſpent
To th' Life the *fatal Show'r* did repreſent:)
See where the *curſt Inhabitants* look pale,
As down it drives on *Siddim*'s guilty Vale!
See where with fearful *Shrieks* they pierce the Sky!
Almoſt you'd think you *heard* the *wretched Cry*
For what they long *deſpis'd*; now all too late,
Deep ſwallow'd in inevitable *Fate.* Gen. 19.
Next ſee old *Jordan* from above prepare
With *Silver Streams*, (true *Silver Streams* they were)
To waſh their Walls; but when he heard the *News*,
As fain he would the *hated Task* refuſe,
See where a while *his Fate* and *theirs* he ſhuns,
* And bending back by ſtrong *Macherus* runs!
His Fate in vain he ſhuns by this ſhort ſtay,
Relapſing through the Vale he glides away,
* And makes a black *uncomfortable Bay*:
Here wand'ring *Birds* above forget to fly,
And *there* the glitt'ring *Fiſhes* floating lie,
Choak'd with *Sulphureous Fumes* they gaſp and die:
The *Fields* around, the *Regions* of Deſpair;
No *Beaſt* durſt *graze*, no *Shrub* or *Herb* grew there:
Above, theſe Words ——
Writ in the antient *Hebrew Character*:
"Learn, *Mortals* hence, to dread th' *Immortal*'s Ire!

"Here

" Here *fiery Luſt* was purg'd with *hotter Fire.*
Here *gaz'd* they till good *Lazarus* was come
With his fair *Siſters* to the *feſtal room*;
When thence their *Eyes* unwillingly they take,
And from the pleaſant *Extaſie* awake:
The *twice*-born Youth a low *Obeiſance* made,
And for his *Life* his *Thanks* devoutly paid:
Now on their *Seats* are plac'd each chearful *Gueſt*,
All but wiſe *Martha*, who directs the Feaſt,
And *Magdalen*, who fell with *Sighs* profound
And plenteous *Tears* effus'd upon the ground,
At *Jeſus* feet; that *Place* ſhe'd have or none,
Unworthy ev'n of *that* herſelf muſt own:
A Viol of *rich Eſſence* with her brings,
Which once ſhe thought a *Ranſom* ev'n for Kings,
When 'twas her *Life*, her *Heav'n* to charm and pleaſe,
Diſſolv'd in lawleſs *Luxury* and *Eaſe*:
This o'er his *Feet* ſhe breaks, thence crowding pour
Of *precious Drops* a rich, a fragrant *Show'r*;
Which with ineſtimable *Sweets* perfume
And ſcatter all *Arabia* round the Room:
Then her bright *Hair*, which oft in *Curls* diſplaid,
At once had *Nets* and *Chains* for Lovers made,
She better now employs, whilſt from her *Eyes*
Profuſely *waſht*, with that his Feet ſhe dries:
Some murm'ring cry, this *Coſt* had been employ'd
To better uſe, if by the *Poor* enjoy'd;
Iſcariot chief, then did the *Fiend* begin
In his *baſe Soul* to ſcatter *Seeds* of *Sin*:
Not ſo our *Lord*, who with an equal mind
Declares, againſt his *Funeral* 'twas deſign'd:
And that this *liberal kindneſs* on him ſhown,
Shou'd ever be to *after Ages* known:
Trembling thoſe *fatal Words* th' Apoſtles hear,
And deep agen revolve with anxious *Fear.*
That Night at pleaſant *Bethany* they ſtay,
Waiting our *Lord*, who the ſucceeding day
T'wards the fair *Town* his careful *Footſteeps* bends;
At *Bethpage* met by Crowds of wond'ring *Friends.*
See there the heighth to which he e'r aſpir'd!



UMI





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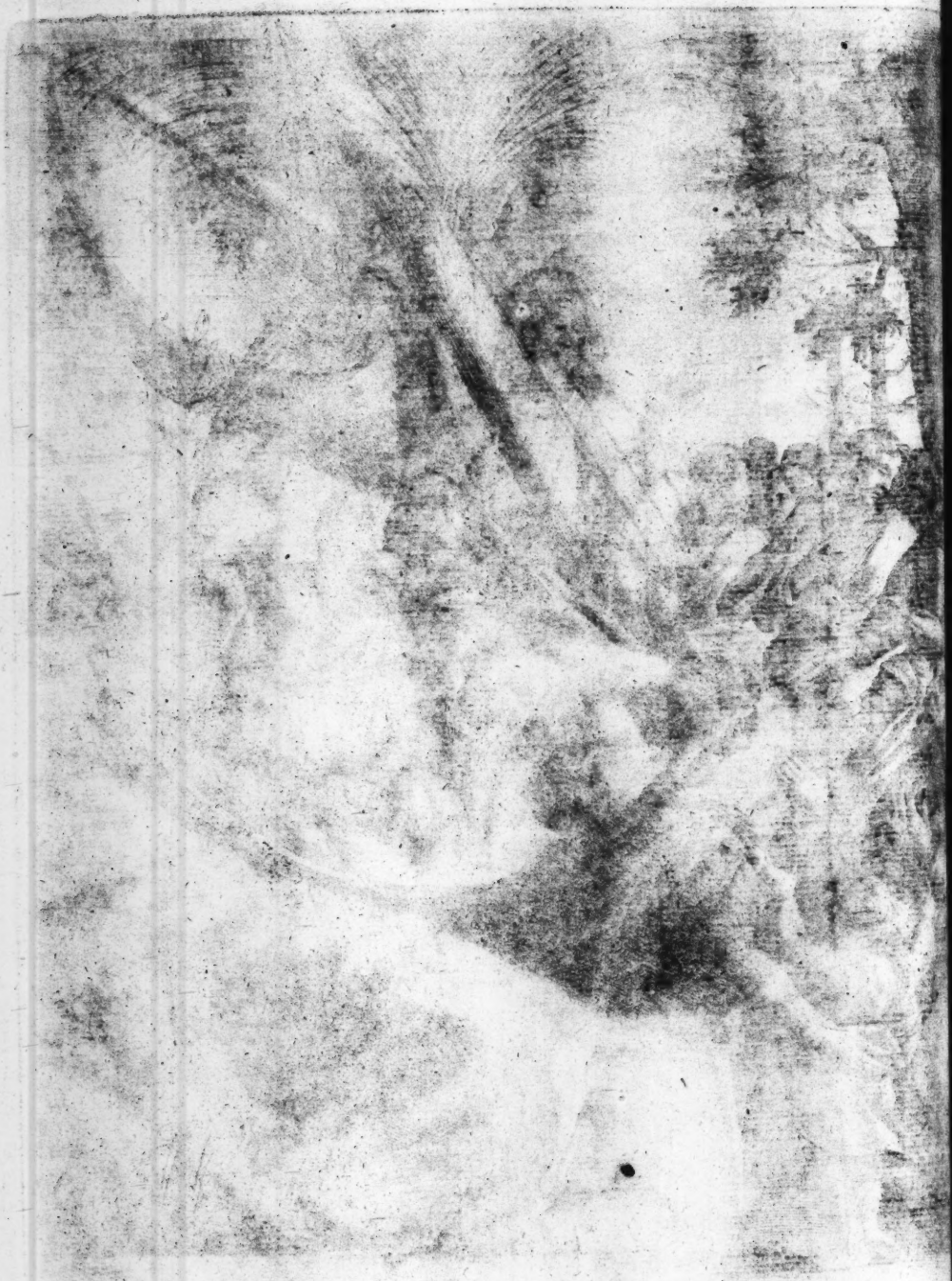
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Luc: 19
Io: 12

N.° 7



Matt:21
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Ioa:12



See there the higheſt *Pomp* he e'r deſir'd!
No *Horſe*, no *Chariot* him to *Court* muſt bring;
But a mean *Aſs*, bear Salems *humble King*. *
See where the *giddy Crowd* juſt *Homage* pay, Zach. 9. 9.
With nat'ral *eaſie Pomp* prepare his way! Matt. 21. 5.
Branches and *Cloaths* through all his *Paths* are thrown, John 12. 15.
* Borro'ing the *Palms* fair Garments with their own:
Hoſanna all the Cry, *Hoſanna* loud *
Is now the *Breath* of all the *giddy Crowd*,
Which ſoon they'll change to a far *diff'rent* Cry;
Soon their *Hoſanna* will be *Crucifie!*
To *him* not hid, ſo well who all things knows,
His fickle *Friends*, and firm invet'rate *Foes*:
Who oft *unmov'd* had turn'd the *Leaves* of *Fate*,
Who meets *unmov'd* their *Flatt'ry* as their *Hate*,
When all around he with a *Sigh* ſurvey'd
Which in unpity'd *Duſt* muſt ſoon be laid,
And his great *Father* to avert it, pray'd,
He back his *careful Steps* did thence convey
From the hoarſe *Tumults* of the *Town* and *Day*;
Behind, the *noiſie Crowd* and *Streets* he leaves,
Him, *Night* approaching, *Bethany* receives;
His humble *Couch* by *Innocence* prepar'd,
While his own *Menial Angels* mount the *Guard*.
What tho' all *Act*, tho' all pure *Mind* they be,
Scarce are they *earlier* at their *Hymns* than he.
An *Hill* there is, which fronts with *decent Pride*
Illuſtrious *Solyma*'s bright *Eaſtern* ſide:
With Groves of *Olives* crown'd, and thence did claim
From times unknown its *everlaſting Name*;
* Whoſe *three Degrees* each other higher bear *
Rivalling the *three Regions* of the Air;
Whence thoſe who to the *third proud Top* will go
May ſee the *City* and the *Clouds* below:
A lovely *Vale* creeps gently winding down
And fills the *Space* betwixt the *Hill* and *Town*;
* O'er whoſe green Breaſt deceitful *Kidron* flows, *
A *Torrent* now, and now a *Brook* ſhe ſhows;
And when the *Earth* ſcorn'd by the *Dog-ſtars beams*
Moſt wants her *Moiſture*, moſt ſhe hides her *Streams*.

(True Map of *Worldly Joys*, so short their stay,
So imperceptibly they glide away.)
* By *Chemosh* and by *Moloch* first it runs,
1 Kings 11. 4, 5, 7. And the *wise Kings* disgraceful *Follies* shuns:
Weak'ned by *Age*, and by his *Wives* betray'd
Them first his *Idols*, then their *Gods* he made.
Due East from these a little *Villa* leaves,
* Which flows with *Oil*, and thence its *Name* receives.
Gethsemane they call't, and by its side
Full on the Edge o'th' Mountains *second Pride*,
Lies a sweet *Garden*, pleasantly retir'd,
Not for large barren *Walks* and *Art* admir'd;
No *Beauties* forc'd or *regular* appear,
A lovely *charming Wildness* revels here.
Brown *Walks* and *Allies* green around it ran,
Where *Nature* scorn'd to ask the Aid of *Man*;
Where the rich *Olives* fruitful *Arbors* grow,
And *Physic*, *Food* and *Ease* at once bestow:
Or the *triumphant Palm*, for *Victors* made
Cross the sweet *Walks* projects its *lovely Shade*.
[" *Let others* Laurels *court*, *the* Palm *be mine*,
" *Which yields in barren Wasts both* Fruit *and* Wine;
" *Which rises prest*, *whose* faithful Branches *bend*
" *O'er Rocks and Floods to meet its* charming Friend.]
Here, while the World lay drown'd in *thoughtless Rest*,
Nor dreamt of *Joys* which *he* and *his* possest,
E'r *Heav'ns* fair *Lamp* did o'er the Hills aspire
Powd'ring their *Silver Heads* with *Golden Fire*,
Drawn by Celestial *Love's* far brighter *Flame*
He and his chosen *Twelve* not seldom came:
Celestial Love they think, they talk, they sing,
" And on the *Cherubs Contemplations* Wing
In *Joys* that Earth can neither *take* nor *give*
Eternal *Love's* bright Face they *see*, and *live*.
* *Love* is pure *Act*, its *Task* is never done,
This and the other World's true *Soul* and *Sun*;
Not that weak *foolish Fire* which rears its *Head*
In *mortal Breasts*, no sooner *born* than *dead*;
But immaterial, bright *Celestial Love*,
" Kindled on sight of those fair *things above*;

Where

Where holy *Souls*, all made of *that* and *Fire*,
"Loud Praiſe *inceſſant* ſing, and never *tire*.
But ev'n as our *dim Globe* immers'd in *Night*,
From dregs of *Chaos* made, firſt robb'd of Light;
Can yet *reflect* bright *beauteous Beams*, and ſend
Thoſe *Rays* to *Heav'n*, which Heav'n at firſt did *lend*:
So *Love Divine*, whoſe *Circles* farther run
Than that eternal *Wanderer*, the *Sun*,
From yon, fair *Fund* of *Bliſs*, fair Realms of Day
Firſt throws its *Seeds* around our *humble Clay*:
How ſweetly thence they *ſpring*? how *kindly* riſe?
Claim their *high Birth*, and mean their *native Skies*,
Which *humbler* here, and *loftier* there we ſee;
Smile in a *Flow'r*, and *flouriſh* in a *Tree*,
And lend ſweet *Philomel* her pretty *Throat*,
Anſwer'd around by ev'ry *Rivals* Note;
On *Buſhes*, *Trees* and *Plains* their Voice they raiſe,
And teach forgetful *Man* his *Maker's* Praiſe.
The *heav'nly Lark* from yon green Turf up-ſprings,
How do I envy both her *Voice* and *Wings*?
Mounts like an *Angel*, like an *Angel ſings*;
But little *Weight* to little *Matter* bears,
Soft-wafted on her own *harmonious Airs*;
From thence ſurveys at the firſt opening *Dawn*
Each ſmiling *Field*, and every gilded *Lawn*:
With her each *Soul* whom heav'nly *Ardors* pleaſe,
Shakes off baſe *Slumber* and inglorious *Eaſe*:
How *beauteous* the *Creation* now, how *bright*?
Thus roſe the *infant World* from old *Original Night*,
And thus look'd *Paradiſe*.

Thus, clearest *Beam!* that e'r on Earth did ſhine!
O lovelieſt *Efflux* of the *Light Divine!*
Thus didſt thou all thy happy *Morns* improve,
Thou Height of Heav'nly *Power* and Heav'nly *Love!*
Whether tall *Tabor* ſtoop'd his Head to meet
And welcom thither thy *triumphant Feet*;
Or thou by hollow *Kidron's* tumbling Spring
Didſt with thy faithful *Twelve* high *Anthems* ſing,
Hymning th' eternal *Father*, who look'd down
And his *wing'd Courtiers* ſent their *Lord* to own,

Whilſt all around th' *attentive Angels* hung
Devouring ev'ry *Accent* of thy Tongue,
And each bleſt *Ode* in a full *Chorus* ſung.
Nor are, great King! (thy mighty *Conqueſts* o'er,
And thou receiv'd where high *enthron'd* before)
Sweet *Fields* diſdain'd, nor need the *Man* deſpair,
Who *early* ſeeks ev'n yet to find thee *there.*
Yes, thou art here, my *Maſter*, thou art here!
My buſie *Heart* foretold my *Love* was near.
Let *Earth* go where it will, I'll not *repine*,
Nor can unhappy be, while *Heav'n* is mine.
Forget not, if that *Freedom* won't offend,
(O that he could deſerve the *Name!*) your *Friend.*
Divineſt Saviour, of a ſpotleſs *Maid*,
The ſpotleſs *Son*, your humbleſt *Suppliant* aid!
Who, e'r the dappled *Morn* has dreſs'd the Skies,
To your bleſt *Palace* lifts his longing Eyes!
* Whether in old *Ierne's* angry Seas,
Near *Mona Iſle*, or the blue *Hebrides*;
Or from the Face of *Men* remov'd away,
In a mean *Cot* compos'd of *Reeds* and *Clay*,
Waſting in Sighs th' *uncomfortable Day*:
Near where th' *unhoſpitable Humber* roars
Devouring by degrees the neighb'ring *Shores*:
Or by dear *Mother Iſis* ſtretch'd along,
Or Father *Tame* he twiſt the Sacred Song;
Which, if your *Name eternity* can give,
Shall down to *Twenty* long long *Ages* live.
Return, my Muſe, and *ſacred Friendſhip* ſing!
That moſt *Divine*, yet moſt *forgotten Thing.*
Shadow of *Heav'nly Love!* which thou doſt ſhow
I'th' cleareſt *Type* that we have left below:
But where? Ah where is that to th' *Life* expreſt?
Unſully'd, or by *Vice* or *Intereſt*?
Where, if on *Earth*, but in our *Saviour's Breaſt*?
Then we were ſure of *Thee*, tho' ſince unknown,
Whether with him agen to *Heav'n* th' art flown;
In him, who far above all *Mortals* bleſt
John 13.23. Repos'd him ſoft on *Love's* and *Friendſhip's* Breaſt;
The *lov'd Diſciple*, who his Soul might ſee,

And



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S. IACOBVS MAIOR.

N.° 8





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S. PETRVS.

N.° 9

And knew his *Heart* almoſt as well as *He*.
How cloſely knit? moſt *intimately* one,
Next the Eternal *Father* and his *Son*:
A *Cæſar*'s Title leſs my *Envy* moves,
Than to be ſtyl'd the *Man whom Jeſus loves*.
What *Charms*, what *Beauties* in his Face did ſhine,
Reflected ever from the *Face Divine*!
Love in his *Eyes*, *Love* in his *Face* and *Air*;
Scarce was the *Mind* within more *ſweet* and *fair*.
Silent and *deep* as Cryſtal Waters flow,
Where *Noiſe* above *Shallows* are found below:
Love is not *loud*, and if he leſs expreſs'd,
Yet *Time* will tell h' has more than all the reſt: John 18.15, 19, 26.
The *Service* for the *Loaves* he did not chuſe,
He *Jeſus* lov'd, and they the *King* o'th' *Jews*;
Who might their *Countries Enemies* diſperſe,
And triumph o'er the conquer'd *Univerſe*.
Of theſe the Chief did *zealous Cephas* hold,
Oft in his Maſters Cauſe too *warmly bold*:
Like haſty *Uzzah*, when it ſeem'd to *nod*,
His *forward Hand* would prop the *Ark of God*: 2 Sam. 6. 6.
Thus *Weakneſs* does *Devotion* oft ſupply,
And *Faith*'s too low, when the *Pulſe* beats too high.
Ting'd with the old *Traditions* of their Land,
The *holy Books* they could not underſtand.
How *bad* the *beſt* of men, how *dark* the *Mind*,
Where heav'nly *Truths* clear Rays have never ſhin'd!
Mildly our *Saviour* did their *Weakneſs* bear;
He knew ev'n his *Diſciples*, *Mortals* were:
He knew 'twas *well-meant Zeal* had them betray'd,
And ſoon forgave thoſe *Faults* which *Love* had made:
What if good *Cephas* warm and eager be?
None *dar'd*, none *did*, none *ſuffer'd* more than He:
So much his gracious *Maſter* him approv'd,
None but the *lov'd Diſciple* more was *lov'd*;
Who, with his Brother *James*, of that *great Three*,
Bleſt *Witneſſes* of his *Divinity*,
Made the firſt Rank of *Worthies*, grac'd to ſtand,
I'th' head of *David*'s Son's immortal *Band*. 1 Sam. 23. 8. &c.
An *active Principle* inform'd their *Breaſt*,

The

The Love of *Jesus* would not let 'em rest.
The *Thirst* of *Glory* meaner *Souls* inspire,
And haunt their *Dreams!* these, *nobler Things* desire;
Nor envy such as *Bodies* only bind,
While they in *Truth's* soft Chains secure the *Mind.*
Thus when their *Hymns* were o'er, and they came down
From *Olivet* to view the *Sacred Town,*
(Nor would their *Master* always *private* dwell,
Or rob the *World* t' enrich a *lonely Cell,*)
Like him, the only business they design'd,
Was th' *universal Good of all Mankind:*
Their *Charity* no narrow *limits* pent,
Open and *free,* as *Light* or *Element;*
And as their *Lord* himself did not disdain
The *Sinner* and the humble *Publican,*
So would their *Conversation* often be
With worse than both, the haughty *Pharisee,*
Vain, Supercilious, *damning* all beside,
Yet oft as full of *ignorance* as *pride,*
Oft did his *Saint-like Face* foul *lewdness* hide:
But, as some *Tares* mix with the purest *Grain,*
Their *Heaps* of *Dross* some Sparks of *Gold* contain:
Such as not *obstinately* clos'd their *Eyes,*
When the bright *Sun* of Righteousness did rise;
Some *glimm'rings* in their Souls, some *whispers* there
Would *Jesus* the *Messias* oft declare;
Or, if their *Infant-Faith* but dawning be,
They *wish'd* tho' they could scarce *believe,* 'twas He.
John 3. 2. Weak *Nicodemus,* not his Saviour's *sight* *
Could make his bashful *Faith* endure the *Light:*
Ibid. Yet him a *Teacher* sent from God confess'd,
And gladly from his Lips wou'd learn the rest.
* *Gamaliel* in the *Sacred Pandects* read,
By which a *Life unblamable* he led;
Severely wise, and would *known Truths* receive,
But *Truths* well *weigh'd,* before he'd them believe:
Both in the *Sanhedrim* of *Name* and *Note;*
Both us'd to sway the *Senate's* weighty *Vote:*
To these was *Joseph* joyn'd—
Joseph, for *Wisdom* and for *Counsel* fam'd,

From

* From his fair *Birth-place*, antient *Rama*, nam'd:
Rama of old, but *Time* which changes all,
The *Place* does now *Arimathæa call*,
Who near the *Town* had a convenient *Seat*,
Still and retir'd, 'twas *pleasant* all and *neat*,
Tho' not with *pompous Statues* proudly *great*:
Nor poorly *mean*, but proper to supply
The wants of *Nature*, not of *Luxury*:
* There *borrow'd Streams* from *Siloam's* neighb'ring Well,
In *artificial* Showers rose and fell;
With *unknown Spring* still bless'd the *happy Ground*,
And spread *eternal Verdure* all around.
There antient *Gilead's* odoriferous *Balm*,
(Mixt with tall *Cedar* and triumphant *Palm*)
* Rich *Balm*, *Judæa's* Native, frequent grows,
And with big fragrant Tears *inestimably* flows.
A *few choice Friends*, with modest *Mirth* and *Wine*,
* From *Gaza's* or *Sarepta's* noble Vine,
Here would he sometimes *meet*, and wear away
In no *unactive Ease* the scorching day:
Nor *Vices* sly *Intrusion* could they fear;
Intemp'rance could not hope to enter here;
For, as the wise *Egyptians* at their *Feasts*,
Serv'd up a *Skull* before their *chearful Guests*,
Around 'em they the same *grave Objects* see:
The *Garden's* on the side of *Calvary*,
Won from the Wast of Death, and wisely there
Good *Joseph* built himself a *Sepulcher*.
Who e'r like him is virtuous, wise and brave,
Dares to be *chearful*, tho' he sees his *Grave*:
Who sees his *Grave*, all *Thoughts* must needs disdain,
Unworthy, *Eternity* to entertain.
Here *Joseph* did his happy *Hours* employ,
And, here *himself*, and here his *Friends* enjoy:
Their *Conversation* noble and refin'd,
Fit to *divert* and yet *improve* the Mind.
The *Rules* of *Just* and *Right*, their *Weights* and *Bounds*,
And fix'd eternal *Truth's* eternal *Mounds*;
What *known* of God by *Reason's* darker Sight,
And what by *Revelation's* noon-day *Light*;

Matth. 27. 60. Mark 15. 46.

What

* What of *himself* the divine *Plato* knew,
What from the sacred *Hebrew Fountains* drew;
How short of *their* great *Legislator* came,
Who ev'n to Gentile Worlds extends his Name,
* antient *Orpheus* sung;——
What *Rules* of *Life*, couch'd in their *Sacred Law*,
What *distant Truths* their antient *Seers* saw,
Chiefly the *promis'd Prince*, so oft foretold
By all the *Holy Oracles* of old.
That great *Prophetic Shiloh* long design'd
Vid. Lib. 2. His groaning *Countrey's* heavy *Chains* t' unbind;
If this the *Age* of his Appearance be,
Or if *already* come, and *Jesus* He:
Whose *Miracles* they *uncontested* saw,
Greater and *more* than what confirm'd the *Law*;
Who *spake* as never *Mortal* did before,
Yet all his *own* pure *Doctrins* liv'd and *more*.
All speak their *Sense*, no angry *Bigot* there,
Less for *themselves* than *Truth* concern'd they were,
And *that* and *Reason* only held the *Chair*.
Them thus employ'd the *lov'd Disciple* found
In the *still Limits* of their happy Ground,
Who with the other *Two*, the Cause the same,
Not *uninvited* nor *unwelcome* came;
Who near fair *Rama* or old *Gibeons* Wall
By *Gilgal*, *Jericho*, or *Jordan's* Fall
Joseph had seen the trembling *Fiends* obey,
And crouding Regions *Jesus* own, while they
In sacred *Water* wash'd their Sins away;
These in the *Temple* met he with him brought
To teach his *Friends* what *them* their *Master* taught;
His *Birth*, his spotless *Life*, his *Sacred Law*,
And all the *wondrous Things* they heard and saw;
* For now the Fourth swift *Year* declining ran
Since he his *weighty Office* first began.

The End of the First Book.

NOTES ON The LIFE of *CHRIST*.

BOOK I.

Verſe 1. I *Sing the God*] I muſt expect an Attack from the *Critickſ* on account of my *Propoſition*, who may complain, that it ſpeaks too advantagiouſly of my *Subject*, repreſenting it as an *immenſe Work*, too *heavy* for an *Angel*; and that nothing more can be found in the whole *Book*, when I talk of——*Singing the God*, &c. even in the ſecond *Line*. To the latter I may anſwer, That I had *injur'd* my *Hero* had I deſcrib'd him other than *God* as well as *man*; but yet even there, I make him, as he was, *a ſuffering God*: and indeed the greateſt part of the *Propoſition* is taken up with his *Exinanition* and *Humiliation*, his *Troubles* and his *Sufferings*, which the Maſters of *Epic Poetry* recommend as the moſt proper *matter* for that part of a *Poem*. Nay, I have carried him lower than ever any *Poet* yet did his *Heroe*, and yet all agreeable to *Truth*, in that Verſe, " *And gave his* Life *when he could give no more*. For the *former Objection*, giving ſo great an *Idea* of the whole *Work*, as well as the *principal Hero*, I hope that too may be eaſily defended, ſince 'tis in order to *two Advantages*, the *firſt* in the *Propoſition* it ſelf, *viz.* mentioning the *Author* of the Poem with that *Mediocrity* which both Truth and Decency require, " *How then ſhall I*, &c. The *ſecond* in the natural *Connexion* of the *Propoſition* with the *Invocation*, by introducing the *Divinity* to my aſſiſtance, " *O thou whoſe Word*, &c.

12. *By his Example*] One great End of our Saviour's coming into the *World*, was undoubtedly to ſet us a good *Example*, that his *Followers* might learn from him to *do good*, and *ſuffer evil*: But to ſay, that was the *chief* or *only End*, or that Man could be ſav'd, or God aton'd by his *Example*; that his *Example* could be a *Propitiation*, an ἱλαστηριον for the *Sins* of Mankind, is juſt ſuch *Reaſon* as thoſe who pretend ſo much to be Maſters of it frequently put upon the World. I therefore inſtance in the other *Ends* of our *Saviour's coming*, teaching a more *perfect Law*, the *Law of Faith*, as S. *Paul* ſtiles it; and principally *redeeming Mankind*, and appeaſing his Father by his ineſtimable *Merits* and painful *Death*; whereby, as our Church expreſly aſſerts in the Conſecration Prayer at the Communion, " he made a *full*, *perfect* and *ſufficient Sacrifice*, *Oblation* and *Satisfaction* for the *Sins* of the *whole World*.

17. *And happy Years in decent Order ran.*] This with thoſe following, " *Loſt Aſtræa*, and the End of the *Propoſition*, " *So vaſt the Work*, &c. are all *Imitations* of *Virgil*, as any that ever read him might eaſily diſcern.

29. *Immortal* Cowley, Herbert *all divine*, *Behold the weighty Task*——] *Cowley* in his beautiful Deſcription of the Angel's *Annunciation*, and *Incarnation* of our Saviour, in *David's Dream* or *Viſion*: and *Herbert* in his excellent *Sacrifice*. I might have added more, as *Craſhaw*, *Milton*, and others, but all that I've ſeen are no better than *Fragments*; a *compleat Work* of this Nature having never yet, that I know of, been *attempted* in our *Language*.

61. *The Mount of God*] The *Mount* of the *Transfiguration* is called the *Holy Mount* by S. *Peter* in his Epistles. Nor is there any great doubt but that this was Mount *Tabor*, the *Itabyrium* of *Josephus*, since most of the *Moderns* and *Antients* are of that *Opinion*. The Primitive Christians undoubtedly believed it, which they might easily have, by Tradition, from the *Disciples*: and accordingly the Empress *Helena* built *three Oratories*, as 'tis suppos'd, in the very place of the *Transfiguration*, of which more *below*.

63. *Lovely it look'd.*] Most of *Palestine* is, *even now*, described, by those who have seen it, as so *beautiful*, that it's impossible for *Poetry* to mend it; particularly this Mount *Tabor*, which all Travellers represent as one of the most delicious Places in the World. Among many see *Surius*'s *Pieux Pelerine*, *p.* 316. "*Le Sommet de* "*ce Sacre Mont, Fort agreéable*, &c. The Top of this *Holy Mount* is extreamly "*agreeable* and *pleasant*. 'Tis situated in the great Plain of *Esdraelon*, about three "Leagues from *Nazareth*, in form like a *Sugar-Loaf*, with a curious pleasant Plain "on the *Top*, from whence to the *Foot* of it, 'tis all cover'd with *Flowers*, *Trees*, "and *Shrubs* (*qui sont tousjours verdoyants*) which are always *green* or *flourishing*, "as Balsam-Trees, Olives, Laurels, Roses, *&c.* the very natural Beauty of the "Place, as it were, inspiring a Man with *Devotion*. And Lower, "This Mount "seems to have one of the most beautiful Prospects in the World: to the East "you may see the *Sea* of *Galilee*, part of *Stony Arabia*, and the *Mount* of the *Be-* "*atitudes*. To the West, *Mount Carmel*, and the *Great Sea* (the *Mediterranean*.) "North, *Bethulia*, and *Mount Libanus*. South, the *Plain* of *Esdraelon*, *Mountains* "of *Gilboa*; *Hermon*, *Endor*, *Naim*, &c.

71. *Royal* Tiberias.] Then a *New Town*, built by *Herod* on the West side of the Lake, which bears its Name (see next Note) in honour of the Emperor *Tiberius*, whence 'twas called, as *Cæsarea Philippi* in *Auranitis*, by his Brother *Philip*.

73. *In numerous Boats upon the Neighbouring* Lake] The Lake of *Genneszareth*, so famous in the New Testament for many of our Saviour's short *Voyages*; for which reason we'll here once for all give a full account of it. It has several Names both *Proper* and *Common*. 'Tis called a *Lake* for the most part in S. *Luke*, because a *Conflux* of fresh Waters, *Jordan* falling into it about the North-East Corner by *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, and, as Travellers report (which the Reader may, if he please, *believe* to prevent further *Trouble*) passes *unmixt* through the midst. It's called a *Sea* by the other *Evangelists*, not only for its *Largeness*, as our great Lakes in *England* are stiled *Meers*, which seems much the same; but according to the *Idiom* of the *Hebrew* Language, which gives the name of *Sea* to all *gatherings together of Waters*, as the *Sea* of *Jazer* East of *Jordan*, nay even the *Brazen Sea* belonging to the *Temple*. It has Four *Proper Names* in the Scriptures, one in the Old Testament, the Sea of *Cinneroth*, either from a *Town* so called on its Borders, or from its *Form*, something like a *Harp*, in the Hebrew *Cinner*. In the New Testament 'tis stiled the *Lake* or *Sea* of *Genneşareth*, *Galilee*, and *Tiberias*; *Genneşareth*, either from *Gan Hortus*, and *Nazar* a *Flower*; or compounded of two Languages, a thing common enough, from גן *Terra*, and *Nazareth*, a famous neighbouring *Town*, or perhaps some small District thereabout: Lastly, the *Sea* of *Galilee*, from the *Country* so called, washing most of its *Eastern side*, and especially the Towns of *Tiberias*, standing between *Jotopata* and *Tarichæa*, the latter of which *Josephus* says had much *Shipping*. At the North-West Corner of this *Sea* or *Lake* stands *Bethsaida*; on the East side *Gadara*, which made such a desperate Defence against the *Romans*; and near that *Gerasa* or *Girgase*, which names that whole side of the Country, being all the Remains of the old Nation of the *Girgashites*, destroyed by *Joshua*. *Josephus* makes this *Lake* an *hundred Furlongs* in *Length*, and *six* in *Breadth*, describing at large thereon the famous *Sea-Fight* of that *Country People* with the *Romans*. Our *Biddulph* says 'tis twenty four Miles long and fifteen broad; my Pilgrim, twelve long and six broad; measuring it, I suppose at different places.

80. *When past by* Western Hermon's, *&c.*] *Kishon*, here described, is reckoned by Geographers the noblest River in *Palestine* next *Jordan*. It has two *Heads* and two *Falls*, unless my Authors are mistaken; its largest Head rises South of *Tabor*, near

near *Sebaſte* or *Samaria*, and paſſing this *Weſtern Hermon*, a ſmall Mountain ſo called on the Weſt of *Jordan*, not far from *Gilboa*, juſt at the foot of *Tabor*, it joins the other Stream which comes from the North of that *Mountain*, called by ſome *little Kiſhon*. Its two *Falls* are one into the *Lake* of *Tiberias*, South of *Tarichæa*, the other into the *Mediterranean*, called in the Scriptures the *Weſtern Sea*, and the *Great Sea*, to diſtinguiſh it from their Inland Seas, and the great *Mare Eoüm*, behind *Arabia*.

84. *Bodies and Shields and Helms promiſcuous roll'd along.*] An Imitation of that noble *Image* in *Virgil*,

——Ubi tot Simois correpta ſub undas
Scuta Virûm, Galeaſque & fortia Corpora volvit.

87. *Whence* Carmel's Mount *and* Grove *its Waves entice,*
To add New Beauties *to that Paradiſe.*] 'Tis indeed deſcribed like a Paradiſe by *Fuller* and others: for thus he in his *Piſgah*, *Lib.* 2. *p.* 161. "As for *Carmel* "in general, 'twas ſo delicious a Place, that more Pleaſure was hardly to be fan- "cied than here to be found. It conſiſted of *High Hills*, a *fruitful Vale*, the "*pleaſant River of Kiſhon*, and a *goodly Foreſt*. From which *Carmel*, as the Plat- "form of *Pleaſure*, many other *delightful Places* are ſo named.

92. *Within whoſe Arms, more North, rich* Tyrus *ſtood.*] *Palætyrus*, or *Old Tyre*, was built on the Sea-ſhore, which was deſtroyed by *Nebuchadnezzar*, as Sir *W. Rawleigh*, after thirteen years Siege, tho' he got nothing by it but the *bare Neſt*, the *Inhabitants* flying by Sea to their *Colony* at *Carthage*. After which, *New Tyre* roſe like a *Phœnix* out of its Aſhes; whence ſome have thought both *Name* and *Fable* take their Original. 'Twas built within the very *Arms* of the *Sea*, the *Mediterranean* coming quite round it, by the Advantage of which Situation it ſuſtain'd a *Siege* of ſome time even from *Alexander* himſelf, who at laſt took it with almoſt infinite Pains and Labour, being forc'd to make a *Cauſway* into the *Sea* to get at it, tho' well paid for his Labour by the incredible Riches he found therein: tho' now 'tis well alter'd, nothing of all its proud Buildings being left, beſides about an hundred miſerable *Hutts* of *Turks* and *Moors*, among vaſt *Heaps* of *Ruines*.

103. *Two deſtin'd Martyrs.*] S. *Peter*, *crucify'd* at *Rome* with his Head downward, S. *James*, *beheaded* by *Herod*.

105. *From awful Thunder.*] So 'tis interpreted by the Evangeliſt himſelf, "*Boaner-* "*ges*, that is, *Sons of Thunder*. "Becauſe, ſays *Walker* odly enough, they had more *Mettle* and *forth-putting* than any of the reſt.

124. *Ay-gazing.*] Here once for all I tell the Reader, that 'tis not out of neceſſity I make uſe now and then of ſome of thoſe *old Words*, whether out of a *vitious Imitation* of *Milton* and *Spencer*, I amn't ſo proper a Judge. All I'll ſay of 'em is, That I own I've ever had a *fondneſs* for ſome of 'em, they *pleaſe* me, and ſound not diſagreeably to my *Ear*, and that's all the Reaſon I can give for uſing 'em.

126. *Almighty Wand.*] 'Tis a *bold Epithet*, but 'tis, I think, Mr. *Cowley*'s, and therefore I'm not to anſwer for't, nor, if he writ it, can it need *defending*.

134. Moſes, *expiring with the* Kiſs *of God.*] 'Tis a pretty *Tradition* of the *Rabbies*, That God came to *Moſes* in Mount *Piſgah*, and took away his *Soul* in a *Kiſs*.

135. *Thus Law and Prophets their* Perfection *find*, &c.] 'Tis an Obervation of ſome of the *Fathers*, That by the Appearance of *Moſes* and *Elias* to our Saviour, was figured the *Harmony* betwixt the *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Goſpel* which he then came to deliver. And indeed there ſeems to be more of *Solidity* in this than in moſt of thoſe *Allegorical Fancies*.

141. *Talk'd of his* Wondrous Paſſion.] See this moſt clearly S. *Luke* 9. 31. "They "appear'd in Glory, and ſpake of his *Deceaſe*, which he ſhould accompliſh at *Je-* "*ruſalem*. The Word we render *Deceaſe*, is in the Original ἔξοδον, which may alſo relate to his *Reſurrection* and *Aſcenſion* into *Glory*, alluding perhaps to the Children of *Iſrael*'s ἔξοδον *Paſſage* or *Departure* out of *Egypt*, the Book which is ſo

called, describing their *Conquests* as well as *Hardships*, till they were at length led by *Joshua*, or *Jesus*, into *Canaan*, the *Type* of *Heaven*.

178. *His seamless* Robe, *than* New-fall'n-Snow *more white.*] In S. *Matth.* 17. 2. 'tis, *his Face did shine as the Sun, and his Raiment was white as the light.* There's little doubt but the same *Splendor* or *Glory* with which his *Face* shone, was also communicated to all his *Blessed Body*, from whence he *shone* through his *Cloaths*, they receiving *Light* from him now, as *Virtue* at other times, whence they must needs appear *white*, as Mr. *Boyl*, and common Observation tells us the *Clouds* do, when the *Sun* pierces 'em with his *Rays*.

208. *Three humble Tabernacles.*] One wou'd as little expect to find the *Reliques* of those *three Tabernacles* that S. *Peter would* have made upon the Mount, as to see *Joseph's Hem*, or the Archangel's *Feather*. But there is a certain *Communion* in the World which has many of these Advantages to *elevate* and *surprize*, beyond all *Faith*, *Sense*, or *Reason*. Agreeably to which *plenitude* of *Power* amongst 'em, one *Breidinbachius*, a *Writer* of theirs, quoted both by *Walker* and *Fuller*, having travelled up the Mountain, tells the World very *gravely*, "*Ibi etiam hodie ostenduntur*, &c. Even "to this day are shown there the *Ruines* of those *three Tabernacles*, built according "to S. *Peter's* desire, *&c.* But our honest *Pilgrim* explains all the Mystery, and says, they were only the *Remains* of *three Oratories*, built by S. *Helen* in that place, once cover'd with a Magnificent Church, and afterwards erected into a Bishoprick.

220. *Such the strange Cloud that made the World's first Morn.*] 'Tis generally thought that this *Light* which was created the *first Day*, and distinguish'd *Day* and *Night* by its *Circumvolution*, till the *fourth Day* when the *Sun* was made, was no other than a *Body of Light*, collected out of the *Chaos*, of whose Creation we read before in *Gen.* 1. 2. and after distributed into *Sun*, *Stars*, and perhaps other *lucid Bodies*.

222. *That Pillar such which did from* Egypt *come,*
And Piloted *the chosen Nations home, From Earth to Heaven*, &c.] It may properly be said *Piloted*, because of those vast *Seas* of Sand they were to pass, far more uncertain in their *ebbing* and *flowing* than the *proper Sea*, and sometimes, as Historians tell us, swallowing whole Armies. Of this Cloud *Philo* gives us a very beautiful and noble Description, much to this purpose, "That it rose up over the "*Tabernacle* or midst of the *Camp*, in *form* of a glorious *Pillar*, mounting to such an *Height*, and spreading to so vast an *Extent*, that it gave a *cool* and *comfortable Shade* to the whole *Army*.

315. *Which* Zebedee *and* Cephas.] If I should be mistaken in the joint *Owners* of this *Ship*, I hope none of their *Heirs* and *Executors* will call me in question for't. But 'tis probable enough the Ship might belong to either of 'em; they were fishing very near one another when our Saviour first called four of his *Disciples*, S. *Matth.* 4. 18, 21. two of which were *Zebedee's* Sons, and in a Ship together with him.

337. *The Dead-Sea roars.*] I confess 'tis a pretty way off the Lake of *Gennesareth*; but I don't affirm the Seamen *heard* it thither. There's an odd Story in *Kircher's China*, of a Lake somewhere in that Country, on the *Top* of a *Mountain*, of a *black Colour*, into which if any thing is thrown, a *horrid Tempest* immediately arises. However *Nitro-sulphurous* Vapours which form *Thunder* and *Lightning*, could not be fetch'd any where more probably than from this Lake of *Sodom*.

345. *Or whether* Nature *only*, &c.] We are sure that there are *natural Storms*, even in *Inland Meers*, or *Lakes*: thus *Harlem Meer*, as I've been inform'd by *Eye-witnesses*, will sometimes be as *rough* as the *Sea* it self.

350. *As Thrice before.*] Once to *Joshua*, Josh. 3. 16. once to *Elijah*. 2 Kings 2. 8. then to *Elisha*, ibid. 14.

394. *And* Light *was born to* Chaos *and to* Love.] *Love* was the *eldest* of the *Gods*, in *Hesiod's Genealogy*.

409. *Our Saviour and his* faithful Family.] They might be all *faithful* yet, though *Judas* afterwards corrupted; or if not, the old *Denominatio à majori*, will be a sufficient Plea.

421. *By* Martha, *and* repenting Magdalene.] I know it's controverted whether this *Mary* were the *repenting Magdalene*; 'tis enough for me that some have been of that *Opinion*.

469. *Our*

469. *Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the reſt.*] *Groan'd*, Joh. 11. 33. *Wept*, 35. And here I need not tell any judicious Reader that I feel my ſelf fall infinitely ſhort of the Hiſtory, which I think has the moſt *Tenderneſs* in it of any in the whole Bible, excepting perhaps that of our Saviour's commending his Mother to his Friend from the *Croſs*, in the *Ninth* Book, the *Deſcription* of which I'm more ſatisfied with than this here. Nor can any thing be a greater Argument of our Saviour's *Kindneſs* and *Goodneſs* to Mankind than his being thus concerned at his *Friends Misfortunes*, even when he knew he ſhould ſo ſoon remove them.

503. *Rich* Simon *him accoſts.*] He's called *Simon the Leper*, Mar. 14. 3.

527. *Which* Sodom's *Fate inſcrib'd.*] 'Tis impoſſible to *furniſh* a *Poetical Houſe* well (I don't mean a *Poet's*) without a *Suit* of *Hangings*; and if it be objected againſt mine, that the *Jews* were againſt *Pictures*, much more will it bear againſt Mr. *Cowley*'s *Coloſſus* over *Saul*'s *Gate*; but his Excuſe will ſerve ſo well for both, that I'll borrow it in his own Words, in *Notes* on *lib.* 1. where ſpeaking of the *civil uſe* of *Images* among the *Jews*, he adds, " Whether it be *true* or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as there's any *appearance* of *Probability*.

558. *Bending back by ſtrong* Macherus *runs.*] Near *Jordan*'s fall into the *Dead Sea*, ſtands the ſtrong Caſtle of *Machærus*. Weſt of which the *River* paſſing toward the Lake of *Sodom*, makes a conſiderable *Flexure*, bending backwards to the North-Eaſt; which *Pliny* ſeems to hint at, when, ſpeaking of *Jordan*, he ſays, " *Invitus Aſphaltiten Lacum*, &c. He falls unwillingly into the *Aſphaltite Lake*, for " which Nature it ſelf ſeems to have an *Averſion* and *Horror*.

561. *And makes a black uncomfortable* Bay.] This is excellently deſcribed by *Solinus*, *cap.* 38. " Longo ab Hieroſolymis receſſu triſtis ſinus panditur, quem de cœlo " tactum teſtatur humus nigra & in cinerem ſoluta. Duo ibi oppida, Sodomum " nominatum alterum, alterum Gomorrhum, apud quæ Pomum gignitur, quod " habeat ſpeciem licèt maturitatis, mandi tamen non poteſt, nam fuliginem in- " trinſecus favillaceam ambitio tantum extimæ cutis cohibet, quæ vel levi tactu " preſſa, fumum exhalat, & fatiſcit in vagum pulverem.

616. *Borrowing the Palm's fair* Garments *with their own.*] A Cuſtom among the *Jews* to ſpread their Garments under Great Perſons, as an high token of *Honour*; and, as it ſeems, a Ceremony of *Inauguration*, and due only to *Regal Dignity*: for thus did the Captains to *Jehu*, when they agreed with *God*'s *way* of *Diſpoſal*, and acknowledg'd him *King*. 2 *Kings* 9. 13.

640. *Whoſe three* Degrees, *&c.*] Mount *Olivet* conſiſts of *three Degrees* or *Riſings*; which, I think, *Fuller*, for 'tis much after his way, compares to *Chancel*, *Church*, or *Steeple*.

646. *O'er whoſe green Breaſt*, *deceitful* Kidron *flows.*] Thoſe that write of *Paleſtine* tell us, the Brook *Kidron*, or *Cedron*, is nothing but a Maſs of *Waters* made out of *Rains* which deſcended from Mount *Olivet* and Mount *Moria*, between which it runs, ſeparating 'em from each other, and falling thence into the *Vale* of *Jehoſophat*; that 'tis ordinarily quite dry unleſs in very *wet Seaſons*, and about two or three days in the Year, when there are violent *Rains*, and hardly any elſe, when the People make proviſion of Water, which they preſerve in Ciſterns a long time in its *Freſhneſs* and *Purity*.

652. *By* Chemoſh *and by* Moloch.] See the melancholy Hiſtory of *Solomon*'s Apoſtaſie and Idolatry, in 1 *Kings* 4, 5, 7. This Hill fronts the Temple, and is *before*, or to the Eaſt of *Jeruſalem*, touching upon the North; being called to this day the *Mount* of *offence* or *ſcandal*; of *Chemoſh* we have little in Scripture, but that he was the *Abomination* of the *Moabites*, as *Milcom* or *Moloch* (of whom *vid. Lib.* vi.) of the Children of *Ammon*.

657. *Which flows with* Oyl, *&c.*] That Etymology is generally given of it: and the *Pilgrim* ſays, 'tis call'd to this day the *Garden* of *Olives*, from *nine great Olives* ſtill growing in it, tho' he places it on the loweſt Hill, and Eaſt of it, *Fuller* on the ſecond to the North-Weſt thereof, whom I follow.

684. *Love is pure* Act, *&c.*] If this *Digreſſion* of *Divine Love* be thought too long, 'tis eaſily turn'd over, tho' I could not perſuade my ſelf to ſtrike it out, becauſe it may pleaſe a *pious Mind*.

747. *Whether*

747. *Whether in old* Ierne's *angry Seas*, &c.] The *Iriſh* Seas, about *Angleſey*, *Man*, &c. Where the Author began this *Work*, ſince compleated in ſeveral parts of *England*.

842. Gamaliel *in the Sacred* Pandects *read*.] 'Tis certain our Saviour himſelf as well as his Diſciples, convers'd with ſeveral of the *Phariſees*, nay he did ſometimes *eat* with one of the chief of them. 'Tis as certain *Gamaliel* was not very averſe to his *Doctrine*, from his *Diſcourſe* in the *Acts* concerning it. From whence 'tis *probable* he might be preſent at thoſe *Conferences* concerning our Saviour, and I'm oblig'd to take care for no more.

850. *From his fair* Birth-place, *ancient* Rama *nam'd*.] *Ramathaim Zophim*, in *Ephraim*, where *Samuel* liv'd, and whence moſt agreed *Joſeph* was nam'd.

858. *There borrowed Streams from* Siloam's *neighbouring Well*.] The *Well* or *Fountain* of *Siloam* riſes at the North-Weſt Corner of *Jeruſalem*, if the *Scale* and *Maps* are right; not above Five hundred Paces from the foot of *Calvary*.

864. *Rich* Balm, Judæa's *Native*.] *Uni terrarum Judææ conceſſum*, ſays *Pliny* of this *Balm*, that is, it only grew there originally, for 'twas afterwards tranſplanted to *Rome* and other places.

867. *From* Gaza's, *or* Sarepta's *noble Vine*.] Famous among Heathen Authors, whence *Sidonius*,

Vina mihi non ſunt Gazetica, Chia, Falerna,
Quæque Sareptano palmite miſſa bibas.

890. *What of himſelf the Divine* Plato *knew*.] *Vid.* Notes on *Lib.* vi.

894. *By antient* Orpheus *ſung*.] That his Τελεταὶ is *Moſes*, few queſtion, and that the Verſes which bear his Name contain at leaſt *his Traditions*, is, I think as generally granted.

923. *For now the fourth ſwift year*.] An Imitation of that of *Virgil*, in the Concluſion of his Firſt Book,

——Nam te jam ſeptima portat
Omnibus errantem terris & fluctibus æſtas.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Second BOOK.

ST. Peter *begins the Relation of our Bleſſed Saviour's Life, which he opens with the Prophecy of the Meſſiah's Birth, the Accompliſhment of* Daniel's Weeks, *the Sceptre's departing from* Judah, *and the Tyranny of* Herod; *where St.* John *reminds him of the Preparations for our Saviour's Birth, the Angel's Salutation,* &c. *which he thereupon repeats at large, as* Joſeph, *the Husband of the Bleſſed Virgin, had formerly done it to* Zebedee *and him.* Joſeph's *Character of her before their Marriage, whom having obtain'd of her Father* Heli, before they came together ſhe was found with Child of the Holy Ghoſt. *His Paſſion thereupon, and Reſolution to be divorc'd, till admoniſh'd by an Angel of her Purity and Innocence, and the manner of her Conception: on which he asks Pardon for his unjuſt* Cenſures, *and deſires her to give him an account of that miraculous Tranſaction. The Virgin relates the* Appearance *of the* Angel, *his* Ave *or* Salutation, *and her Conception by the over ſhadowing of the* Holy Spirit. Joſeph *goes on and gives the Character of a good Wife in the Bleſſed Virgin, and the Hiſtory of his travelling with her to ſee their Couſin* Elizabeth, *who tho' old and barren, the Angel had told her ſhould ſhortly have a Child. The Way to* Geba, *near which liv'd* Zachary *and* Elizabeth. *The Deſcription of* Zachary's *pleaſant Seat, whom they find dumb at their Arrival. The Salutation of* Elizabeth *to the Bleſſed Virgin. Two* Digreſſions, *to the Virgin* Mary *and her late Majeſty. The Birth and Circumciſion of* John *the Baptiſt: his Father* Zachary *recovers his Speech, and gives an account of the Occaſion of his ſtrange* Silence, *and the Angel's Prophecy concerning his Son: his Song from the firſt of St.* Luke. Joſeph *and the Virgin return to* Nazareth, *and make Preparations for her Son's Birth: whence being recalled by the Edict of* Auguſtus, *they go for* Bethlehem: *a Deſcription of the pleaſant way thither, and of the moſt remarkable places on the Road,* Rachel's *Tomb,* David's *Well,* &c. *They arrive at* Bethlehem *late at Night, and can find no Lodging. Her* Travail *approaches.* Joſeph's *concern for her. He conducts her into a Cave without the Town. Our Saviour's Birth. The Angels attend him. The Shepherds come to the Cave early in the Morning to adore him; and on* Joſeph's *wondring how they heard the News, two young Shepherds,* Strephon *and* Claius, *give him the Relation, after they had ſung a* Caroll *on that Subject. The Angel's Song at the Nativity. The Preſentation of our Savionr at the Temple, where old* Simeon *finds*

finds him. His Song or the Nunc dimittis. *The Teſtimony of* Anna *the Propheteſs: the Journey of the three Kings, conducted by a Star to* Jeruſalem, *and enquiring of the place of our Saviour's Birth, which* Herod, *pretending Devotion, asks of the* Sanhedrim; Gamaliel *remembers the paſſage and repeats their Reſolution in the Prophecy of* Micah, *and that 'twas to be at* Bethlehem. *Thither* Herod *directs the Kings, deſiring they'd let him know as ſoon as they found him, on pretence he'd follow and worſhip him. They find the Infant,* adore *and* preſent *him; but warn'd by a Viſion, return* incognito *to their own Country, not calling at* Jeruſalem. Herod *being diſappointed and enraged, orders the* Murder *of the* Innocents. Joſeph *is warned by an Angel to flee into* Egypt *with the Child and his Mother. As they are going by Night they look back from a Hill near the Town, and, by the Light of* Torches *in the* Streets *diſcover the* Maſſacre *of the* Infants: *whence they haſten to* Egypt. *The Way thither,* Syrbon *Lake, Tomb of* Pompey. *They paſs by* Memphis, *and the* Pyramids, *and fix at* Babylon. *The Death of* Herod. *Their Return, and Retirement to* Nazareth, *for fear of* Archelaus, Herod's *Son. Our Saviour's Carriage in his Childhood: his going to* Jeruſalem *at the Paſſover with his Parents, and Diſputation in the Temple with the Doctors and Heads of the* Sanhedrim, *which* Nicodemus *calls to mind, and that he preſided in the* Schools *at that time, giving a Character of our Saviour. St.* John *tells 'em how much he was ſince advantageouſly altered, and ſo affectionately deſcribes him, that* Nicodemus *is deſirous to wait on him, and St.* John *offering to conduct him thither, the Company break up, having appointed to meet again the next Morning, in order to hear the reſt of our Saviour's Actions.*

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK II.

* ALL *silent* stood, when *Rama's* Lord had done,
Till in the midst *Bar-Jonas* thus begun: Mat. 16.17.
* So, when our *Prince* shall *Israel's* Throne regain,
So may I by his *side* for ever reign,
As nought but *chast* and *sacred Truths* I tell;
Chast as that *Virgin-womb* wherein he once did dwell:
Admir'd by *Friends*, by *Enemies confest*, Luke 8. 28.
Which *these*, which *Fame*, which all the *World attest*:
By *Reason* voucht, and many a mighty *Sign*, John 1. 45.
By Humane *Faith* and *Oracles* divine; Acts 3. 18. and 10. 43.

To you not *bid*: for *Iſrael*'s *Maſters* can't
Of what all *Iſrael* knows, be ignorant:
Nor can we doubt, but *clearly* you diſcern
Thoſe *ſacred Truths* which from your *Lips* we learn;
That now the promis'd *happy* Days appear,
That the *Meſſia*'s Kingdom muſt be near:
Dan. 9. 24. This *Heav'n-lov'd Daniel*'s myſtic *Weeks* contain,
Vid. *Mede in Loc.* Whoſe *End* begins th' *anointed Princes* Reign,
* From whoſe wiſe *Books* his ſacred *Name* we gain:
Ibid. v. 25. * That *Period* paſt, our *Rabbies* all declare,
And *come* he is, or we muſt now *deſpair*.
This *Iſrael*'s *Groans* confeſs, their *Freedom* broke,
And *ſhoulders* worn beneath a *foreign Yoke*;
By that fell *Idumean Wolf* oppreſt, *
Gen. 25. 25. Who *red* with *blood* his ſavage *Sire* confeſt,
Who did revenge old *Eaſau*'s ſhame and ſtain,
Gen. 27. 35, 36. And his *ſupplanting* Lord *ſupplant* again.
Diſſembling *Piety*; our *Temple* rais'd, *
But that *himſelf*, not *God*, might there be prais'd:
With *human* Blood the bluſhing Pavement dies,
And makes th' *High-Prieſt* himſelf a *Sacrifice*: *
And big with Crimes, O Shame, O deep Diſgrace!
Vid. *Joſeph. Antiq. & de Bell. Judaic.* Deſtroy'd the *Haſmonean* Royal *Race*:
By him our *total* Bondage did begin;
He firſt inviting the fierce *Romans* in;
Their Idol-*Eagle* to our *Temple* brings, *
Antiq. Lib. 17. *cap.* 8: Who *percht* on proud *Antonia*, claps his *Wings*:
Gen. 49. 10. *Juda* no more gives *Laws*, no more is *Iſrael* free; *
Nay, ſcarce enjoys the *Name* of Liberty:
Luke 2. 1. *Enroll'd* and *tax'd*, and humble *Clients* made,
Vid. *Joſeph. Antiq. Lib.* 18. *cap.* 15. Our *Subſtance* ſeiz'd for the *Imperial Aid*; *
All that the *Tyrant* left, we had our Share,
Which my *fierce* Country cou'd not tamely bear:
You know the reſt, Our *unſucceſsful Fight*
Acts 5. 37. And *Slaughter* under the bold *Gaulonite*:
Not ſo our *Princes* humble *Parents*, they
Had learn'd, like him, to *ſuffer* and *obey*:
Tho' both *deduc'd* from *David*'s Royal *Stem*,
And the true *Heirs* of *Iſrael*'s Diadem;

And

And *either* Houſe their clear *Succeſſion* brings
From a long *Race* of *Prophets* and of *Kings*: Matth. 1. Luke 3.
So great a *Change* by *Fate* and *Time* is made,
From *David*'s glitt'ring *Throne* to th' meaneſt *Trade*, Vid. *Euſeb. Eccl. Hiſt.*
For ſuch good *Joſeph* us'd, with honeſt pain Matt. 13. 55.
His ſmall, yet ſacred *Houſhold* to ſuſtain,
Till thence by th' *Edict* call'd —— But firſt declare,
Says *John*, what our great King's *Forerunners* were,
(If all our *Words* for *Credit* may prevail;)
The wond'rous *Meſſage*, and the wond'rous *Hail!*
Well *interrupted*, fervent *Cephas* cries,
None better can relate thoſe *Prodigies*;
Which oft I've heard the *Good old man* repeat,
Joſeph himſelf, as on an *Oozy Seat*
Againſt the *ſounding Beach* repos'd we lay,
To taſte the gentle *Breeze*, after a *ſcorching Day*:
What *Wonders* did the rev'rend *Sire* declare?
Once I remember *Zebedee* was there:
We *preſt* him both to tell us what he knew,
He *yields*, and vows by the *great Name* 'twas true:
Then thus *began*; — When *Youths* freſh *Bloom* was paſt,
* And brought of ſeven *Sabbatic Years* the laſt:
Adviſ'd by *Friends*, I ſought a *virtuous Wife*,
To *ſhare* and *ſoften* the *Fatigues* of *Life*:
From all that *Nazareth* accounted *fair*;
(And many a *blooming Beauty* triumph'd there)
Old *Heli*'s Daughter did the *Garland* bear:
* From the ſame Spring our *kindred blood* we drew,
And what's our *Riſe* can be unknown to few:
From *David*, he by *Nathan* brings his *Line*,
And I, by *Solomon*, deducing mine
As did the *Root*, ſo now the *Branches* join:
Gladly he *gives*, what I as gladly *take*,
Agreed, we ſoon the ſolemn *Contract* make: Matth. 1. 18. Luke 1. 27.
All *envy'd* me, all thought divinely *bleſt*,
When of the charming *heavenly Maid* poſſeſt:
For ſhe was *fair* beyond all *Mortal Race*,
And ſomething more than *human* in her *Face*:
Endu'd with all her *Sexes Charms* and more,
Which yet without their *Vanity* ſhe wore.

Never a *Mind* ſo *humble* and ſo *great*,
Since *Eden*'s loſs, ſo fair a *Body* met:
Nay, had ev'n *Eve*'s been ſuch, our *Sire* had been content;
And ſcarce cou'd *Eden*'s *Loſs* it ſelf lament: *
" *Tender*, not *fond*, *prudent*, yet not *preciſe*; *
" Tho' *wiſe*, not thought her ſelf for *me too wiſe*:
" *Content* with our low *ſtate*, nor vainly ſtood
" Upon her *Royal Race*, or antient *Blood*:
" *Secrets* in *hers*, as ſafe as in my *Breaſt*;
All *form'd* beyond my *wiſh*, to make me *bleſt*.
But what did moſt of joy and triumph bring,
Th' illuſtrious *Gem* in her bright *Virtues ring*
Was her *Angelic Chaſtity*; not *Eve*
Gen. 3. 1, 2, E're ſhe did *Adam*, her the *Fiend* deceive,
3, 4, 5, 6. When firſt ſhe ſprung from our *great Parents ſide*,
Gen. 2. 22. Not ſhe her ſelf a purer *Virgin-Bride*.
Gueſs but how ſtrangely then I was *amaz'd*,
Nor could believe my *eyes* —— agen I gaz'd,
When in my *Arms* the *trembling Fair* I claſpt;
But ſtarted back agen ——
As one who in green *Herbs* a *Serpent* graſpt:
When on the firſt *triumphant* Nuptial Night
Matt. 1. 18. I found her *pregnant*, now 'twas plain to *ſight*. *
When ſhe was *falſe* ——
Whom *all* did above all her *Sex* prefer,
What did I then, *blaſpheme* of *them* and *Her*?
What *Vengeance* for my *injur'd Love* debate?
And yet that *Love* deny'd to let me *hate*.
Reſolv'd, tho' yet I *knew not how*, to part;
" And, if *I could*, free my unlucky *heart*:
Reſolv'd to tear the *perjur'd Charmer* thence,
Ibid. v. 19. *Divorc'd* from her, as ſhe from *Innocence*.
Thus, *ſtung* with *Indignation* and *Deſpair*,
Not ev'n her *Tears* could longer keep me *there*:
Far from the *Nuptial Room*, I ruſh'd away;
" And on the *ground* a *widdow'd Bridegroom* lay:
Where gentle *ſleep*, tho' call'd, long from me *fled*;
My reſtleſs *thoughts* uneaſie as my *Bed*:
And twice the cheerful *Harbinger* of *Day*
Had *clapt* his *Wings*, and warn'd the *Shades* away,

Warn'd

Warn'd me, as uſual, but vain to *riſe*,
E're *watchful Grief* once let me cloſe my *Eyes*;
'Till *ſudden ſlumbers* me at laſt *ſurprize*.
I *dreamt*, —— but ſure 'twas *more*, as by th' *Event*
Appear'd, I ſaw a *glorious Watcher* ſent,
Glorious as e'er to Man glad news did bring;
He *touch'd* and *rais'd* me with his *Purple Wing*,
Then thus began, —— " Great *Branch* of *Jeſſe's* Stem!
" *Heir* of thy Father *David's Diadem!* Matt. 1. 20.
" What reſtleſs *Thought*, or what *unhandſom Fear*,
" From thy *unſpotted Bride*, detains thee here?
* " On whoſe fair *Soul* no thought of *Ill's* impreſt;
" Pure as the *Flame* that warms an *Angel's Breaſt*.
" As for the *root* of all thy *jealous Cares*,
" That wond'rous *ſacred Burden* which ſhe bears;
" The *divine Spirit* alone, did that *infuſe*,
" And I my ſelf was *ſent* to tell the *News*
" To *her*, as now to *thee*; and e'er the *Moon*
* " *Five Courſes* more thro' her *ſhort Orb* has gone,
" She ſhall be bleſt with a *miraculous Son*; Luke 1. 30.
" *Jeſus* his *ſacred Name* long ſince *deſign'd*, 35.
" The mighty *Saviour* he of *loſt Mankind*.
He ſaid: *I trembling wake*: no more h' appears.
But his *laſt words*, methought, ſtill *ſounded* in my *Ears*:
Rouz'd from my humble *Couch*, I ſoftly come
With ſacred *Horror* to the *Nuptial Room*;
Fix'd more than half a *Statue* at the *Door*
I *ſaw* and *lov'd* far fiercer than *before*,
And *gaz'd* and *ſigh'd*, but *dar'd* attempt no more.
Her *Beauty* fed, but *reverence* checkt my *Fire*;
And ſtill I *lov'd*, but durſt not ſtill *deſire*. Matt. 1. *ult.*
Heav'ns! how ſhe *looks*? how *lovely* ſtill appears?
For ſtill, methinks, I ſee —— how *charming*, ev'n her *Tears!*
* (Thus the ſweet *Roſe* new paints its heav'nly *hue*,
When *bending* with big *drops* of morning *dew*.)
Nor cou'd I gueſs, till I approacht more *nigh*,
Whether they ſprung from *Grief* or *Extaſie*:
She *bluſht* and in my *Boſom* hid her *face*:
(The *modeſt Bluſh*, confeſt not *Guilt*, but *Grace*).

Conjuring

Conjuring me, by all I once thought *dear*,
E'er I *condemn'd* her, her *Defence* to hear:
Inſiſt no more, I cry'd, on thy *Defence!*
Heav'n has already clear'd thy *Innocence*:
An *Angel Form*, not you your ſelf more *fair*,
Did late th' *indubitable Truth* declare:
Bright, injur'd, *lovely Maid!* no longer grieve!
Dry thoſe vain *Tears*, and, if you can, *forgive!*
Then *Heav'n* has ſhewn, ſhe ſaid, what I *conceal'd*;
The mighty *Secret*, is at laſt *reveal'd*:
A *Secret*, which whoe'er attempts to tell,
Wou'd need t' oblige *belief* another *Miracle.*
By our *chaſt Loves* I cry'd, much injur'd *Fair!*
And by that *ſacred Burthen* which you bear,
Conceal not ought, nor my *Suſpicions* fear,
Since nothing now, but I'm *prepar'd* to hear.
She yields, and thus begins——
Three Moons are gone,
And now the *fourth ſwift Orb* is rolling on,
Since in my *Father Heli*'s houſe I ſate,
Revolving deep thoſe dark *Decrees* of Fate
Our *ſacred Books* contain, that *wond'rous year*,
Which all our learned *Rabbies* think ſo near;
Above the reſt then claim'd my *thoughts* and *care*,
Our *promis'd Prince*, and Heav'ns *Almighty Heir*;
Who *Faith* and *Truth* and *Juſtice* ſhall maintain,
And bleſs all *Nature* with his *peaceful Reign*:
While from the *Rocks* live ſtreams of *Honey* flow,
And voluntary *Palms* and *Roſes* grow:
Pſal. 85.10, 11. Thrice *happy* oft I call'd and counted *her*, *
Who at her *Breaſt* the *Infant King* ſhould bear;
Iſa. 9.6. & 11. *per tot.* 65. 25. As oft I thought what *humble Gifts* I'd bring,
What *Preſents* to adore the *Infant King*:
How *bleſt*, if in my *Arms* I might but *hold*,
Or in his *Cradle*, innocently bold
Cant. 8. 1. *Seize* the young *Conqu'ror*, and by ſweet *ſurpriſe*
Might *kiſs* his lovely *Cheeks* and heavenly *Eyes!*
Thus muſing, ſudden *Glories* me ſurround:
From the cleft Skies a *Youth* with *Sun-beams* crown'd





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Lx: 1

N.° 10





S.r John Leveson Gower of Trentham
in Stafford Shire Baronet

More *lovely* far, than all the *Race* of *Man*,
Deſcending *ſwift*, *bow'd* low, and thus began:
* " All *hail!* belov'd of *Heav'n!* and full of *Grace!* — *The Annunciation.* Luke 1. 28.
" More *bleſt*, more *lov'd* than all thy *charming Race!*
" Who, thou, thy *ſelf* muſt that *great Mother* prove,
" Which was ſo late thy *Envy* and thy *Love.*
" Nor *ſtartle* at the *Meſſage* I declare! — v. 30.
" Thy *Virgin-womb* an *Infant God* muſt bear: — 31.
" That *promis'd Prince* who ſhall the *World regain*, — 32, 33.
" And over all his *Father's Empires* reign:
" The *Divine Spirit*, Author of *Joy* and *Love* — 35.
" Breathing *Conception* on thee from *above*:
" *Jeſus* his *ſacred Name* long ſince *deſign'd*:
" The mighty *Saviour* he of loſt *Mankind*; — *Ibid.* & Mat. 1. 23.
" Th' Eternal *God* in mortal *mould* confin'd:
" And if *thy Infant-Faith* wants *Evidence*,
" *Indulgent Heav'n* has ſent thee *proof* from *Senſe*:
" *Aged Elizabeth*, who did deſpair — 36.
" Like *Sarah*, ever to embrace an *Heir*,
" Six *Moons* already paſt, is *pregnant* grown,
" And ſhall be bleſt with a *mirac'lous Son!*
" Believe me, *Sacred Maid!* My Words are *true*,
" For he who ſent me here, can *all things* do. — 37.
He ſaid, and, whilſt an *Anſwer* I prepare,
He *wings* his way to *Heav'n* thro' *trackleſs Air*:
I after *gaz'd*, as o'er the *Clouds* he trod,
And cry'd——O *lovelieſt Form ith' Hoſt of God!*
* My *Faith* I not *refuſe*, nor yet *ſuſpend*
To what my *Reaſon* cannot comprehend:
Be thy great *Maſter's words* without delay
Fulfill'd—— 'Tis his to *order*, mine t' *obey.* — 38.
Scarce had I *ſaid*, and he no more *appear'd*,
When ſtrait a *ſtill* ſmall *whiſp'ring ſound* I heard,
Like that a *ſolitary Ear* perceives,
When gentle *Zephyr* ſtroaks the *velvet leaves*:
With this, *celeſtial Fragrancies* perfume,
And ſcatter *Paradiſe* around the *room*:
Enwrapt i'th' od'rous *Cloud*, a while I lay,
Whilſt a ſoft *air* thro' all my *veins* did ſtray,

Thro'

Thro' my *warm Heart* in new ſtrange *Pulſes* move,
And *melt* my *raviſh'd Soul* with heavenly *Love* : *
Hence this *ſtrange Burthen* now ſo *plain* to view,
Conception. Which *Heav'n* its *Author* has *reveal'd* to you;
And from that *moment*, I a *Mother* grew.
She ſaid, new *Aves* I almoſt prepare,
Nay, hardly *Adoration* cou'd forbear:
Thence to my *wiſhes* and my *arms* deny'd,
A *Virgin-Mother* and a *Virgin-Bride*;
She grac'd my humble *Roof*, and bleſt my *Life*,
Bleſt me by a far *greater Name* than *Wife* : *
" Yet ſtill I bore an *undiſputed ſway*, *
" Nor was't her *task*, but *pleaſure* to *obey* :
" Scarce *thought*, much leſs cou'd *act*, what I *deny'd*;
" In our *low houſe* there was no *room* for *Pride* : *
" Nor need I e'er *direct* what ſtill was *right*,
" Still *ſtudy'd* my *Convenience* and *Delight*.
" Nor did I for her *Care ungrateful* prove,
" But only us'd my *Pow'r* to ſhew my *Love* :
" What e'er ſhe *askt* I gave, without *reproach* or *grudge*,
" For ſtill ſhe *Reaſon* askt——and *I was Judge* :
" All my *Commands Requeſts* at her *fair hands*,
" And her *Requeſts* to me, were all *Commands* :
" To others *Threſholds* rarely ſhe'd *incline*,
" Her *Houſe* her *pleaſure* was, and *ſhe* was *mine* ;
" Rarely *abroad*, or never, but with *me*,
" Or when by *Pity* call'd, or *Charity* ;
Luke 1. 39. Theſe did to old *Elizabeth* invite,
Friendſhip's and *Kindred*'s Bonds with theſe unite:
O'erpower'd at length ſhe yields, and my *conſent*
And *company* obtain'd, we onward went : *
Judith. The fam'd *Bethulia* ſoon behind us leave,
And *Kiſhon*'s *Fords* our weary *Feet* receive:
Thence fatal *Gilboa*'s high *Cliffs* we croſt, *
2 Sam. 1. Where *David*'s much *lamented Friend* was loſt:
Thro' *Ephr'im*'s Lot our courſe directing down
1 Kings 16. 24. Near the *new* Walls of *Shemir*'s *antient* Town, *
See Gen. 34. 1. By *Shechem* where *good Jacob* once did *dwell*,
John 4. 5. Near *Dothan*'s *Plain* and *Sychar*'s antient *Well*, *

And

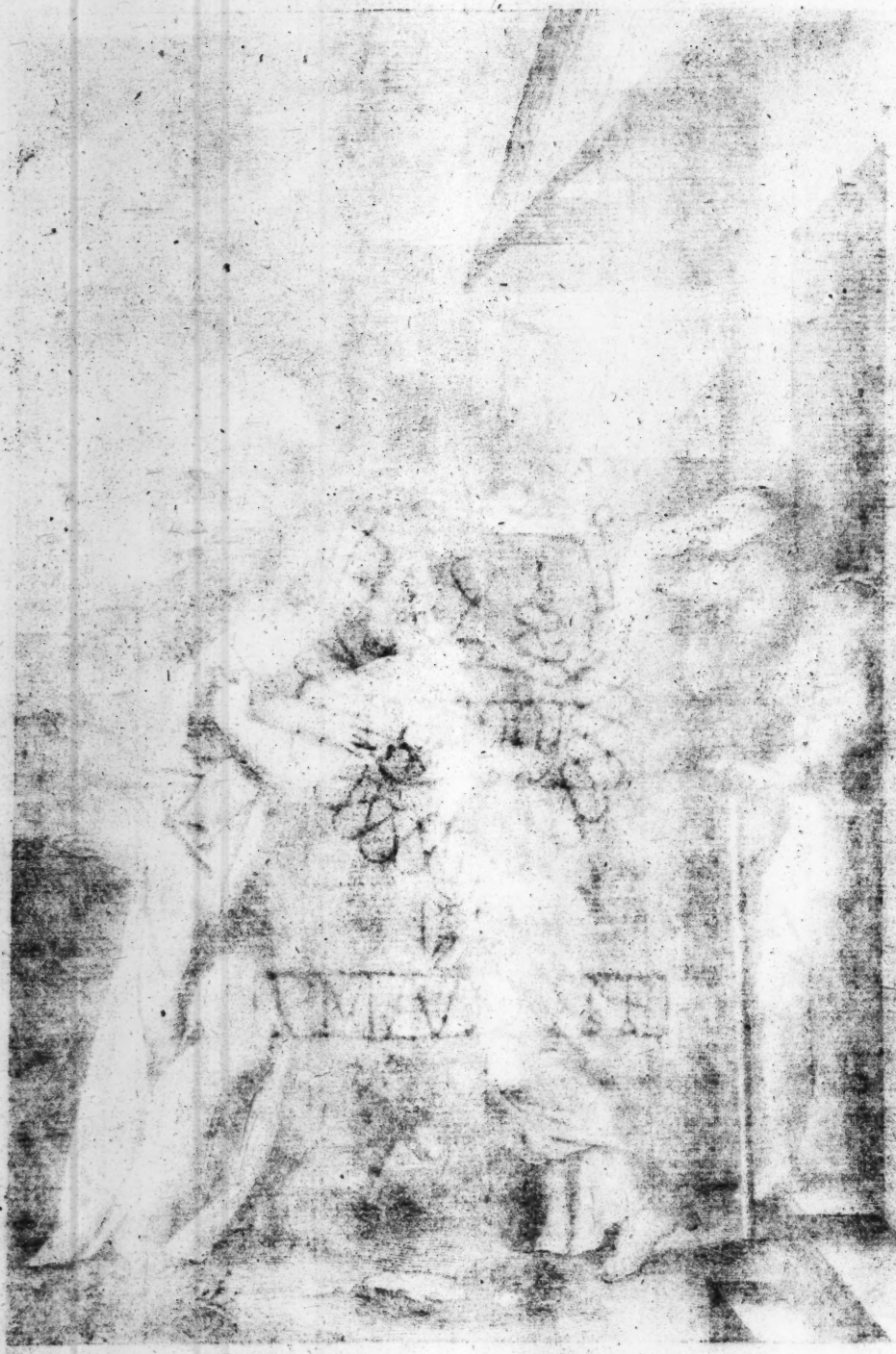


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Lu:J

N.° 11





* And *Gerizim's* proud *Altar*, rais'd in *ſpite*,
Accurs'd by every *faithful Iſraelite*:
By *Jericho* and *Bethel* next we paſt,
The *firſt* went thro', and near us leave the *laſt*;
* And the *third Noon*, where *Siloam* gently falls
Diſcover antient *Salem's* ſacred Walls;
Which leaving on the *left*, our *courſe* we bend
* To *Geba-Town* our little Journeys end:
Near which, upon an eaſie *Hill* we ſee — 2 Sam. 5. 23, 24.
* The pleaſant *Seat* of aged *Zachary*:
'Twas *neat*, not *proud*; for *Uſe*, not *Pomp* or *Fame*;
* Such as an humble *Country Prieſt* became:
He ſaw *rich Fields* below, which *ſhould* be his,
Detain'd by *Sacrilege* and *Avarice*:
For *Geba* did of *right* to th' *Prieſts* belong, — Joſh. 21. 17.
Tho' *Power* and *Time* muſt juſtifie the *wrong*:
He ſaw, more *griev'd* than *angry* at their *Crime*,
And only *pity'd* thoſe who *injur'd* him:
With his own ſmall *paternal Fields* content;
Enough for *Want*, not *Luxury* they lent;
Bleſt by their *Maſter's Pray'rs* and watchful *Eye*,
And *honeſt Servants* careful *Induſtry*:
* A *Cryſtal Stream* which from the Mountains ſtole,
Whoſe *Waters* o'er the healthy *Gravel* roll,
Before the *Gate* did gently murm'ring run,
Gilt by the kindly Beams o'th' *riſing Sun*:
The *Weſt* a fair and ſpacious *Proſpect* yields,
Where the pleas'd *Eye* is loſt in *Woods* and *Fields*:
From the *bleak North* the Mountains *Summit* ſhields;
An *Olive-Grove* the Southern *Heats* defends,
Which *ſhade*, and *Fruit*, *Pleaſure* and *Profit* lends;
Beyond whoſe *Borders*, where the *Hill* inclines
'Tis richly cover'd o'er with *cluſt'ring Vines*.
Thither arriv'd, old *Zach'ry* both embrac'd,
And at his *hoſpitable Table* plac'd;
All *ſigns* of welcome, wanting *Words* were *ſhown*,
Nor *had* he thoſe, this Reaſon only known,
H'had ſome *ſtrange Viſion* in the *Temple* ſeen,
* And ever ſince as *ſtrangely ſilent* been:
Not ſo *Eliza*, who to meet us *ran*, — Luke 1. 22.

Elizabeth's Salutation: Luk. 1. from 39. to 45.

* And to the *Virgin* thus, *inſpir'd* began:
" *Bleſt above Women* ſhall thy Title be,
" And yet more *bleſt*, thy wond'rous *Child* than thee!
" Whence is't the *Mother* of my *God* ſhould grace
" With her high *Preſence* ſuch an *humble Place*?
" Nor ſooner did my pleas'd and raviſh'd *Ear*,
" Bleſt *Virgin*! the melodious *Accents* hear
" Of thy lov'd *Voice*, but my prophetic *Boy*,
" Perceiv'd, and *bounded* in my *Womb* for *Joy*.
" And bleſt is ſhe, whoſe *noble Faith* like thine,
" Expels all *doubt* of *Truth* and *Power* divine:
" Speedy *performance* ſhall thy *Wiſhes* crown,
" And *future Ages* ſpred thy high *Renown*.
The *Virgin* heard, *Heav'n*, not her ſelf ſhe rais'd,
Kind Heav'n in *everlaſting Numbers* prais'd.
Amidſt theſe *holy Hymns*, which all around
From *Saints* and *Angels* in thy *Praiſe* reſound,
Thrice *bleſſed Maid*! may there be room for me
To throw my *Mite* into the *Treaſury*?
As *Heav'n* did *thine*, my humble *Gifts* approve!
And ſince I have no *Lambs*, accept my *Dove*!
" *Hail Mary*! may thy *Glories* ſtill prevail! *
" Great *Mother* of my *God* and *Saviour*, *Hail*!
" More bleſt than all our loſt *Forefathers Line*!
Luke 1. 28. 42. " Bleſt above all *our Sex*, as well as *thine*!
" Above *all Mortals*, only *not divine*!
" Only *below* thy *Son* I thee confeſs,
" And thoſe who make thee *more*, but make thee *leſs*.
" Midſt your triumphant *Lauds*, if ought you know,
" Ought that concerns our *weary World* below,
" Permit theſe *Praiſes* far beneath your due,
" This *humble Verſe* to be *inſcrib'd* to you!
" Still wear they your *lov'd Name* as their defence,
" And borrow *Immortality* from thence!
" And after thee, O full of *Charms* and *Grace*!
" Let our great *Mary* fill the *ſecond place*!
" For *other Queens* long may'ſt thou look in vain,
" Others *like her*, to fill thy *glorious Train*.
" *Humble* like *thee*, like thee of *Royal Line*,
" Her *Soul* to *Heav'n ſubmiſs*, and *bow'd* like *thine*!

" *Heav'n*,

" *Heav'n*, which *Immaculate* her *Form* deſign'd,
" As a fit *Manſion* for ſo *fair* a *Mind.*
" (Sure none can e'er be *Traitors*, *but the blind*)
" Which gave her *Eyes* that *Love* and *Awe* inſpire,
" And cheer the *World* like the *Sun*'s vital *Fire*:
" O may they—but that *ſawcy Wiſh* muſt *dye*;
" He *melts* his *Plumes*, who dares *attempt* ſo high:
" Yet I'll wiſh on, *Retreats* are now too late,
" And, *Icarus*, I *court* thy *noble Fate*—
" May they on theſe my *humble Labours* ſhine
" With their *kind Influence gild* each happy *Line*,
" *Indue* with purer *Forms* the coarſer *Ore*,
" And *ſtamp* it *Bullion*, tho' 'twas *Droſs* before.
Sweet *Muſe* return! to nobler *Strains* aſpire!
And *touch*, with utmoſt *Art*, the *heav'nly Lyre*!
With *Seraphs* ſing his glorious *humble Birth*,
Who rais'd the *beauteous Pile* of *Heav'n* and *Earth*!
What *reverend Joſeph* on his *Oozy Seat*,
What zealous *Cephas* did from him repeat;
Attent and *pleas'd* his *Auditors* appear;
The *more* they *heard*, the more they *wiſh* to *hear*.
He *fervent*, thus goes on—
Theſe, more than *friendly Salutations* paid,
With old *Elizabeth* a while we ſtaid,
* Till *thrice* we ſaw the *Silver Cynthia's Wane*, Luke 1. 56.
And *thrice* ſhe *fill'd* her *various Orb* again;
When the *good Matrons* welcom *Pains* begun,
Who in her *Arms* ſoon held a *wond'rous Son*:
* Her *Kindred* much *admiring*, round her ſate, 58.
And her ſo *rare a Bliſs* congratulate:
And when they ſaw the eighth bleſt *Sun* ariſe, Gen. 17. 12.
Prepare the wond'rous *Child* to circumciſe:
His *Father's Name* they gave, with kind *preſage*, Luke 1. 59.
As *Hope* and *Staff* of his declining *Age*:
And add their *Prayers*, that he as well might be
Heir of his *Vertues*, as his *Family*.
Well pleas'd Eliza bow'd, and *wiſh'd* the *ſame*;
With *Thanks*, to all agreeing, but the *Name*.
All wond'ring, thus did ſhe *inſpir'd* proceed,
It muſt be *John*, for ſo *high Heav'n* decreed: 60.

62. His *Father* askt, with ſpeaking *Eyes* and *Hands*
* Of thoſe around *Tablet* and *Style* demands;
And when i'th' *ductile Wax* he'd ſtamp'd his *mind*,
63. The *Name* his *Mother* gave, ſurpriz'd we find:
64. Yet more, his Lips *unloos'd* when *Hymns* he ſung,
And all the *Houſe* with *Hallelujahs* rung:
Trembling we ask, on his *reply* intent,
What his ſtrange *Speech*, and ſtranger *Silence* meant!
He thus——
Luke 1. 10, 11, &c. As I with *Incenſe* did attend,
I ſaw great *Gabriel* in the *Flame* deſcend:
Of all who dearly *love* and *guard Mankind*,
There's not a *mightier* or a *fairer mind*:
One *hand* he on the *trembling Altar* laid,
The other *rais'd* me from the *ground* afraid;
Th' *All-wiſe*, ſays he, has heard thy *pious Pray'r*,
And thy *Eliza* ſhall *embrace* an *Heir*:
13, 14. *John* be his *deſtin'd Name*, and *Joy* and *Mirth*
Shall fill thy *Houſe* at his *miraculous Birth*:
Still dear in the *Moſt High*'s impartial ſight,
15. Devoted an *abſtemious Nazarite*.
Ibid. *Divine Illapſes* daily he'll receive,
As much as *he* can *take*, or *Heav'n* can *give*:
T' *illuminate* his *pure* and *piercing mind*,
For that *great Work* to which by *Heav'n* deſign'd.
His *Word* like *Thunder* ſhall the World *affright*,
Expoſing *guilty Souls* to conſcious *Light*:
While *crowds* of *Penitents* their *Crimes* ſhall mourn,
16. To *God* at once, and to *themſelves* return.
The *Prophet* who prepares the *Saviour*'s way,
17. The *Morning-Star* to the *bright Prince of day*.
To this ſtrange *news* I heard the *Angel* tell
18. When *wonder* made me yet an *Infidel*:
On his lov'd *Face* a *Frown* he quickly wore,
Which never ſure was ſo *diſguis'd* before;
Then thus, "Since *Heav'n* it ſelf muſt *ſpeak* in vain,
Nor *Credence* to its *Oracles* obtain;
At once experience *Truth* and *Power* divine,
And be thy *ſelf* unto thy *ſelf* a *Sign*!
'Till thy *deſpair'd*, thy promis'd *Bleſſing* come,

I *ſeal*

I *ſeal* thy *Lips*, and bid thee——*thus be dumb!* Luke 1. 20.
Trembling I *kneel'd*, and *wou'd* have *mercy* cry'd,
But 'twas *too late*——my *fault'ring Tongue* deny'd
T' expreſs my *lab'ring Thoughts* abrupt *intent*:
The *Angel nods*, as knowing what I meant,
And back in *Curls* of *Incenſe ſmiling* went.
With *mental Pray'r* I ſtrait addreſt th' *All-high*,
Nor cou'd thoſe *adamantine bonds* unty; 22.
Which *voluntary* now fall off again:
And ſince *kind Heav'n* at once has broke my *Chain*,
And giv'n ſuch *Joys*, I'll that attempt to *raiſe*,
And thee, O *never ending Goodneſs!* praiſe.
Awake my *Lyre*, I'll *ſtrain* each *tuneful String!*
Awake my *Voice* which he has *taught* to *ſing*.

Zachary's Song.

GReat *God of Iſrael!* how ſhall we thy *Laud* expreſs, Luke 1. 67.
"And, never *ſatisfi'd* with *Praiſes* bleſs?
Unutterable Goodneſs! how ſhall we
For all th' *unutterable Bleſſings* pay,
Of this *triumphant* happy *day*, 68.
And what ſo largely we *receive*, *reſtore* to *thee?*
Who haſt thy *choſen Flock* with gracious *Eyes* ſurvey'd,
And *viſited* with thine *Almighty Aid!*
A great *Redemption* for us wrought, 69.
Surpaſſing our *Deſert* or *Thought*,
Surpaſſing thoſe when wand'ring wide
By *Nilus* and *Euphrates* ſide,
You ſav'd from *Egypt*, and from *Babel's pride*.
Thoſe only *Types* of this have been,
Thoſe only were from *Slavery*, this from *Sin*.

II.

Thee will we *praiſe*, thee will we *ſing*,
We'll *ſing* with *ardent Love* and *awful Fear*;
Who haſt to *Sion* brought a *great Deliverer*,
A mighty *Saviour*, and a *mighty King!*
That *promis'd Branch* of *Jeſſe's* ſacred *Stem*, Zach. 6. 12.

Heir

Isai 11. 1. *Heir* of his *Father's Diadem*;
Luke 1. 69. Whom many an antient *Seer* did descry
70. Through the *mysterious Glass* of *Prophecy*,
In the vast *Heav'n* of dark *futurity*:
They saw his *Day*, tho' far *remov'd*,
And seeing *smil'd*, and smiling *lov'd*:
They saw great *Juda's Kingly Lion* rouse,
And his lov'd *Nations Cause* espouse;
Vainly whole *Troops* against him *rise*,
This vainly *fights*, and that as vainly *flies*;
From their stern *Jaws* he tears away
Th' already *half devoured Prey*,
71. And *rends* and *tramples* all our *Enemies*.

III.

Which of you shall my *lofty Numbers* grace,
72. Ye great *Fore-fathers* of the *chosen Race*?
73. Thee *Father Abraham*, first I'll *sing*,
From whose blest *Loins* so many *Nations* spring,
The *Favourite*, the *Friend* of Heav'n's *Almighty King*!
Gen. 22. 3. *He* gave his *Oath*, and *thou* thy *Son*,
10. 16. When the *eternal League* begun:
Offensive and *Defensive* 'tis,
Luke 1. 74. His *Enemies* are *ours*, and *ours* are *his*:
His *sacred Truth* he did to *witness* take
While his *strong Words* the *solid Centre* shake,
While *Heav'n* and *Earth* remain'd, he would not us *forsake*;
74. But *guide* us thro' fair *Vertue's Paths*, wherein
For ever walk sweet *Peace* and *Innocence*,
All *Mischief* ever *banish'd* thence,
All *Guilt* and *Danger* far remov'd,
All that by him is *disapprov'd*,
75. And *Fear*, the *Child* of *Sin*.

IV.

76. Nor thee, thou strange *prophetick Boy*,
By *Heav'n inspir'd* e'er thou didst come
From forth the *Closet* of the *Womb*,
Thy aged *Parents Wonder*, and their *Joy*:
Thee, tho' *unsung*, *unheeded* yet,

'Midst

Midſt *Crowds* of *Heroes* will the *Muſe* forget!
Thee who the happy *News* ſhalt bring,
The *Harbinger* of *Heav'n's high King*; *Ibid.*
The *Banners* of his *Grace* diſplay,
And ſcatter *Pardons* all the *Way*. 77.
He *comes*, he *comes*! I ſee him ſwift *advance*,
He comes to our *Deliverance*:
* I ſee his *Orient Light* ariſe 78.
Scatt'ring *ten thouſand Suns* around the *Skies*!
It *flaſh'd* thro' *Chaos*, whoſe wild *Surges* fell,
As when the firſt ſtrange *Day* was made;
The *Fiends* were all of a *new World* afraid,
As wide it *glar'd* thro' all the inmoſt *Caves* of *Hell*.
If there it mov'd their *Dread*, though not their *Love*,
What *Wonders* ſhall it not perform *above*?
Sin to th' *Abyſs* ſhall ſink again, 79.
" *Death* the great *Slayer*, ſhall himſelf be *ſlain*,
And *Truth* and *Heav'n-born Peace* for ever reign.

Thus ſung the *Holy Sire* entranc'd, and we
Who heard, were little leſs in *Extaſie*:
Theſe *Triumphs* finiſh'd, back we haſt'ning come
To pleaſant *Nazareth*, well weary'd home:
There fixing our abode, till now the *Sun*
Thro' three *bright Signs* his glorious *Race* had run,
Since we *Judea* left, and all our *Care*,
Apply'd our *homely Cottage* to prepare
For the *great Prince*, and Heav'ns *Almighty Heir*;
Whoſe *Birth* approach'd, which now we knew ſo *near*,
Each *Hour* his *Virgin Mothers Hope* and *Fear*:
Enough we had for *Need*, though not for *Pride*,
Yet ev'n that ſmall *Convenience* ſoon deny'd;
The *Roman Edict* would not let us *ſtay*, Luke 2. 1, 4,
But to our *Birth-place*, *Bethlem* call'd away; 5.
The antient Seat of *David's Royal Line*,
Whence the bright *Maids Original* and mine:
And when for our new *Journy* we prepare,
Huſht were the churliſh *Winds*, ſerene the *Air*;
* Departing *Winters* ſelf grew *calm* and *mild*,
And as it went, put on *ſmooth Looks* and *ſmil'd*:

Whilſt

Whilſt in our way officious *Nature* ſtrows
The *blue-ey'd Violet*; and the *bluſhing Roſe*
Does, to oblige us, all her *Glories* bring,
And all the *pretty Flow'rs* that dreſs the *Spring*;*
Narciſſus, who too well himſelf did *pleaſe*,
The *Iris* proud, and rich *Anemone's*:
From *Naz'reth's odoriferous Fields* got free,
Hermon and beauteous *Tabor* ſoon we ſee:
Then o'er *Kedummim's Streams* our paſſage take,
Which loſe themſelves in the *Tiberian Lake*;
And thro' the well-known *Road* came joyful down:
On the third *Night* to *Salem's ſacred Town*:
And our *Devotions* at the *Temple* pay'd
The next glad *Morn*, when there a while we ſtay'd,
We leave our *Friends* in the *declining day*,
And with *Diſcourſe* beguil'd the *tedious Way*:
Till when ſweet *Bethlem* at a *diſtance* ſpy'd,
A ſecret *Joy* thro' all my *Soul did glide*; *
Encreaſing ſtill, as ſtill we came more *near*,
And *Rachel's Tomb* toth' *right* began t'appear: *
Each noted place *around*, the *Maid* I ſhow'd;
What e'er our *Eyes* could *reach* on either ſide the *Road*:
'Tis *there*, ſaid I, ſtill flows that *precious Spring*,
2 Sam. 23. 16. Which his three *Heroes* did to *David bring*!
'Twas *there* a *Youth*, he kept his *Flock*, and *there*
1 Sam. 17. 34. Met the *curl'd Lion* and the *rugged Bear*.
She *ſhreekt* and *claſpt* me to her *trembling Breaſt*,
Then *begg'd* me that I *would not tell the reſt*!
And now the *Night* her ſable *Veil* had ſpread,
Each little *Bird* coucht in its *moſſy Bed*,
And *Fowls* of *ſtronger Wing* to *diſtant Regions* fled;
As we to *Bethlem's Walls* well weary'd come,
And hear the *buſie Towns* tumultuous *Hum*;
Whole *Droves* like us we ſee, who came too late,
Crowding to enter e'er they ſhut the *Gate*:
And there ſo *long* we for *admittance* wait,
Till we i'th' *Windows* glim'ring *Lights* deſcry,
Extinct in ſome, diſcovering *Midnight* nigh:
With *Fears* o'th' *Night*, and *Toyls* o'th' *Day* oppreſt,
Long did we ſeek a *Place* for *welcom Reſt*.

The

The *Streets* and *Suburbs* ſought, but ſought in vain,
New *diſappointments* ſtill increaſe our *Pain.*
And now new *Griefs* my *much lov'd charge* o'erpow'r,
who faſt *approaching* found that *fatal hour*
Of which *her Sex* ſo *juſtly* is *afraid,*
No *more* than that of *Death* to be delay'd:
" O my *diſtracted Heart! forlorn* and *poor,*
" *Repell'd* at each *unhoſpitable Door,*
" *Strangers, benighted, tired,* and yet far more,
" Still more than all, and what I *could not bear,*
" *What more than Life I lov'd muſt feel the largeſt ſhare.*
" How *falſe* th' opinion that it gives *relief*
" To have a ſad *Companion* in our *Grief?*
" *Afflictions ſtroaks* more *thick* and *heavy* fall
" When both each others *feel,* and both *bear all.*
" Yet *quiet* ſtill her *Breaſt*; to *Heaven* reſign'd;
" In an *uneaſie Body calm* her *mind*;
" Not one *impatient ſigh* or *word* let go,
" Theſe only from her *Lips* divinely flow,
" *It muſt be beſt, for Heav'n will have it ſo.*
" *We may not murmur, though we juſtly grieve,*
" *And ſpite of clam'rous* Senſe *let's ſtill believe!*
Sham'd with the kind *reproof* I ſoon *repreſt*
My *wayward Thoughts,* and calm'd my *murm'ring Breaſt*;
* This done, I to a well known *Cave* repair
Which her might *ſhield,* for whom my chiefeſt *care*
From the *moiſt Heav'ns,* and *Nights* unwholſom *Air.*
In ſtorms a *refuge* to the *panting Swains*
When ſudden *Sleet* came driving croſs the *Plains.*
* Whether by *Art* hew'd in the *living Stone,*
Or *Mother Natures* antient *work,* unknown:
Short *ſtubble* and light *reed,* which our low *ſtate*
Did beſt become, I *gather'd* at the *Gate*;
Theſe to the *Virgin* for her *Couch* I gave,
Plac'd in the inmoſt *Corner* of the *Cave*:
Such *pomp* did *David's Royal Heir* aſſume,
Such was the *Furniture,* and ſuch the *Room*:
The reſt a *Choir* of *modeſt Angels* brings,
But *veil* their *Faces* with their *purple Wings.*
And now thro' *liquid Air* the *ſilent Moon*

In *ſilver Chariot* mounts to her *pale Noon*:
Still was the *Night* as *Innocence* or *Fear*,
Nor *humane Sounds*, nor *grazing Beaſts* we hear;
Faint did the *Lamp* on neighb'ring *Edar* burn, *
By ſnatches ſhin'd awhile, then ſunk into its *Urn*. *
The very *Stars* with *drowſie motions* roll,
The *Bear* walks *heavily* around the *Pole*:
When ſpite of all my *Cares* I *ſlumb'ring lay*
Tir'd with the *Toils* and *Sorrows* of the *day*.
Till a *ſtrong light* thro' my cloſ'd *Eye-lids* ſhin'd,
As the *Sun's mid-day glories* chear the *blind*:
Wond'ring I wake, and ſtrait *ſurpriz'd* behold
The *Cave* all *delug'd* with ethereal *Gold*:
Glories almoſt too *fine* for groſſer *Senſe*,
And num'rous *ſhining Forms* departing thence:
The *Virgin* too I ſaw, ſo *brightly* dreſt
I hardly cou'd *diſcern* her from the *reſt*.
" In her *chaſt Arms* th' *eternal Infant* lies:
What an *illuſtrious goodneſs* in his *Eyes*?
Which ſoon alike both *Lights* and *Shades* o'erpow'rs,
And all the modeſt *Beams* around *devours*:
I kneel'd *adoring*, and my *Eyes imploy*
T' aſſiſt my *fault'ring Tongue*, and ſpeak my *joy*:
Tho' from my pleaſing *Trance* ſoon rais'd by *Fear*,
For nigh the *Cave* I humane *Footſteps* hear
And *ruſtic ſounds* confus'd, which as they grew
More *loud*, before the *Gate* my ſelf I *threw*,
With feeble *force* my precious *Charge* to ſhield
From the *rude Swains* returning from the *Field*;
For ſuch I *thought* 'em, till at length I ſpy,
As the *fair morn* began to *gild* the *Sky*
A *Troop* of harmleſs *Shepherds* mild and *good*,
Who near me on their *ſheephooks leaning* ſtood,
And bowing low, for the bright *Babe* inquire,
The hope of *Iſr'el* and the *World's* deſire:
Wond'ring from whence ſo *ſoon* they heard the *news*
I askt, nor they to clear my *doubts* refuſe.
Two *ſprightly Lads*, who could relate it beſt,
With *Chaplets* crown'd leapt forth from all the *reſt*;
Claius, who lately the *lewd Town* had *left*

Of





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N.o 12

Of all his *long* his *fooliſh Hopes* bereft,
Tho' bounteous *Heav'n* whate'er he now thought *dear*
Indulg'd, in *Peace* and his *Urania* here:
Strephon, *a jolly Youth*, who did pretend
To be, and was, e'er *Love* bred *Hate*, his *Friend*:
Tho' ſince too oft, on many a *vain pretence*
He left the *Plains* and left his *Innocence*:
His *Soul* no *track* of *Modeſty* or *Grace*
Retains, as *ſteel'd* and *harden'd* as his *Face*:
Foul as thoſe loathſom *Brands* his *Body* bears,
And *black* as that *diſſembled Robe* he wears:
For now he do's in *other Garments* ſhrowd
His *ugly Vice*. I ſaw him late, too *proud*
Claius his *Friend*, or ev'n himſelf to *own*,
In *Town* by *Malchi's* nobler *Title* known;
Where with *thoſe Prieſts* he *bands*, whoſe daily *Theme*
Is their ſtill *patient Saviour* to *blaſpheme*:
Not ſo ere while when *innocent* and *young*
With *Claius* thus his *Birth* he *ſweetly ſung*.

Chriſtmas Carol.

Strephon. HOW *Claius*, are we *dumb* with *Joy*?
Come tune thy *Pipe* to *Carols ſweet!*
Lets welcom the *celeſtial Boy*,
And throw our *Garlands* at his *Feet!*

Claius. I have a *Lamb* as *pure* as *Snow*
Which my *Urania* ſmiling gave;
Yet ſhall he to his *Altars* go
Nor ſhall her *Eyes* the *Victim* ſave.

Strephon. Miſtaken *Swain!* he ne'er requires
That with ſuch *off'rings* we ſhould part:
Go give him *pure* and *fair deſires*,
And praiſe him with an *humble heart!*

Claius. Then all my *hopes* and all my *fears*
I'll to their antient *Lord reſtore*,
And all my *ſighs* and all my *tears*,
His Love obtain'd, I ask no *more*.

When thus each others *rural skill* they'd try'd
To my *desire* young *Claius* thus reply'd:
As in yon *Plain* that stretches wide *away*,
Near *Edar's Tow'r* to guard our *Flocks* we lay,
The *Night*, as honest *Shepherds* use, we spent,
In *Tales* and *Songs* and *harmless Merriment*:
On antient *Heroes Stories* some proceed,
Who not *disdain'd* to *touch* the *tuneful Reed*:
Gen. 28.29. Old Father *Jacob's Travels* these relate,
31, 32, &c. And these *unstable Ruben's crime* and *fate*:
Gen. 35.21. 22. Others that valiant *Ephratean Swain*
1 Sam. 17. 2, 49. Who vast *Goliah* quell'd on *Elah's plain*;
How with his *Praises* all the *Vallies* rung;
How well he *fought*, how well he *lov'd* and *sung*.
While thus, on *Earths* soft *Couch* employ'd we lay
From neighb'ring *Cottages* the *Bird of Day*
Loud *sounds* his first *Alarm*, and every *Star*
Revolving swift thro' *Heav'ns* high *Arch* declare
Their *Noon* was past, and *Night* began to *wear*:
When on a sudden aged *Ægon* cries
See Shepherds see, descending from the *Skies*
Yon light! Kind *Heav'n*! What mean these *Prodigies*?
The *Sun* it cannot be, for *Night's* not done,
And almost half his *Under-Day* to run;
Besides, it *mounts* not, but *oblique descends*,
And hitherwards its *wondrous Journey* bends——
——He trembling said, but soon *no more* cou'd say;
For the next *moment* all around was *day*;
The *Ewes* disturb'd *arose* and scatter'd wide,
The little *Lambs* ran *bleeting* by their *side*:
Our faithful Dogs coucht on the ground afraid,
And none besides my *old Lyciſca bay'd*:
Profound we prostrate lay, long groveling there,
Nor cou'd th' *unsufferable Splendor* bear:
Till a fair *Youth*, as my *Urania fair*,
Luke 2. 9. Sweet *Peace* and *Heav'n*-born *Joy* descending brings,
As soft he *touch'd* us with his *purple Wings*.
Blest *Swains*, let no vain *Terrors* you affright!
10. Believe 'tis no *Illusion* of the *Night*!
To you, *he cry'd*, I happy *Tidings* bring

From

From yon *fair place*, and Heav'ns *Almighty King*.
To you, the *Lamb* of *God*, this happy *Morn* Luke 2. 11.
To you, the *Saviour* of the *World* is *born*
In *Ephratean Bethlem*, where of old
The *Royal Swain* ſo well did guard his *Fold*;
You'll find him wrapt in *feeble Infants Bands*, 12.
Who *graſps* all *Nature* with his *mighty Hands*.
A *Cave* and homely *Stable* claim his *Birth*:
Who rais'd the goodly *Pile* of *Heav'n* and *Earth*.
——He ſaid, and ſtrait we ſaw the *welkin* wide
Throng'd with the Heav'nly *Hoſt* from *ſide* to *ſide*; 13.
Thick as thoſe glitt'ring *Motes* that ever *ſtray*,
And *dance* in the *refulgent Beams* of *day*;
Night and our *Fear* they both from us *remove*,
And thus repeat thoſe *Hymns* they learn'd *above*.

Song of the Angels.

Glory to our great *King* on *high*! Luke 2. 14.
To *Heav'ns Imperial Majeſty*!
To him that *ſits upon the Throne*,
" Th' *ador'd Three-One*!

II.

Peace from the *Prince* of *Peace* we bring;
An *Amneſty* from Heav'ns high *King*.
Who at his *Firſt-born*'s welcom *Birth*
Scatters *Pardons* round the *Earth*.

III.

Thunders we muſt uſe no more,
In which the *Law* was preach'd before, Exod. 19. 20.
But ſtrive ingenuous *Man* to move
With mild *Good-will* and Heav'nly *Love*.

Thus *Hymning*, by degrees they leave our *ſight*
And hitherward direct their *parting Light*.
Here, *Father*, we arriv'd——

On

On that *bright Babe* desire to feast our *Eyes*,
The *subject* of so many *Prophesies*!
They said, to their *request* consent I gave
And introduc'd 'em to the *well known Cave*;
With greedy *Eyes* when his *lov'd Face* they spy'd,
On his *lov'd Face* they gaz'd *unsatisfi'd*;
Still more *surpriz'd* more *miracles* behold!
Each humble *Straw* indues the *form of Gold*.
Thro' the *dark Cave* they see *new day arise*,
Projected round from his *illustrious Eyes*;
These o'er the Gates their *rustic Garlands* hung,
These Flow'rs and *Herbs* around profusely flung;
And these the *Child* and these the *Mother* sung:
While *others* from the *Rock* live *Honey* bear,
Or fragrant *Balms* inestimable *Tear*:
Their *humble Presents* paid, they part again,
Luke 2. 17. And spread the joyful *News* o'er all the *Plain*.
Sev'n times bright *Hesper* now had clos'd the *Day*,
As oft sweet *Phosphor* warn'd the *Stars away*:
Luke 2. 21. The eighth *glad morn* arising, when we bear
The *Holy Infant* to the *House* of *Pray'r*;
Whence, as the *Law* directs, that *mark* he *wore*
On all our *pious Father's* stampt *before*;
Inscrib'd in *Blood* upon his *tender skin*,
Altho' he knew no stain of *Guilt* or *Sin*,
And the next *Moon* elaps'd, as custom calls,
Agen we speed for *antient Salem's Walls*;
Our dear *First-born*, so *Holy Rites* require
Levit. 12. 4. To *dedicate* to his *immortal Sire*.
Nor sooner to the *Temple Gates* we came
But th' *Incense* with a *clear* and *gen'rous flame*
Shot strait to *Heav'n*.—The pious *Mother* went
Her *off'ring* to his *Father* to present;
Exod. 2. 13. And her two *Turtles*, *innocent* as they,
Levit. 12. 6. Did near the *Sacred Altar trembling* lay:
But scarce the *double Sacrifice* was done,
To *purge* the *Mother* and present the *Son*;
Luke 2. 25. When thro' th' *admiring Crowd* old *Simeon* came
Of noted *Virtue* and unblemish't *Fame*;
To whom when *cold decrepid Age* had spread

The



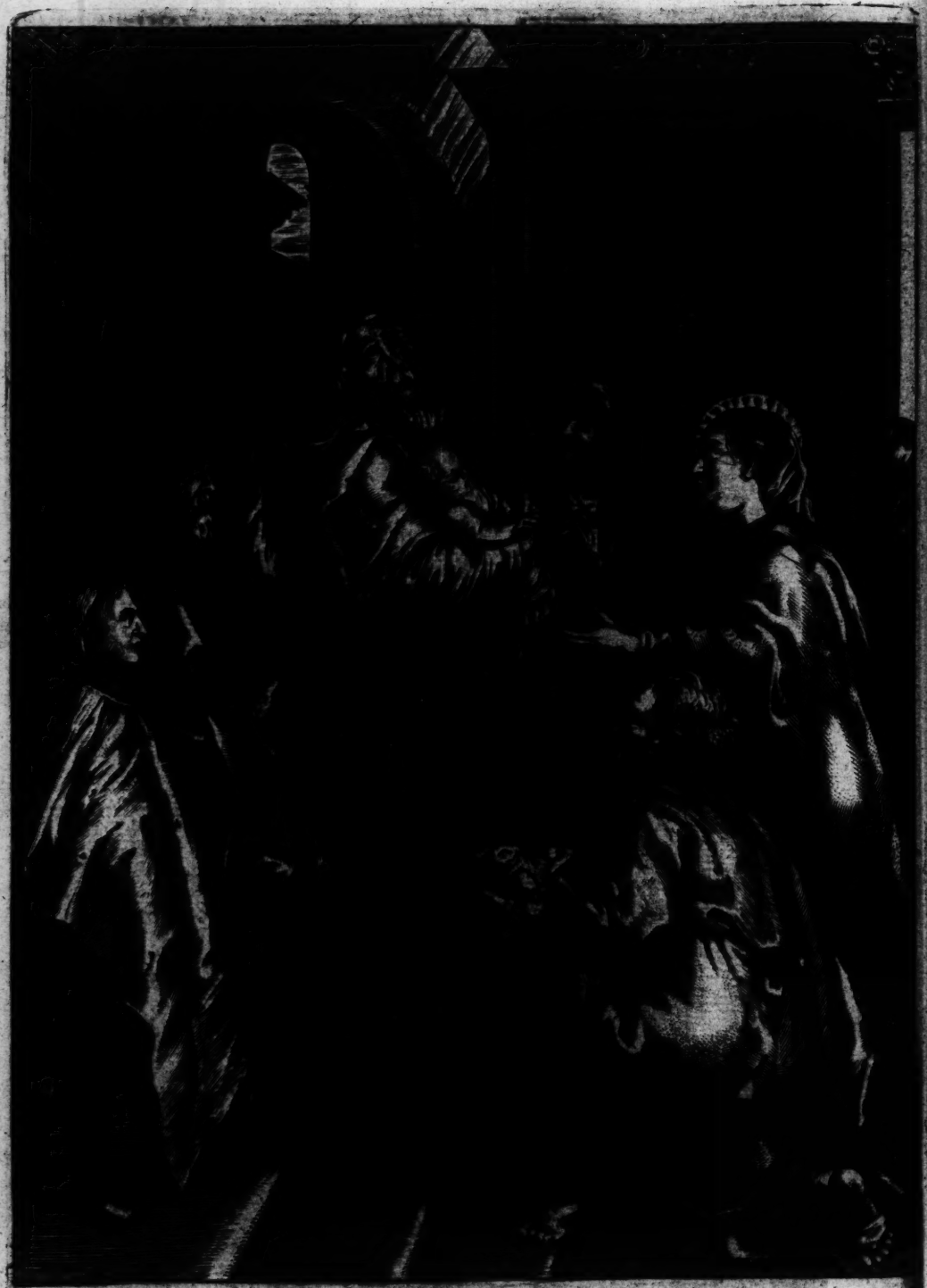
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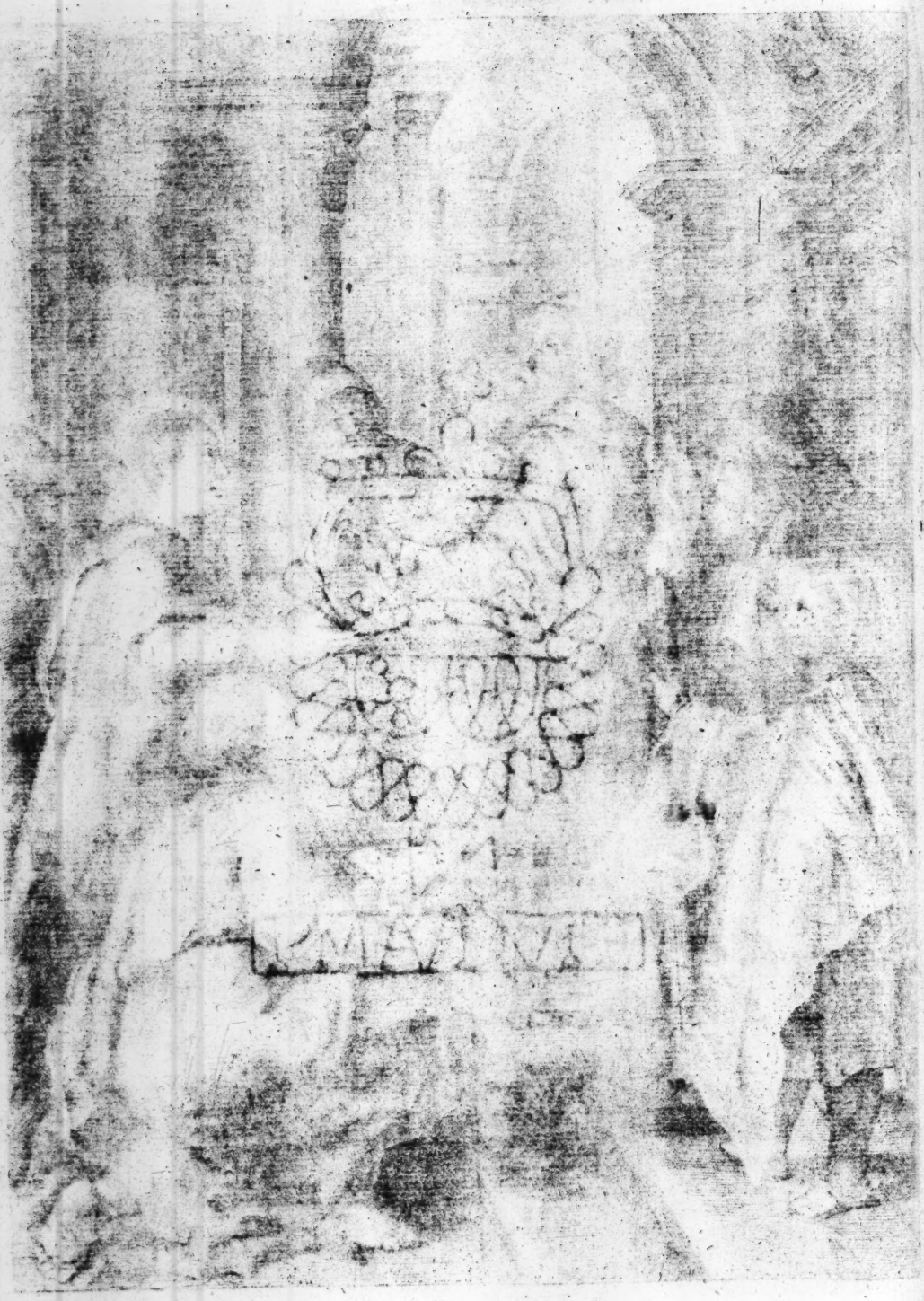


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The *Snow* of *fourſcore Winters* on his *head*,
As he one *Evening* in the *Temple* ſtay'd
And for ſad *Iſrael's* wiſh'd *redemption* pray'd,
A *Heav'nly Youth* of thoſe who *waited* there *
Indues a thin-ſpun *Robe* of *ambient Air*
And bids the *aged Father* not *deſpair*;
For tho' ſo ſhort his *Thread of Life* were *ſpun*,
So many *precious* Sands already *run*,
Him *vainly threatning Death* ſhou'd not ſurprize 62.
Till the *Meſſia* bleſt his *longing Eyes*:
The ſame bright *Form* appear'd this happy *day*
As on his *Face* in *pray'r* he *proſtrate* lay;
And from his *Cloſet beckon'd him* away:
With Joy the *good old man* the *ſignal* takes,
And, all *extatick*, to the *Temple makes*:
In *haſt* he *chearful* came, *erect*, alone,
His uſeleſs *Crutches* now *aſide were* thrown:
Thro' all the *crowd* of *Prieſts* and *Suppliants* preſs'd,
Then ſeiz'd the *Child* and laid him at his *Breaſt*;
With his dear *Burden* to the *Altar* ran
And thus, with *ſacred Rage inſpir'd*, began.

Simeon's Song, or the *Nunc Dimittis*. Luke 2. 29.

YES, Now thy Servant dies, he gladly dies!
This *Life*, dear Lord! prolong no more,
But as you *promis'd* me before
In *Peace* now *cloſe mine Eyes!*
Mine *Eyes* which that dear *Object* now has met
For which ſo long they *gaz'd* in vain,
For whoſe *delay* ſo long I did *complain*:
I've ſeen the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs* ariſe; 30.
'Tis *time* my *glimm'ring Lamps* forſake the *Skies*
And in the *ſhades* of *Death* for *ever ſet*.

II.

The *World* already *hails* his *welcom birth*: 31, 32.
Already humble *Gifts* prepare Matt. 2. 1.
To *meet* and *bleſs* th' *Almighty Heir* 11.
The *King* of *Heav'n* and *Earth*:

Him

Him the loſt *Gentiles* ſhall their *Saviour* find,
Him *Heathen Lands* their *Lord* ſhall own,
Their *Lord* and *God*, him who alone
Not only giveth *ſight* but *Eyes to th' blind.*

III.

43. Ah ſtupid *Nation!* Wilt thou ſtill *refuſe*,
Still *hate* thy *Saviour*? Ah *thrice harden'd Jews!*
(Grant *Heav'n* theſe *boding fears* may not be true!)
Rejected by your *Prince*, as *he* by *you!*
But Ah! What *cruel Truths* I ſee
In the dark *Womb* of future *days*?
To what a *curſed Throne* will you your *Saviour* raiſe?
How will you *crown* with *Thorns* and *Infamy*?
35. What *wounds*, what *ſwords*, Great *Mother*, are prepar'd for thee?

IV.

But with our *ſufferings Heav'n* 's at laſt inclin'd,
For ſee a *glorious Scene* behind!
He *comes*, he *comes*; *agen* theſe *Eyes* ſhall ſee,
Agen, *dear Saviour*, *welcom thee!*
The *Cloud* thy *Chariot*, and thy *Wings* the *Wind*,
In *Zion* ſhall appear
The great *Deliverer.*
My *ſtubborn* Nation then ſhall *ſtrive* no more,
But him whom once they *pierc'd*, *adore*:
33, 34. Now *Iſraels Glory*, as their *Shame before.*

He ſaid, when ſtrait to *bliſs* his *ſoul retir'd*, *
And ſlumb'ring *ſoft* he with a *Smile expir'd.*
New *wonders* ſtill ariſe as theſe are paſt,
Like *Waves*, the *firſt confounded* in the *laſt.*
Each *Sex*, as well as *Age*, their *Lord* confeſs,
A *Prophet* firſt, and now a *Propheteſs.*
Luke 2. 36. *Anna*, a *Matron* Sage, and whilſt a *Wife*,
For *ſpotleſs Faith* renown'd, and holy *Life*;
Old *Phanuel's Heir*, of *Aſher's* fruitful *Race*
Fam'd in her *Youth* for matchleſs *Mind* and *Face*,

Sought

Sought by a hundred *Wooers*, nor deny'd,
To bleſs the *happieſt* by the name of *Bride*:
Seven Years they liv'd and no *Diſſention* knew;
Tho' *One* at firſt, yet ſtill *more one* they *grew*:
Their *Thoughts*, their *Wiſhes*, nay their *Souls* the *ſame*,
In *nought* they differ'd but in *Sex* and *Name*:
So *intimately* cloſe the *Knot* was ty'd,
That *Death* it ſelf cou'd hardly them *divide*:
And when th' *untimely Grave* had him receiv'd,
And her of *more* than her *own Life* bereav'd,
She *wonder'd* how, and ſcarce *believ'd* ſhe *liv'd*;
All thoughts of any *ſecond Love* defies,
And to all worldly *Joy* and *Pleaſure* dies;
Within the *Temple* waiting the bleſt *hour*, Luke 2. 37.
Which her might to her much-lov'd *Lord* reſtore:
Her earthly *Frame* by *Faſts* ſo far *refin'd*,
That little now was left but *perfect Mind*:
Oft her *pure Soul* to *Heav'n* would take its *flight*
Loſt and *abſorpt* in *Glory infinite*:
Retir'd as oft, no *Look*, no *Thought* abroad,
Nothing ſhe *knew* beſide her *ſelf* and *God*;
Nay ſometimes ſcarce *diſtinct her ſelf* cou'd call;
* *Abſtracted* from her ſelf, for *God* was all.
What *dazling Viſions*, not to be expreſt,
Her conſtant fervent pure *Devotions* bleſt!
What *beatific Glories* warm'd her *Breaſt*!
What *Crowds* of *beauteous Seraphs* left the *Choir*,
At once, to *imitate* her and *admire*!
What myſtic *Truths* by them to her *reveal'd*,
To all, but *them* and *Heav'n* it ſelf, conceal'd!
From theſe ſhe learns what ſtrikes weak *Reaſon* dumb,
What *tries* e'en *Faith*, that *God* ſhou'd *Man* become:
She learn'd the *Time*, the *Day*, the *Hour* preciſe,
When we approach'd to bring our *Sacrifice*:
What *Joy*, what *Exultation* ſhe expreſs'd,
And *hail'd* her Saviour at the *Virgins Breaſt*?
Nor *half* content that him her *ſelf* ſhe h'd found;
How gladly ſpread ſhe the glad *News* around
* To all the *juſt*, by her and *Heav'n* approv'd,
To all who a *Redeemer wiſh'd* and *lov'd*?

This *much*, tho' what remains did more *ſurprize*,
For Fame reports three *Princes* great and wiſe,
Matt. 2. 1. Were late *arriv'd*, from near the *Sun's upriſe*;
From the fair *Fields* of happy *Araby*, *
Judea's ſtrange *expected Prince* to ſee;
Conducted ſafely by a *wondrous Star*
Croſs all thoſe *ſandy Worlds*, outſtretching far
Thro' the wide *Wilderneſs*, until at laſt,
To *Moab's* pleaſant *Plains* and *Hills* they paſt;
Near *Edom's Mount* to *Jordan's doubtful Brim*, *
'Twixt *Selah* and the cloudy *Abarim*:
Croſſing the *Flood*, as it by *Gilgal* falls,
They ſoon arriv'd at antient *Salem's* Walls;
2. And boldly for the *new born King* enquire,
The hope of *Iſr'el*, and the *Worlds deſire!*
Matth. 2. 3. Proud *Herod* heard, and *trembled* at the *News*,
Whoſe heavy *Tyranny* the injur'd *Jews*
So long had *ſighing born*; nor they alone,
His very *Friends* beneath his *Axes* groan,
With his own *Blood* he *dyes* his *ſlipp'ry Throne.* *
Not all his ſordid *Flatt'rers* now avail'd;
Their *Hearts*, as well as their fierce *Tyrants* fail'd;
Tho' him ſo late they their *Meſſia* hail'd: *
Howe'er that *Savage Wolf* the *Fox* indu'd,
Awkwardly pious ſeem'd, and *ſtrangely good*:
The *Sages* to his ſtately *Palace* brings,
And plac'd 'em in *Apartments* fit for *Kings*:
Diſſembling *Hoſpitable Piety*,
Aloud he prais'd their *Zeal* and *Induſtry*:
Bleſt be th' *unutterable Name*! Said he,
Who e'en to *Gentile Worlds*, ſo long conceal'd,
At laſt has our great *promis'd Prince* reveal'd!
O might we but the *Royal Infant* greet,
And throw our *Crowns* and *Sceptres* at his *Feet*:
How much, how infinitely *bleſt* we were,
If to his *Fathers Houſe* we him might *bear*?
How happy, might we *wait* and *ſerve* him there?
Thus cloſe his *Nets* the ſanguine *Tyrant* plac'd,
(For when our humble *Roof* the *Sages* grac'd,
They all repeated,) thus did them *deceive*,

So

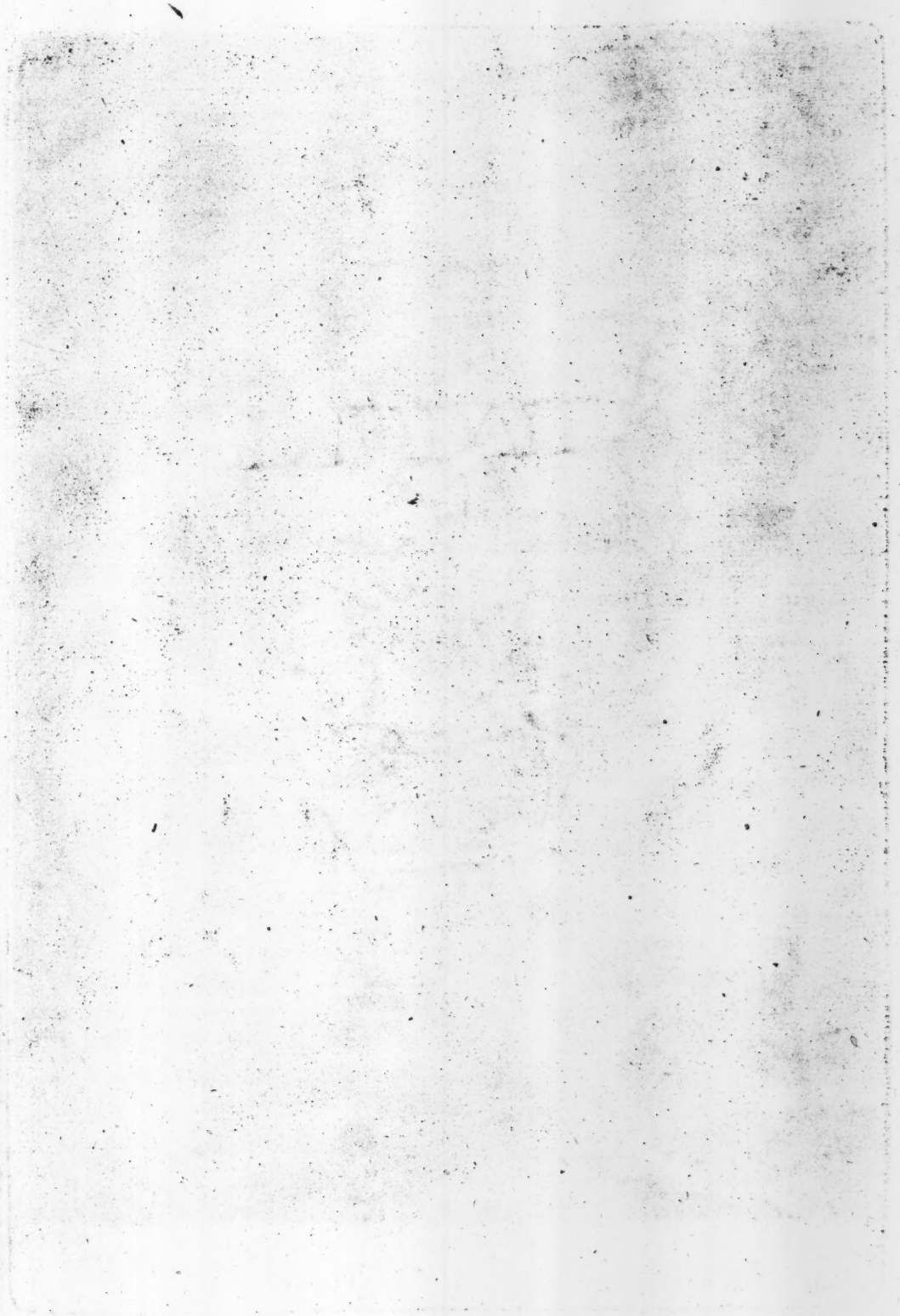
So eaſily will *Innocence* believe;
So firmly on his *Royal Word* they lean'd;
Who inſtantly the *Sanhedrim* conven'd:
Solicitous he askt that happy *Place*,
Which the *Meſſia*'s glorious *Birth* ſhould grace? Matt. 2. 4.
If it their antient *ſacred Books* declare;
—As I remember, you, learn'd Sir, was there,
* Fair *Rama*'s Lord to wiſe *Gamaliel* cry'd,
When this propos'd.—'Tis true, the Sage reply'd;
That Morning in the *Sanhedrim* I ſate,
And 'twas by all *reſolv'd*, *on the Debate*,
That humble *Bethl'hem*, *David*'s antient *Seat*,
Muſt by his *God-like Off-ſprings Birth* be great:
As thus, *inſpir'd*, the fam'd *Morasthite* ſung,
While with his lofty Sounds fair *Salem*'s Mountains rung.

Mich's *Propheſie*.

LET *Salem* boaſt her antient *Kings*, Micah 2.
Salem, which Princely *David ſings*;
And *Shemir*'s vain *Apoſtate Town*,
Her *Gods*, her *Strength*, her *Pleaſure*, and *Renown!*
Bethl'hem alone's my noble *choice*,
That claims my *Lyre* and claims my *Voice*,
In that ſhall *Iſrael*'s *Land* and *Gentile-Worlds* rejoyce;
Tho' *mean* thou art and *humble* now,
Wide ſhall thy *ſpreading Glories* grow,
And all around, like *fruitful Jordan*, overflow:
For if a *Kings* or *Heroes* Seat,
Muſt by his *Reſidence* be great,
All others infinitely this o'erpow'rs,
Where *Heav'ns* high *King* is *born*, as well as *ours*.
Already I the *Royal Infant* ſee,
How *long* his *Rule*, how *vaſt* his *Realms* ſhall be:
Thro' boundleſs *Space* and *Time* he reigns *eternally!*

——The ſame, my Friend, ſays *Cephas*, did repeat
The ſame to him, the *Magi*, *wiſe* and *great*.
(Tho' that before, and much beſide he knew,
Which from the Sacred *Oracles* he drew.)

Nor they the humble *Bethl'hems Walls* diſdain'd,
Nor long in *Herod's glittering Courts* remain'd;
Thence haſten'd, ev'n by *him*, that *Prince* to find,
For *Iſra'ls Sceptre* and the *Worlds* deſign'd;
Tho' e'er they went, by ſtricteſt *Bonds* enjoyn'd,
When him they *found*, they the glad *News* ſhould ſend,
That he with *Adoration* might attend.
This his fair *Semblance* tho' his black *Intent*,
Matth. 2. 8. Was but too plain diſcover'd by th' *event*;
For they no ſooner ſafely enter'd were
Under the *Convoy* of their firſt bright *Star*,
Our *lowly Roof*, the rev'rend *Sire* goes on,
Whither, not long before, our *Off'rings* done,
We from the *Temple* came—no ſooner they
9. Did *Gifts* at once and *Adoration* pay
To th' *Infant King*, but by a *Viſion* warn'd,
To their own happy *Country* they *return'd*;
Nor call'd at *Salem*, as their firſt *intent*,
But round, by *ſecret winding* ways, they went.
What ſaid not *Herod* when the *Truth* he *found*?
12, 16. The *Air* how did his fruitleſs *Curſes* wound,
Which all were loſt in *Wind*, or on his *Head rebound*.
But tho' they ſoon were paſt his *Rage* and *Pow'r*,
The *Thunder* ended in a *bloody Show'r*
On *mourning Bethl'hem*, which at firſt hung high,
And at a diſtance gather'd in the *Skie*:
'Twas juſt *deſcending* when an *Angel* came;
Twas he who firſt from *Scandal* and from *Blame*
Clear'd the chaſt *Maid*, aloud he bids me *riſe*,
(I ſaw *Concern* and *Pity* in his *Eyes*;)
13. *Riſe* e'er too late and our dear *Pledg convey*,
With his unſpotted *Mother*, wide away
To *Egypt's* diſtant *Fields*; nor thence remove:
Till he receiv'd *Commiſſion* from above,
As now he *convey'd* our to guard us *home*.
—An *hours* delay was *Death*, the *Guards* were come
From *bloody Herod*, eager to deſtroy
His *dreaded Rival* in the *God-like Boy*.
Arriv'd already at the *City Gate*,
And only there did for *Admittance wait*.



UMI





Book 2 pag: 60.

N.° 15



Nat: 2

Book 2 pag.: 61.

N.° 16



Act: 2

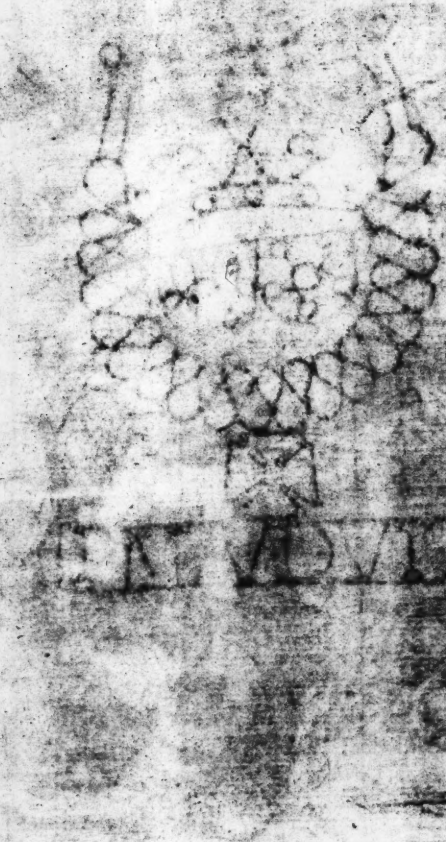


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N° 17



Mat: 2

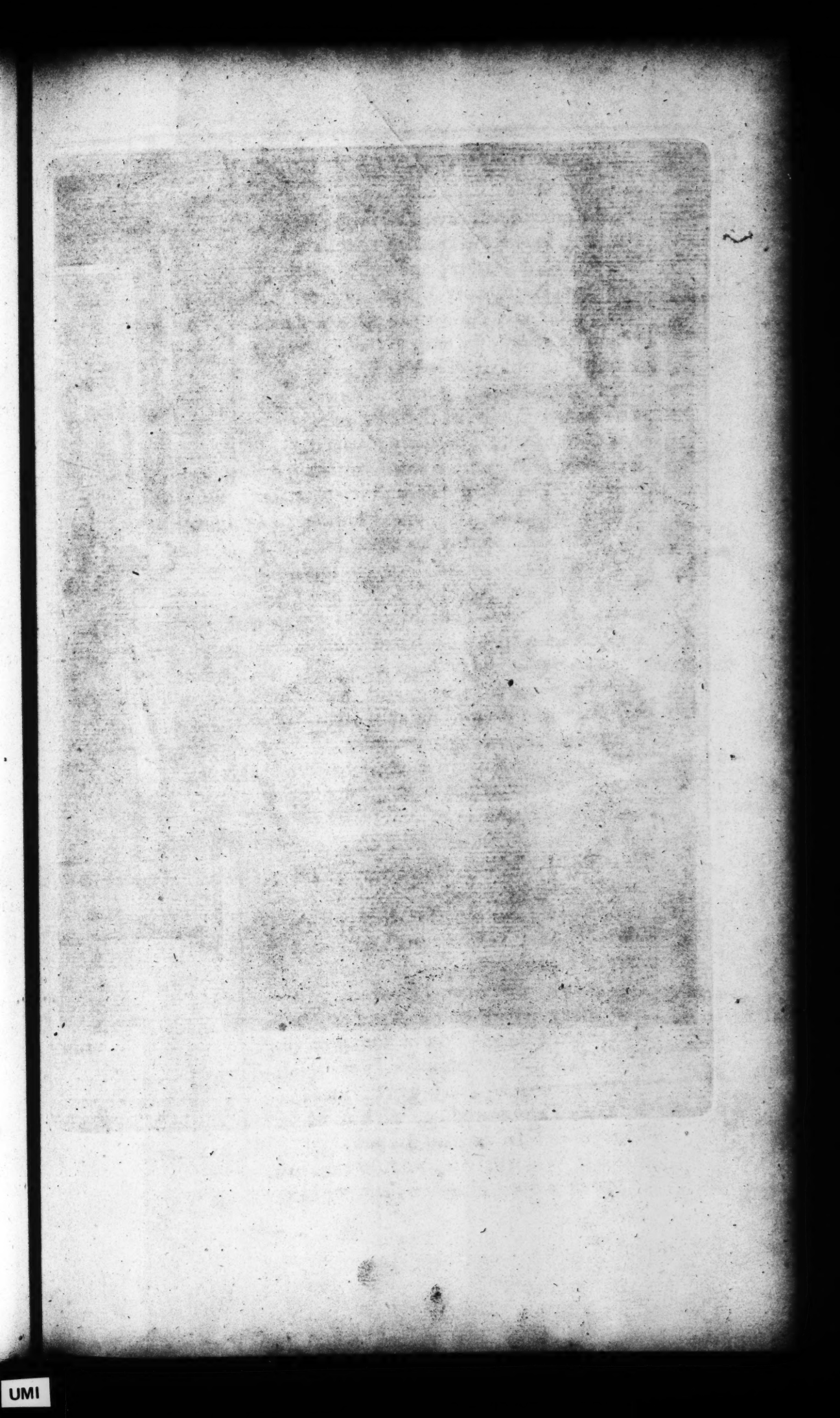


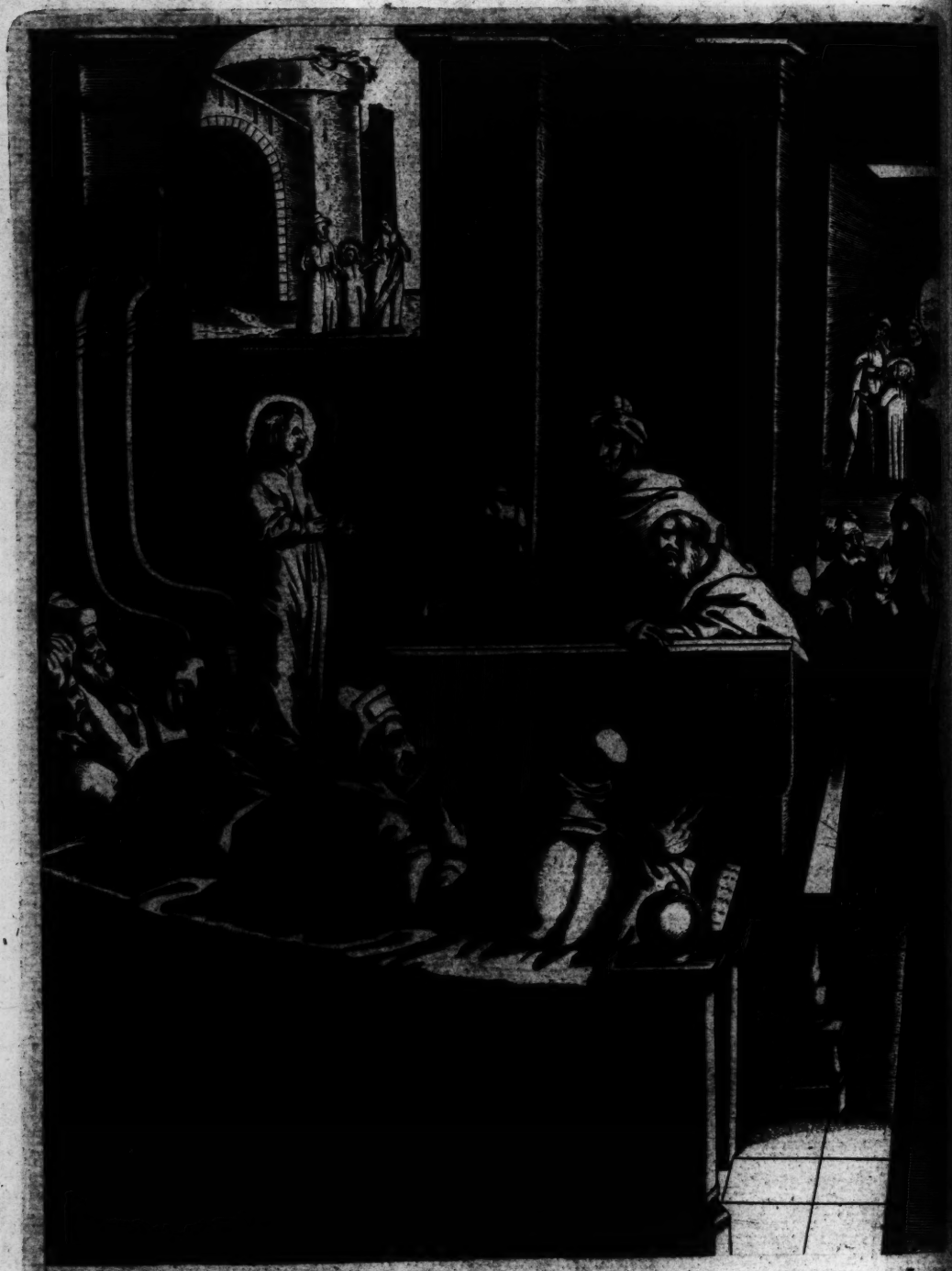
Starting I *roſe*, for my lov'd *Charge* afraid,
Nor in the *Town* one *precious Moment* ſtay'd;
Scarce had I time to tell the *ſacred Maid*,
What my *Concern* and this ſtrange *Hurry* meant,
But *ſilent* thro' the *Southern Gate* we went;
Nor many *Paces* from the *Wall* had gone,
When all the buſie *Streets* with *Torches* ſhone,
Croſſing from Houſe to Houſe, which we eſpy
* From a ſmall Hill, and a ſtrait diſmal cry
Of *Blood* and *Murther* did our *Ears* affright,
With doubled *Horror* thro' the ſilent *Night*.
Loud *Shrieks* we ſometimes *heard*, nor that *alone*, Matth. 2. 18.
Oft we diſtinguiſh'd ſome deep *dying Groan*:
Theſe of their *barb'rous Foes* for *Mercy* pray'd,
Theſe, *deſp'rate* grown, with fruitleſs *Arms* invade,
How *gaſtly* muſt that *Scene* of *Horror* be,
Entire, which we did thus by *piecemeal* ſee?
Here *mangled Infants* from the *Windows* fall,
And *Herod*'s bloody *Banner* on the *Wall*;
There *Children* daſh'd on *Marble Pavements* lie,
There *gor'd* aloft on *Pikes* or *Halberts* die.
The Virgin *ſhriek'd* with Fear almoſt oppreſt,
And *claſpt* the *Royal Infant* to her *Breaſt*;
Nor dar'd we more of the *ſad Sight* partake,
Trembling leſt we our ſelves a *part* ſhou'd make;
But we e'er *morning*, in our ſpeedy *Flight*,
* Had reach'd the *Foreſt* of the *Tekoite*;
Beth haccerem we ſhun with cautious Fear,
For *Herod*'s *Garriſon* we knew was *there*:
And paſt the *Woods*, and *Siddim*'s *Plain* came down
—On the third Morn, to *Sheba*'s bord'ring *Town*:
—There leaving *Paleſtine*, our *Courſe* we take
* O'er the vaſt *Sands* by *Syrbon*'s waning *Lake*
* And *Caſius Mount*, with *Palms* and *Cedars* crown'd,
For mighty *Pompey*'s *Fate* and *Tomb* renown'd:
There entring on proud *Mizraims* fruitful *Soil*,
* Which asks no *Rain*, and knows no *God* but *Nile*;
* Near old *Bethſhemeſh* we the *River* croſt,
Which both its antient *Name* and *Gods* has loſt,
Now *Heliopolis*; advancing on

To

To the proud *Walls* of neighb'ring *Babylon*; *
Nor dare ſo *near* our dreaded Foe abide,
But ſtill *pierce* further, and at laſt reſide
At Royal *Noph*, now *Memphis*, *Egypt*'s Pride;
(Near thoſe vaſt *Pyramids* which *wound* the *Sky*, *
Whilſt at *midway* the empty *Clouds* go by;
Vain Monuments of *Pow'r* and *Luxury*;
Huge *uſeleſs Wonders*, *Wens* on *Natures Face*,
The *younger Brothers* of the *Babel-race*;)
And there in wiſh'd *Obſcurity* remain'd,
By an old *Friend* with *Kindneſs* entertain'd.
—But the *Day wears*, nor need I now relate
What's known ſo well, proud *Herod*'s *dreadful Fate*,
Vide Joſeph. Antiq. An *End* he did, worthy his *Crimes*, receive:
Nor muſt I ſay how we did *Egypt* leave,
By the kind *Angel* warn'd, how a *new Fear*
Surpriz'd us, when, our happy *Birth-place* near,
We heard, to our *uneaſineſs* and *Pain*,
Matth. 2. 22. The *Tyrant*'s *Son* did in *Judea reign*:
How by divine *Direction* guided, we,
Still *Northward* went to diſtant *Galilee*;
Till to fair *Nazareth* again we came,
Matth. 2. 23. That thence the Royal Child might bear his Name,
As antient *Prophets ſung*—how great his State? *
What *Angels* on his *Infancy* did wait?
How he increas'd in *Age* and *Piety*,
How ſtill t' his Holy *Mother*, and to me,
Exact *Obedience* paid——
What *Wonders* we from thoſe that paſt *preſage*,
From *Youth* and *Childhood* meas'ring *manly Age*.
In ev'ry *Virtue*, ev'ry *State* compleat;
This only of his *Actions* I'll *repreat*,
Tho' many more I muſt in *ſilence* paſs,
Well worthy *Marble Piles* or *Leaves* of *Braſs*.
Three *Luſtres* ſcarce compleat, e'er the ſoft *Down*, *
His Nectar *dropping Lips* began to *crown*;
Luke 2. 41, 42. We to the *Paſch* aſcending, with us he
Obſerves with *Joy* the glad *Solemnity*.
Which now in feſtal *Songs* and *Off'rings* paſt,
T' our own ſweet *Nazareth* again we haſt.

But





Book 2. page 67.

Lucia

N.° 18



Luc: 2

But missing him, we both began to *fear*,
Nor Tidings cou'd from all our *Kindred* hear;
We search each *Troop*, returning from the *Pasch*, Luke 2. 44.
Zebedee and his *Grandsire Heli* ask,
Ask o'er and o'er, but cou'd no Comfort gain.
As a fair *Hind* who wand'ring o'er the *Plain*,
Or some thick *Wood*, her tender *Fawn* has lost
So look'd the *Virgin*, so lamenting *crost*
Each *Street* and *Road*, in vain she sought and *mourn'd*, 45.
Nor less when to the *Town* next *Morn* return'd:
Two Days, alike, in *fruitless search* we spent, 46.
Two *Nights* in *Tears*, and him, as *lost*, lament:
Her *Feet* ne'er rest by *Day*, by Night her *Eyes*,
Which *delug'd* saw the *third sad Morn arise*:
Humane *Endeavours* vain, to *Heav'n* she flies,
Resolv'd to seek him in the *House* of *Pray'r*,
And from his *Father* ask *Direction* there: *Ibid.*
We *sought*, and him amidst the *Scribes* we found,
A pleas'd, a numerous *Audience* seated round, 47.
His *Words* admiring, on his *Lips* they *hung*,
And bless'd each *sound* of his harmonious *Tongue*:
How far his *Sense* his tender *Age* outran!
Beyond a *Child*, he spake beyond a *Man!*
—Heav'ns! Was it he? Good *Nicodemus* cry'd:
Then in the *Schools*, as chanc'd, I did *preside*,
And heard it all; the wond'rous *Youth* admir'd,
Nor thought him less than by *high Heav'n* inspir'd!
So *lofty*, yet so *evident* and *clear*,
All his *surprizing Thoughts* and *Notions* were:
Each *Look*, each *Word*, such a peculiar *Grace*;
So *modest*, and so *grave* his *Heav'nly Face*,
Envy it self, his *Foe*, cou'd hardly *prove*;
He shar'd at once our *Wonder* and our *Love*.
If then, with *Zeal*, the happy *Friend* rejoyn'd,
So justly you *admir'd* so great a *Mind*,
How wou'd you then, if him you now wou'd *see*?
How *Fathers!* wou'd you all soon *rival* me?
He now excels himself, as *others* then,
He's *fairer* far than all the *Sons of Men*:

Mild

Mild *Mercy* mixt with *awful Goodneſs* ſhine
All o'er, confeſſing *Love* and *Pow'r* divine:
Each *Look*, each *Line*, beſpeaks *immod'rate Grace*,
And ſhows his *Fathers Image* in his *Face*:
—Yet he but *injures*, who like me commends,
The beſt of *Maſters* and the beſt of *Friends*.
Ah, had you once, like me, his *Goodneſs* prov'd;
Were he but *known* he cou'd not but be *lov'd*.
—A *Warmth* like yours, *Succeſs* can never fail,
So ſtrongly you *perſuade*, you muſt *prevail*,
Wiſe *Nicodemus* cries, for your great *Friend*,
Whom I my ſelf *deſire* this *Night* t' attend,
To find if *Truth* will theſe *Encomiums* bear,
Or heighthen'd you preſent his *Character*.
Gladly I claim the *Word*, the *Saint* reply'd,
And for the *Honour* preſs to be your *Guide*:
They joyn, tho' all the *Company* divide;
When *Joſeph* firſt ſaluted every *Gueſt*,
And the next *Morning* fix'd to hear the *reſt*.

The End of the Second Book.

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK II.

Verſe 1. *ALL ſilent ſtood when* Rama's *Lord had done.*] As I ended the Firſt Book, ſo I begin the Second, with an Imitation of *Virgil's, Conticuere omnes,* and *Interea Æneas.* By *Rama's* Lord is meant *Joſeph* of *Arimathea, Vide* Notes on the Firſt Book.

3. *So when our Prince ſhall* Iſrael's *Throne regain,*
So may I by his ſide for ever reign.] It's too plain to need any great matter of Proof, that S. *Peter* eſpecially, and I believe the greateſt part or all of the other Diſciples, did expect at that time the *Temporal Reign* of the *Meſſiah.* As for S. *Peter's Wiſh* here, to reign by his *Side,* on his *Throne,* the ſame with that of *Zebedee's Sons* afterwards, a Modern Critic tells us, 'twas the Cuſtom for the *antient Throne* to be made of a great *Capacity,* able to contain ſeveral Perſons. As for the *Form* of the Aſſeveration, *So when our Prince,* &c. 'tis not unlike that which *Grotius* quotes out of their *Chetub,* " *Ita videam conſolationem Iſrael,* So may I ſee the Con-" ſolation of *Iſrael*: which, he ſays, was an uſual Affirmation among the *Jews.*

8. *Which* theſe, *which* Fame, *which all the* World *atteſt.*]. *Theſe,* the two other Diſciples: *Fame,* for we read of the *Fame* of *Jeſus, Matth.* 4. 24. *Luke* 4. 14. 37. & 14. 1. *Herod heard of the* Fame *of Jeſus,* and in ſeveral other places. All the *World* here is no more than *Jew* and *Gentile,* or all the *Roman World,* which every one knows was at that time called the πᾶσα οἰκουμένη. Nor were his Miracles only known to the *Syrians,* Matth. 4. 24. The *Phœnicians,* Mar. 7. 26. and afterwards the *Grecians,* John 12. 20. but to the *Romans* alſo, as the *Centurion,* and probably many others. *Vid. plur. infra.*

19. *From whoſe wiſe Books his* Sacred Name *we gain.*] See our Learned *Mede,* on *Daniel's Weeks,* which he proves muſt be accompliſhed about the time of our Saviour's coming, whichſoever of the aſſigned *Epoches* we take for their beginning. And 'tis his Obſervation, that we have the very name of the *Meſſiah* from that Prophet, *Dan.* 9. 25, 26. where he's called *Meſſiah the Prince*; and 'tis added, *Meſſiah ſhall be cut off, but not for himſelf.* See more in Notes on *Lib.* vii.

20. *The* Period *paſt our* Rabbies *all declare*;
And come he is, or we muſt now deſpair]. *Malachi* having foretold, that the Lord ſhould *ſuddenly* come to his *Temple*; the *Jews* having loſt their *Legiſlative* power; the *Weeks* of *Daniel* being now accompliſhed; the *Baptiſt* alſo appearing in the *Spirit* and *Power* of *Elias,* and indeed all other Prophecies of the *Meſſiah compleated,* and all *centring* in this very time; it would be but very reaſonable to ſuppoſe the *Rabbies* did at that time publickly declare their *Expectation* of him, tho' we had no poſitive proof for ſuch an Aſſertion. But yet further, 'tis not only

plain from the *Evangeliſts* that he was then *generally expected* by the whole *Nation* of the *Jews*, (whence I ſay *Of what all* Iſrael *knows*) and even the *Samaritans*, that Woman who was none of the *beſt*, nor, 'tis to be preſum'd, the *wiſeſt* among 'em, yet ſpeaking on't as a thing out of Queſtion. *the Meſſiah cometh*, ἔρχεται, with a *preſent* ſignification; not only this is notorious, but even their great Men expreſs'd themſelves freely to the ſame *Sence*; thus old *Simeon*, whom ſome ſuppoſe a great *Rabbi* amongſt them, and *Caiaphas*, who propheſied very clearly even of the *Meſſiah*'s Sufferings. And *Joſephus* confirms the ſame, plainly acknowledging, that at that time, ſome great Prince was, by an antient Tradition or Prophecy, expected in the Eaſt, which, according to his uſual Flattery, he applies to *Veſpaſian*. With all which the modern *Jews* find themſelves ſo preſs'd, that they have been forc'd to own the time when we know the *Meſſiah* did really come, was indeed that *appointed* for his *coming*, but 'twas delay'd they ſay, for the Sins of the People: 'tis anſwered, the *Promiſe* of the *Meſſiah* was *abſolute*, and he was to come to *ſave* his *People* from their *Sins*, when the World was in a deſperate *Condition*, and, as one of the *Rabbies* ſays, " Filled with *Dogs*, *Wolves*, and *Goats* inſtead of *Men*. Others of 'em ſay he did then really *come*, but is not yet *declared* or *revealed*, remaining all this while *incognito*. And a third ſort, as I find it quoted by a learned Perſon from their *Bab Berachoth*, that the *Meſſiah* was really *born*, and that of *poor Parents*, and in the time of the *latter Temple*, but was *ſnatcht away* again for the *Sins* of their *Nation*; which is true enough, tho' not in the ſence they intended. Nay I find one of their *Rabbies*, *Sam Marochianus de adventu Meſſiæ*, who goes further than any of theſe, " I dread and fear, O Lord, ſays he, leſt that *Jeſus* " who was ſlain by our Fathers, and whom the Chriſtians worſhip, ſhould be that " *Righteous one*, ſold for Silver, according to the Prophet *Amos*.

24. *By that fell* Idumean *Wolf oppreſt.*] *Herod* the Great, generally ſuppos'd an *Edomite*, tho' ſome make him of *Askalon*.

28. *Diſſembling Piety our Temple rais'd.*] He enlarg'd, adorn'd, and as good as rebuilt the *ſecond Temple*, as *Joſeph. Antiq. lib.* 15. *cap.* 14. which tho' ſome learned Men have denied, as *Eckius* and *Villalpandus*, yet one would think *Joſephus* ſhould beſt know, having ſo often *officiated* in it, and perhaps ſeen part of it *building* with his own *Eyes*; nor does he at all flatter *Herod*, who was dead many years before, whatever he ſays of *Veſpaſian*. This *Temple* was in truth a very magnificent *Structure*, tho', by the leave of our Maſter *Cowley*, much inferior to that of *Solomon*, as ſhall appear more largely in Notes on *Lib.* vii. The *main Body* of it was finiſhed by *Herod* himſelf in eight Years and an half, employing about a *thouſand Carriages* and *eleven thouſand Men*, but 'twas forty ſix years before the whole was compleated by the *Jews*, as they told our Saviour.

31. *And makes th' High-Prieſt himſelf a Sacrifice.*] *John Hircanus*, who was, if I miſtake not, his Father-in-law into the bargain. See *Joſeph. Antiq. Lib.* 6, & 7.

36. *Their Idol Eagle to our* Temple *brings.*
Who percht on proud Antonia, *claps his Wings.*] *Antonia* was a Caſtle built by *Herod* in honour of his Friend *Anthony*, near the *Temple*, at the North-Weſt Corner, on an inacceſſible *Rock* fifty Cubits high, and the Caſtle upon it forty Cubits more; which was four ſquare, with four *Towers* at the *Corners*, commanding all the *Temple*, into which there were alſo ſecret Paſſages from it. See the Deſcription of it *Joſeph. Antiq. lib.* 6. *cap.* 7. But not only the *Roman Banners*, which the *Jews* lookt upon as *Idols*, and perhaps they were not miſtaken, might offend the *Zealots*, when waving on the *Towers* ſo near their *Temple*; but *Joſephus* tells us in his *Antiq. lib* 17 *cap* 18. " that *Herod* did really erect a *Golden Eagle*, of an almoſt ineſti- " mable value, on the very Portal of the *Temple*, which *Judas* and *Matthias*, two " brave young Men, and zealous for their Law, were ſo much offended at, that " they got their *Friends* together, and cut it all to pieces with their *Swords* and *Ax-* " *es*, tho' it coſt many of their Lives.

38 Judah *no more gives Laws.*] This ſeems the moſt natural Interpretation of the *Sceptre*'s departing from *Judah*, that is, the *Legiſlative Power*, which till now remain'd with thoſe *two Tribes* returning from *Captivity*.

41. *Our*

41. *Our Subſtance ſeiz'd*, &c. *Which my fierce Country could not tamely bear.*] See a large account of the Inſurrection of the *Galilean Jews* againſt the *Romans* under *Judas Gaulonitis*, (ſo called from the City *Golan* in *Baſhan*) on occaſion of this Taxation, in *Joſeph. Antiq. lib.* 18. *cap.* 1.

71. *And brought, of ſeven* Sabbatic *years, the laſt.*] *Joſeph* 'tis probable was a *middle-ag'd* perſon at the time of his Marriage. The *Sabbatic Year* is either the *ſeventh Year*, or *ſeven Years*, a *Week* of *Years*: ſuppoſe him then born either in the laſt Year of the firſt *Sabbath*, or the very ſeventh or *Sabbatic* Year, he might be now ſomething above forty.

76. *Old* Heli's *Daughter did the Garland bear.*] *Heli* is ſaid to be the Father of the *Bleſſed Virgin*. See *Euſebius* his *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*, who, from the relation of ſome *Chriſtian Jews*, gives one of the cleareſt Solutions of the difficulties in the Genealogies that I've ever ſeen; tho' 'tis true his Scheme is liable to ſome Objections, and I ſhould be glad to ſee any that was not.

93. *And* ſcarce *could* Eden's Loſs *it ſelf lament.*] The Harſhneſs of this Thought I've endeavoured to ſoften by the word *ſcarce*, at the beginning of the Verſe, and if there needs any more to do it, the Reader is deſired to conſider that *Joſeph* ſpeaks here as a *Lover*, and therefore muſt be allowed to think more extravagantly than another Perſon.

94. Tender, *not* fond, *&c.*] The *Idæal Character* of a *good Wife*. See the reſt below, *Yet ſtill*, &c.

112. *I found her* pregnant, *now 'twas plain to ſight.*] This was the beſt way I could think of to manage ſo *nice* a *point* with that Gravity the *Subject* requir'd.

141. *On whoſe fair Soul no thought of Ill's impreſt.*] Not that I think her *Immaculate* in the *Popiſh* ſence, but only as to the Opinion *Joſeph* had entertained concerning her.

148. *Five Courſes more through her ſhort Orb had gone.*] The Remainder of *nine Months* muſt be allowed before, for obvious Reaſons.

163. *Thus the ſweet Roſe*, &c.] The Thought's too good to be my own, I had it from that of *Vida*, *Rore velut demiſſa caput Roſa matutino.*

199. *Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her.*] In this Thought all Writers that I've yet ſeen on this Subject, either Proſe or Verſe, have agreed: for Verſe *Vida*, thus,

Illam fœlicem tacitè mecum ipſa vocabam,
Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumularet honore.

And *Sannazarius*, I think beyond him here, which he is not often.

——Oculos dejecta modeſtos
Suſpirat, Matremque Dei venientis adorat
Fœlicemque illam, humanâ nec lege creatam
Sæpe vocat, necdum ipſa ſuos jam ſentit honores.

212. *All hail!* belov'd *of* Heav'n, *and full of* Grace.] Wherein I include both Sences of the χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη.

237. *My Faith I not refuſe*, &c.] I choſe to take all the *Angel*'s Diſcourſe, and *Virgin*'s Anſwer together, which makes 'em more *entire*, and I think more Poetical than if with many Interruptions and Interrogations.

251. *And melt my raviſh'd Soul with Heavenly Love.*] Not unlike *Vida*'s,

Viſaque prædulci mihi corda liqueſcere amore.

260. *A far greater name than* Wife.] That of a *Friend*.

261. *Yet ſtill I bore an undiſputed ſway.*] Undoubtedly the *Bleſſed Virgin* was endu'd with all *Conjugal* as well as *Solitary Graces* and *Virtues*, and accordingly from her I here draw the Picture of a *good Wife*; more defenſibly I'm ſure than the contrary is often done by the *Italian* Painters, who from their *Wives*, and ſometimes *Miſtreſſes*,

uſually draw their *Madonna*'s, or Pictures of the Bleſſed Virgin; nay, I'm credibly informed, ſomething very like it was done ſome few years ſince in *Ireland*, where they borrowed the *Face* of a very *lovely Perſon of Quality* to put upon the *Virgin*, I ſuppoſe, that they might have ſome *Excuſe* for their *Idolatry*.

264. *In our low Houſe*, &c.] *Vida* beſtows many *Marble Pillars* on't, and makes it a famous buſineſs, indeed more like the *Palace* of her *Anteſtors*, than an Habitation for Perſons of their low Fortunes; I think therefore my *Houſe* is better than his, a mean *low built* thing, agreeable to their way of living, ſuppoſe like one of our Cottages in *Lincolnſhire*.

280. ——*my Conſent* —— *And Company obtain'd.*] I think it more probable that her Husband *Joſeph* went with her, than that ſhe ſhould wander by her ſelf quite croſs the Country.

283. *Fatal* Gilboa] The Reaſon of that Epithet is aſſigned in the next Verſe.

286. *New Walls of* Shemir's *ancient Town.*] *Samaria*, firſt nam'd from *Shemir*, of whom its Ground was bought: long after rebuilt by *Herod*, and called *Sebaſte*.

288. *Near* Dothan's *Plains.*] I am not ignorant that moſt of our modern Travellers, eſpecially the Catholicks, make *Dothan* far enough from *Shechem* and *Samaria*; nay they deſcribe it, *Reliques* and all (the Pit that *Joſeph* was put in, and 'tis a wonder they ha'n't a ſmall parcel of his Coat too) about two hours journey from *Magdala*, ſome ſcores of Miles from the true *Dothan*; which 'tis plain muſt be near *Samaria*, for when *Jacob* ſent *Joſeph* to look for his Brethren, he told him they were at, or *near*, *Shechem*; but they were gone thence to *Dothan*, whither he ſoon followed and found 'em, which he could not ſo eaſily have done, had they driven their Cattle quite over *Gilboa* and *Kiſhon*, almoſt ſixty Miles from *Shechem*. Thus can *Ignorance* remove both *Plains* and *Mountains* where *Faith* is too weak to do it.

289. Gerizim's *proud Altar.*] I ſay *Altar* not *Temple*, becauſe at this time I believe they had no *Temple* there, what they once had being demoliſhed, in his zeal, by *John Hircanus*, before the Birth of our Saviour; I ſay, *Built in ſpite*, becauſe, as *Joſephus* tells us, "*Manaſſe*, the Son-in-law of *Tobias*, being baniſh'd from *Je-*"*ruſalem*, *Nehem.* 13. 28. fled to the *Heathen* or *Mungrel-Samaritans*, and built there an *Anti-Temple* on Mount *Gerizim*.

293. *And the third Noon.*] 'Tis about three days Journey from *Nazareth* to *Jeruſalem*, as *Surius* tells us *Lib.* 2. *p.* 305. But *Zachary*'s Houſe not being much further, they might travel a little faſter, and get thither that Night.

296. *To* Geba *Town, our welcome Journey's end.*] *Zachary*'s Houſe, ſays *Fuller*, was near to *Emmaus*, tho' in his Map 'tis of the two nearer *Geba*, and it might indeed be near both, ſince there's but little diſtance between 'em.

298. *The pleaſant Seat of Aged* Zachary] To tell the truth, I built *Zachary*'s Houſe from the very Ground my ſelf, and thought it all pure Fancy, but it luckily happens 'twas exactly ſuch a one as I deſcribe it, as I have ſince found in my *Pilgrim*, *p.* 433. "*Maiſon de Sainct* Zachary, *&c.* The Houſe of St. *Zachary* is very "pleaſantly ſeated on the top of a little Hill. It has a Fountain of delicate Cryſtal Waters, not far from the *Gate* which is towards the *Eaſt*.

300. *Such as an humble* Country-Prieſt *became.*] I can't think him any more; or but a ſort of *Prebendary* at the height of his Preferment, by his waiting in his *courſe* at the *Temple*, much as ours do at the *Cathedrals*.

311. *A Cryſtal Stream.*] See laſt Note but one.

327. *And ever ſince as ſtrangely ſilent been.*] *Vide infra.*

329. *Thus inſpir'd began.*] 'Tis probable ſhe had her Son's Name by *Inſpiration*, as *Zachary* had it *revealed*, ſince he could *not tell* it her, and if he had *written* it before, ſhe might with that have ſatisfied their *Relations* without a new conſulting him.

350. "*Hail* Mary.] I hope there's nothing *ſuperſtitious* in this *Poetical Addreſs* to the *Bleſſed Virgin*, as I'm ſure there's no *Flattery* in that which follows it, nor will either therefore offend any *judicious Reader*, any more than *Hail*, *bright* Ceciſia, *&c.*

472. *Indue with purer Forms.*] According to the Chymiſts Fancy, who talk much of curing the Leproſity of baſer Metals, in order to their *Tranſmutation*. 411. *Of*

411. *Of thoſe around* Tablets *and* Style *demands.*] The ancient way of *writing*, amongſt moſt Nations; ſo well known, there's, I think, no need to deſcribe it.

485. *Till thrice we ſaw the Silver* Cynthia's *Wane.*] 'Tis not expreſt indeed that the Virgin was preſent at *Elizabeth*'s Labour, but it ſeems extreamly probable, for the Angel told her at his *Salutation*, that 'twas then the ſixth Month with her that was called Barren; and afterwards *Mary* abode with her three Months, when her full time being come, 'tis not likely her Couſin would leave her before ſhe ſaw her delivered.

444. *The Angel nods, as knowing what I meant.*] This he might eaſily do (without being in a proper ſence, κρειττονως, which belongs to God only) by *Zachary*'s *Action*, *Face*, and other Circumſtances.

493. *When the Eternal League began.*] *Eternal*, if underſtood of the Covenant made with the natural Poſterity of *Abraham* for outward Bleſſings, muſt only ſignifie a *long time*, as it uſually does in the Holy Scriptures. If of the ſpiritual Children of *faithful Abraham*, it muſt be taken in its proper ſence; either of which will do in the preſent Caſe.

523. *I ſee his* Orient *Light ariſe.*] The Word *Orient* is taken in our Language (unleſs I'm out) either for *Illuſtrious* or *Eaſtern*. I aim therein at an old but a good word which our Tranſlators here make uſe of, who render the word ἀνατολὴ, the *Day-ſpring*, tho' it ſignifieth alſo the *Branch*, by which Name our Saviour was often foretold; which Sence of the Word I've alſo given.

553. *Departing Winter's ſelf.*] It does not much affect me whether our Saviour's birth were in *December*, *September*, *March*, or whatever Month beſides; tho' I'm extreamly well ſatisfied I've one day appointed, whereon to celebrate the Memory of that greateſt Bleſſing that God ever gave to Man.

558. *And all the pretty Flowers that dreſs the Spring.*] The End of *Winter* is the Beginning of the *Spring*; and for the Flowers, at that time growing wild in *Paleſtine*, ſee *Eugene Rogier*, who liv'd ſome time in the very Convent of *Nazareth*, as I find him quoted by *Walker*, in his Life of Chriſt *p.* 79. §. 102. "This City of *Nazareth*, ſays he, "is well called a Flower, for I might affirm, that having run "through many Realms, and view'd many Provinces in *Aſia*, *Afric*, and *Europe*, "I never ſaw any comparable to this of *Nazareth*, for the great number of fair "and odoriferous Plants and Flowers, which grow wild there throughout *all the* "*Seaſons of the Year*: for from *December* to *April*, all the little Hills, Fields and "Way-ſides are enamell'd with *Anemonies*, *Hyacinths*, &c. and *Surius* to the ſame *ſence*, and almoſt in the ſame *words*.

563. *Then o're* Kedummim's *Streams.*] *Vid. Lib.* 1:

572. "*A ſecret Joy through all my Soul did glide.*] From that *true*, and I think univerſal Obſervation of the Poet, *Neſcio quâ natale ſolum*, &c.

574. "*And* Rachel's *Tomb to th' left began t' appear.*] A bad imitation of that in *Virgil*,

Hinc adeo media eſt nobis via, namque ſepulchrum
Incipit apparere Bianoris. ———

619. "*This done, I to a well known Cave repair.*] *Walker*'s account on't is thus, *p.* 26. § 27. "'Tis, ſays he, a place of common receipt on the Eaſt ſide of *Bethle-*"*hem*, without the Town made in a hollow Rock as is uſual for *Stables* in that Rocky "Country, where was a Manger alſo cut out of the Stone. *Surius* ſays, that about "*Ann. Dom.* 326. the Empreſs *Helena* built a ſtately Church over this *Cave*, "which remains to this day, the *Cave* or *Grott* it ſelf being under the Quire. The "very place where Tradition ſays the Bleſſed Virgin was deliver'd, being cover'd "with an handſome white *Marble*, in the middle of which is inlaid a *green Jaſper*, "of about a Span diameter, round which *Jaſper* is a *Circle* of *Gold*, in form of a "Sun, with four Rays of ſeveral Colours, made of *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, *Granates*, "and other precious Stones, in the Circle are graven in Capital Characters theſe "Words, HERE WAS BORN JESUS CHRIST OF THE VIR-"GIN MARY.

624. *Whether*

624. *Whether by Art hew'd in the living Stone.*] From *Sannazarius*,

Incertum manibuſve hominum geniove potentis
Naturæ formatum———

638. *Faint did the* Lamp *on neighbouring* Edar *burn.*] The Watch-Tower of *Edar*, in the Fields of *Bethlehem*, North East from the Town.

652. *In her chaſt Arms th'* Eternal Infant *lies.*] I think 'tis *Cowley's thought* and *words*.

668. *Lowting low.*] One of *Spencer's* and I think *Chaucer's* Phraſes, ſignifying no more than a *ruſtic* ſort of a *Bow*.

674. Claius, *who lately the lewd Town had left.*] An innocent *paſtoral Fable*, proper enough, I think, here; ſome not unlike it being uſed by *Caſimir* and others on the ſame occaſion. But I am ſenſible there are ſome parts of this Deſcription which ha'n't the true *Character* of *Paſtoral Poetry*: tho' for the *Greek Names* they were common then among the *Jews*, witneſs S. *Peter* himſelf, and why not *Shepherds* as well as *Fiſhermen*?

718. *Old Father* Jacob's *Travels theſe relate*, &c.] A probable Subject enough for their Songs and Diſcourſes, it being in this very place where he pitcht his Tent, *Gen.* 35. 21, 22

757. *A Cave and homely Stable claims his Birth.*] By the word *Stable* there's more Liberty allowed than if 't had been *Manger*, the *Greek* φάτνη ſignifying both, anſwering I think pretty exactly to *Præſepe* in the Latin. However all Antiquity have agreed that Chriſt was born in a *Cave*, not an *Houſe*, as *Grotius* proves out of *Juſtin* and others.

787. *Each humble Straw indues the form of Gold.*] from that of *Vida*,

——*Quæque*
Stramina tetra, modo horrebant, nunc aurea cernas.

823. *An Heavenly Youth of thoſe who waited there.*] According to Mr. *Mede's* Notion, and indeed the belief of all Antiquity, that the Angels are always attending in *Holy Places*, in which, according to him, conſiſts the *Shechinah*, or *Tokens* of God's *peculiar Preſence*.

879. *He ſaid, when ſtrait to Bliſs his Soul retir'd,*
And ſlumbring ſoft he with a Smile expir'd.] It's very probable *Simeon* liv'd not long after this Prophecy, and he could never dye in better *Time*, than immediately after he had made it. The ſame thought almoſt, exactly in the ſame dreſs, I've ſince met in *Vida*.

Hæc ubi, conſeſtim veluti cedentia ſomno,
Lumina demiſit, placidâque ibi morte quievit.

910. *Abſtracted from her ſelf, for God was all.*] Three or four of theſe Lines contain a great part of the ſo much talk'd of *myſtical Divinity*, which I'm inclin'd to think has neither ſo *much* nor ſo *little* in't as many have imagined. It ſeems indeed no more than an affectation of hard Words to expreſs or rather conceal ſuch Truths as are plain and eaſie; and if the Profeſſors of it would but honeſtly tell us, that by their *ſuper-eſſential Union of Nothing with Nothing*, their *Self-annihilation*, &c. they only meant [The moſt profound abaſement and humiliation of a pious Mind before the Almighty, abſtracted from all outward Objects, moſt intimately retired into it ſelf, yet not deferring any thing to its own Merits, but exerting the moſt fervent Acts of Proſtration and Adoration,] This would be good ſence, and what any good Chriſtian might eaſily underſtand.

926. *To all the* Juſt, *by her and Heav'n approv'd.*] See our *Mede's* Notion of the Σεβόμενοι, among his excellent Works.

931. *From the Fair Fields of happy* Araby.] They came from the Eaſt, as the Scripture tells us, and *Arabia* lay that way from the *Holy Land*. Nor am I much concerned whether they were *Kings*, a ſort of *Royteletz*, like the *Arabian Shecks* at preſent, or *Wiſe Men* only, tho' I rather incline to the latter, becauſe of their *Poverty*; ſince, had they been rich, we can't ſuppoſe their Preſents would have left the Virgin ſo poor, that both *Joſeph* and his Son ſhould ſtill work at their Trades, as we find they did. But let 'em be never ſo *poor*, or never ſo *wiſe*, I can ſcarce believe 'em downright *Wizards*, as ſome of the Fathers make 'em.

937. *To*

937. *To* Jordan's *doubtful Brim.*] Becauſe it overflows all its Banks in time of Harveſt. *Joſh.* 3. 15.

947. *With his own Blood he dyes the ſlippery Throne.*] He kill'd his Wife *Mariamne*, his Brother *Pheroras*, his three Sons, *Alexander*, *Ariſtobulus*, and *Antipater*, the laſt juſt as he was himſelf expiring; and indeed if they were like their Father, 'twere pity any of the breed ſhould have been left. *Vid. Joſ. Antiq. lib.* 6. *cap.* 17. *& lib.* 7.

950. *Tho' him ſo late they their* Meſſiah *hail'd.*] *Euſebius*, in his Hiſtory, gives an account of that Sect among the *Jews* mentioned in the Evangeliſts, and called *Herodians*, who, as he ſays, flattered *Herod the great* with the Title of the *Meſſiah*, celebrating a religious annual Feaſt to his Honour. 'Tis perhaps worth remark, that not one of thoſe, who unjuſtly uſurp'd that incommunicable *Title*, either in thoſe ages or ſince, as He, *Barochebas*, *Judas*, and in our times, *David Sabbati-Sevi*, and others, but what came to miſerable Ends.

975. Rama's *Lord.*] *Joſeph* of *Arimathea*, as before.

1051.—*Which we eſpy—From a ſmall Hill.*] If there ſhould be none ſuch found in the Maps of *Bethlehem*, I hope the Reader will eaſily pardon it, ſince the throwing up *two* or *three Mountains* is but a ſmall *Poetical Miracle*.

1070. *Had reach'd the Foreſt of the* Tekoite—Beth-Haccerem *we ſhun.*] The Foreſt or Wilderneſs of *Tekoah* lies a little South of *Bethlehem*, in the way to *Egypt*, and *Beth-Haccerem* is near it; we read in *Jer.* 6. 1. of both the Places together, *Blow the trumpet in Tekoah* (which ſignifies the ſound of a *Trumpet*) *ſet up a ſign of fire in Beth-Haccerem*, a place I ſuppoſe much of the Nature of our *Beacons*. Now this *Beth-Haccerem* may either ſignifie the Houſe of *Strong Men*, or the Houſe of *Ruſticks*; the former Interpretation I follow, ſuppoſing it a ſtrong Garriſon, probably in ſome narrow Paſs of that Wilderneſs.

1076. *O'er the vaſt Sands, by* Sirbon's *waning Lake.*] This Lake had formerly an Inlet into the Sea, which being in time choakt up, it now ſtill grows leſs and leſs. 'Tis reckon'd the utmoſt Eaſtern Bound of *Egypt*.

1077. *And* Caſius *Mount—For mighty* Pompey's *Fate and Tomb renown'd.*] Near this was *Pompey the Great* baſely killed, and afterwards buried by a poor Soldier. But the Emperor *Adrian* in the ſame place erected a fair Monument.

1080. *Which asks no Rain, and owns no* God *but* Nile.] If it be a falſe Thought, let *Lucan* anſwer for't, ſince 'tis his, who thus of *Egypt*,

— Nihil indiga mercis
Aut Jovis, in ſolo tanta eſt fiducia Nilo.

1081. *Near old* Bethſhemeſh *we the River croſt,*
Which both its Antient Name and God hath loſt.— Now Heliopolis.] Its ancient Name ſeems to have been *On*, hence called *Onii* by *Ptolomy*, but by the *Jews Bethſhemeſh* or *Houſe of the Sun*, near akin to *Heliopolis*, or the City of the *Sun*, one of the Cities which, 'twas propheſied, ſhould leave their Idols, and ſpeak the Language of *Canaan*. To which place many Authors think our Saviour was carried, but I go a little further, as *Vida* does, and fix him more in the inland Country.

1084. *To the proud Walls of neighbouring* Babylon.] This *Babylon*, from whence many think S. *Peter* wrote his firſt Epiſtle (tho' *Bellarmine* will have it *Rome*, rather than not get him there at all) has been a conſiderable Place, tho' nothing like its Nameſake in *Chaldæa*. It ſtood juſt at the Confluence of the Rivers *Trajanus* and *Nilus*.

1088. *Near thoſe vaſt Pyramids.*] All we can certainly tell the Reader concerning thoſe *unwieldy Wonders*, is, that they were made for *no body knows what*, *and built by no body knows whom*: They ſtand moſt of 'em about *Memphis*, on the Weſt bank of the River.

1106. *That thence the Royal Child might bear his Name.*] From that S. *Matt.* 2. *ult. He ſhall be called*, (an *Hebraiſm* for) *He ſhall be*, *a Nazarene*; but where is this *Propheſie*? I think both in *Iſaiah* and *Zachary*, our Saviour being promis'd under the name of *Nazarene* derived from the *Branch* נצר *Nazar*, which ſignifies the ſame thing.

1117. *Three Luſtres ſcarce compleat.*] A *Luſtre* is about four Years, and therefore 3 Luſtres I think a more tolerable *Periphraſis* to expreſs our Saviour's Age, than if I had borrow'd one from *Quarles* or *Reynolds*, and ſaid, *When the Clock of his Age ſtruck Twelve.*

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Third BOOK.

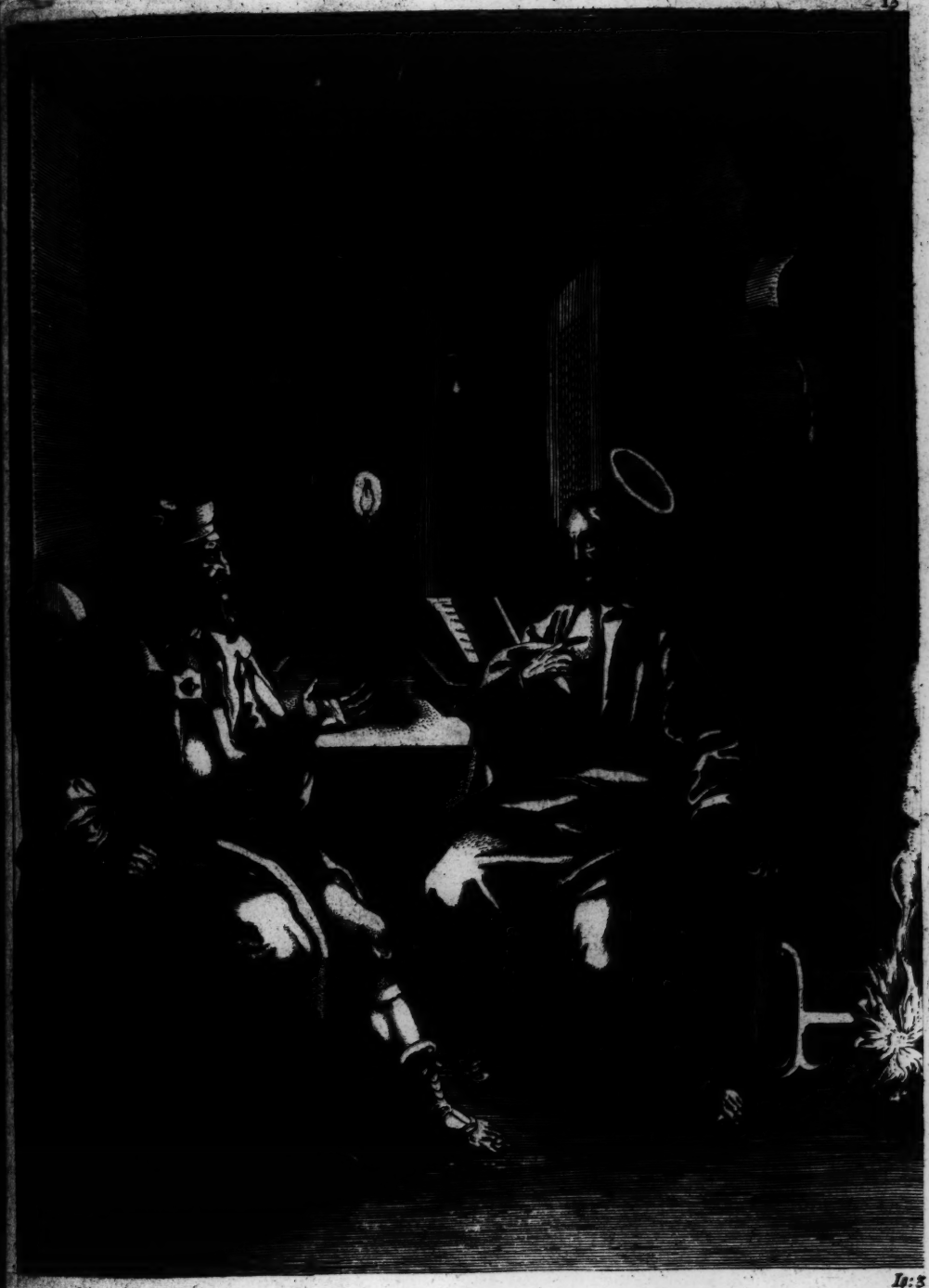
THE *Introduction from the Happineſs and Pleaſure of pious Contemplation and Meditation.* Nicodemus *and the three Diſciples find our Saviour at* Gethſemane. *His diſcourſe with him concerning ſeveral Myſteries of the Chriſtian Faith.* Nicodemus *departs well ſatisfied with the Conference; and* Gamaliel *being indiſpoſed, the meeting and further Relation of the three Diſciples is adjourned the next day from* Joſeph's *Garden to* Gamaliel's *Houſe, where S.* John *goes on with their Diſcourſe of our Saviour, giving an account of the* Baptiſt's *Hiſtory, his Character, Preaching, Propheſies and Baptiſm, to which many come, and among the reſt our Saviour, who is atteſted there by the* deſcent *of the* Holy-Ghoſt, *like a Dove, accompany'd with a Voice from Heaven; at which the People being about to take him by force and make him a King, he retires thence into the Wilderneſs, as well to eſcape their Importunity, and prepare for his approaching Work, as by God's permiſſion to be tempted of the Devil. The Deſcription of that part of the Wilderneſs whither our Saviour went. In the mean while* Lucifer, *who being alarum'd at the Wonders of our Saviour's Birth, and his appearance now at* Jordan, *and doubting him to be the true* Meſſiah *propheſied of to deſtroy his Kingdom, had obſerved him at his Baptiſm, but frighted thence by the Thunder, fell down into the Lake of* Sodom, *ariſes thence at Midnight, and gives the ſignal to all the Fiends to meet him there; his Speech on the occaſion of their meeting,* Moloch *is for undertaking to deſtroy our Saviour, but* Lucifer *forbids him, and himſelf ſets about it: he finds our Saviour, and accoſts him in the Shape of an old Man almoſt famiſhed, preſſing him with his firſt Temptation, to work a Miracle, and change Stones into Bread: But our Saviour knowing him through his diſguiſe, rejects his Temptation; Night approaching he attacks him with others raiſing a Tempeſt, and ſeveral other ways endeavouring to affright him, but without ſucceſs. The next Morning he accoſts him in a glorious Form, tho' not denying himſelf, finding he was diſcovered, but pretending Love to Mankind, eſpecially to our Saviour, and offering him a Banquet, which he had provided in the midſt of a Paradiſe rais'd in the Wilderneſs. The Song of two attendant Spirits to invite our Saviour to eat of the Feaſt, which, on his refuſal, vaniſhes; and the Devil enrag'd changes himſelf into the Form of a Dragon, and ſnatching up our Saviour, hurries him away in the Air, and ſets him on a Pinacle of the Temple, whence he ſhews him below, the Prieſts, the Jews and Gentiles in their three Courts gazing at him, the* Roman *Garriſon taking their Pleaſure in the Amphitheatre, and the Caſtle* Antonia *unguarded, perſwading him to deſcend in the Flame of the Altar, that the Jews might acknowledge him, and under his conduct redeem their Freedom, which he might more ſecurely do, becauſe God had promis'd to give his Angels charge over him. Our Saviour having anſwered his Text with another, the Devil once more ſnatches him up and carries him to the top of* Piſgah, *repreſenting in the Air all the Kingdoms of the World, with their Riches and Glory, ſhews him the* Iſhmaelites *travelling through the Deſarts with Caravans of Gold and Spices: the Kingdoms of* Ethiopia, *the Iſles of the* Mediterranean, Italy, Rome, France, Britain: *Then back to Eaſt beyond* Perſia, *over to* China *and* India, *the principal Rarities whereof he deſcribes. And ſtill more Eaſt, croſs an undiſcovered Strait, a new* World, *whither one of his Attendants was then conducting a Colony of* Tartars; *offering him his choice of all theſe, or, if none would ſatisfie him, to raiſe him a Throne on* Piſgah, *and make him King of both thoſe Worlds, if, by way of Homage for them, he'd bow down and adore him. At which blaſphemous Propoſition, our Saviour inſtantly commands the Devil to leave him, the time wherein he was permitted to tempt him being now elaps'd, who accordingly vaniſhes away in a Cloud of Smoke and Fire.*

THE



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N.° 19



Is:3

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK III.

* AND now the *Night* her peaceful Reign began
Indulging Food to *Beasts* and Rest to *Man*, Psalm 104. 20, 23.
To all but Him, whom Love of *Truth* denies,
* E'r the *day dawn* to close his watchful Eyes:
Who from the busie Worlds tumultuous *Noise*
Retir'd, at once *Himself* and *Heav'n* enjoys;
Now *dives* in Mother *Natures* deepest *Springs*,
Searching the *Causes* and the *Seeds* of *things*:
* Now higher soars on *Contemplations* Wings;
Views all the glorious *Furniture* on high,

That decks th' *Almighties Palace* in the Sky;
Thence the great *Maker* argu'd, haſtens on,
Till paſt our narrow *Earths attraction* gone,
Paſt ev'n *this* World, his vigorous *Mind* can trace *
Some *Angel* thro' th' imaginary *Space*;
Thence follows to the *Throne*, and proſtrate there,
With equal *Zeal* and *Love* preſents his *Pray'r*
Before th' *All-high*, *looſe* from all worldly *Care*,
All the *dull* Joys, we wretched *Mortals* know
And theſe *vexatious* Hopes and Fears below.
Go then my *Soul!* thro' *Time* and *Matter* fly,
Beyond the *Earth*, and *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Sky!*
Beyond the Place where mortal *Seeds* are hurl'd, *
Beyond the *flaming* Limits of the World:
Long *infinite* Durations meaſure ſo
As rowling *Numbers* ſtill themſelves *outgo!*
View thoſe *bright Worlds* of *Joy* which in each other *ſhine!*
Live well thro' this *ſhort World*, and they ſhall all be thine!
But firſt muſt many a bitter Blaſt be o'er,
As pleaſe high *Heav'n*; many a fierce *Tempeſt* more
Our little *weather-beaten Bark* muſt find,
And *ſome* perhaps, ſome *few white Days* behind:
Firſt in this *narrow Creek*, *beneath* a Storm
Muſt we our long appointed *Task* perform:
Attend our Lord t' his *Croſs*, bewail him there,
And weep upon his *ſacred* Sepulchre;
Who in good actions all his *Life* employ'd
And only in his *Fathers* Service joy'd:
By *Day* he in the Temple *pray'd* and *taught*;
Still, *Night* arriv'd, a calm *retirement* ſought
At ſweet *Gethſemane*, there was he found
By *Zebedee's* two Sons, who *coaſting* round
From *Calvary* thro' *Salem's* Northern Bound *
With *Cephas* and the trembling *Rabbi* came,
John 3. 2. Too *fearful* yet, and much concern'd for *Fame*;
Whom mild our Lord receiv'd—
With wonted *Sweetneſs* and *Benignity*;
Silent a while he gaz'd, *intent* to ſee
Such *Royal* Meekneſs *Humble* Majeſty;
(For now the *Silver Moon* began to ſhine)

Charm'd

Charm'd with his *Godlike* Meen and *Form* Divine:
Then thus.— If my *Confeſſion* ought avail
Great Sir, who in the very *Entrance* fail;
If *Rabbi!* ſuch as me you e'r *receive*,
Afraid to *own* thoſe *Truths* I muſt *believe*:
Permit me to *acknowledg* what's your due,
Nay all our *Sanhedrim* muſt own 'tis true;
And did not *Int'reſt* blind 'em wou'd confeſs
With loud *Hoſanna's* they believe no leſs:
That you the *wondrous Prophet* oft foretold
In the *Moſaick* Oracles of old:
Approv'd from *Heav'n* by many a mighty Sign, John 3. 2.
Your *Miſſion* and your *Doctrine* all-divine:
True, ſaid our *Lord*— My *Miracles* are an *Appeal* to *Senſe*
And are to That, *Authentic* Evidence;
'Gainſt all *Oppoſers* they the *Truth* atteſt,
Silence the *Tongue*, but cannot *warm* the *Breaſt*:
A *Change* far deeper my *ſtrict* Laws require
Of thoſe who not in vain to Heav'n aſpire;
'Tis a *new Birth*, a *Change* at once i'th' *whole*, v. 3.
At once perform'd in *Body*, *Mind*, and *Soul*.
On theſe *myſterious words* the *Sage* debates,
And on their *Senſe* a while he *heſitates*:
Then thus goes on— *Rabbi!* of what you ſay
If *Senſe* may not be Judg, ſure *Reaſon* may;
And *Reaſon* ſeems *expreſs* and *clear* to me,
This *ſtrange new Birth* you urge can never be.
To whom our *Lord*— And *Rabbi* are you read
So meanly then among the *mighty* Dead?
Muſt others from your *Lips* Inſtruction learn,
Who not your ſelf theſe plain *firſt Truths* diſcern?
If *Reaſon* what *Senſe* offers juſtly *weigh*,
And o'er it bears an undiſputed Sway;
Why ſhould not *Reaſon* to *Religion* yield,
As *Senſe*, when *Reaſon* comes, muſt quit the *Field*?
'Tis a good humble *Guide*, but when it *ſoars* too high,
'Tis *Reaſon* what ſeems *Reaſon* to deny.
Shall Mans weak *Knowledg* fathom boundleſs *Might*,
Or *Limits* fix to what is *infinite*?
Or the *great* Spirit by your *low* Laws confin'd

Act nothing that's beyond a *Mortal Mind*;
Which as it pleaſe its *Favours* can convey,
Unknown to Men the *Reaſon*, *Time*, and *Way*?
16. Go *track* the *Wind* and tell me where it *goes*?
From what *deep* Source its headlong *Current* flows?
Whence into *Gulphs* 'tis form'd, and *how* and *where*
It makes ſuch *ſtrange Meanders* in the Air?
How, *not a Body*, or not ſo to *Sight*,
All Bodies yield to its *impetuous* Might?
If you're with *modeſt* Silence forc'd to own
Ev'n much of that which ſtrikes the *Senſe* unknown;
With more of Reaſon you'll your *Reaſon* ſee
In *Revelation* loſt, and *Myſtery*:
Nor darkly this to *Saints* of *old* reveal'd,
Matth. 11. 25. Tho' from the *wiſe* and *prudent* now conceal'd;
This ſaw great *Jeſſes* Son by Heav'n inſpir'd,
Pſal. 51. 10. Who a *new* Heart with *ardent* Vows deſir'd:
The *Prophet* this, who ſtruck with *ſacred* Awe
Ezek. 11. 9, 18, 21. Near *Chebars* ſtreams the *wondrous* Viſion ſaw:
* This ev'n the *Gentile* World — but that *pure* Law
I now *promulge*, far nobler *Truth* contains,
Which yet to *you* and *them* unknown remains:
John 3. 12. * A *God* that takes the *Form* of *Man* to die;
A *Son* of *Man* that lives Eternally:
A *God* who *Robes* of *mortal Clay* doth wear
13. To *Place confin'd* — a *Man* that's *ev'ry where*:
16, 17. *Sent* by the *Father* yet *Himſelf* the *ſame*;
Iſaiah 9. 6. (The *Everlaſting Father* is his *Name*,)
On this *bad World* the *laſt Efforts* to prove
Of *undeſerv'd*, yet *unexhauſted* Love,
Loſt Man to ſave, and raiſe to endleſs *Day*,
Firm Faith in him and *holy Works* the way.
John 3. 18, 19, 20. The *Sage* with his *ſhort Viſit* not content
Almoſt a *Convert* from the *Garden* went:
From what he *knew*, what was *behind* he *gueſt*,
And more *impatient* grew to *hear* the *reſt*:
Scarce did the *Suns* impartial *beams* begin
To *gild* a World of *Vanity* and *Sin*,
E'r he next *morning* did *Gamaliel* ſee
And him agen *invites* to *Calvary*;

Who

Who, *indiſpos'd*, of *Joſeph* had deſir'd
The *Conf'rence*, which they all ſo much *admir'd*,
Might at his *Houſe* be *finiſh'd*; where *retir'd*,
And *undiſturb'd* th' *Apoſtles* might relate
What yet remain'd of their great *Maſters* Fate:
Th' *Arimathean* yields; and when they came
With like *Facility* they grant the ſame;
Who at the Houſe *arriv'd*, and they and he
Receiv'd with *Chearful Hoſpitality*,
His *Friends*, with a ſhort *neat Collation* cheer'd,
Gamaliel thus, the *Room* and *Table* clear'd,
To *Zebedees*, and *Jona's Son* addreſt:
What yeſterday you told us, 'tis confeſt,
The *Air* of *Truth* and *Wonder has*, nor we
Without a *groundleſs Incredulity*
Can doubt what ſuch high *atteſtation* brings,
From *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, from *Shepherds*, *Angels*, *Kings*:
Whoſe firm *foundation* equally relies
On *Faith*, and *Senſe*, *Wonders*, and *Propheſies*:
Since this from what's already *paſt* is clear,
The *reſt* more earneſt we deſire to hear!
Thus he, thus all who ſate *attentive* there:
When th' *Elder* of the *Zebedean* Pair;
If this ſo much your *wonder* move, rejoyn'd,
What will be left for what *remains* behind,
Which yet far more *Deſerves*?——
What by all *Iſrael* was at once *Diſcern'd* Mat. 3. ult.
* Or from our *Maſter's ſacred Lips* we learn'd?
His *Abſtinence*, his *Tryal*, and *Diſtreſs*,
And dreadful *Combat* in the *Wilderneſs*
With Mans *ſworn Foe*, and *Heav'ns*, who thro' the *Air*
Him to the *Temples Roof* did fearleſs bear:
But firſt how he did *Heav'ns* Commands obey,
Baptiz'd altho' no *Crimes* to purge away,
In Jordan's *ſacred Waves*, more *pure* than they:
For now vaſt Crouds you might at *Enon* ſee John 3. 23.
With the great Son of aged *Zachary*:
Enon and *Salim*, where rich *Jordan* falls,
* Not far remov'd from valiant *Bethſhan's* Walls,
* And old *Bethabara*, where *ferrying* o'er

Men

Men firſt arrive upon the *diſtant ſhore*:
Here the great *Baptiſt* came, who from a *Child*,
Matt. 3. 1. His *Life* had ſpent in *Juda's fertile wild*,
* *Ten thouſand* little *Villas* ſcattering wide
Their fruitful *Flocks* and *Fields* on ev'ry ſide:
Auſtere he liv'd, remov'd from all *reſort*
Of the *proud City* or the *pompous Court*:
Here tho' he was to a *fair Fortune* born
The Worlds vain *Pleaſures* ſoon he learnt to ſcorn:
Such *humble Clothing* and mean *Food* he us'd,
As *frugal Nature* of her ſelf *produc'd*;
Matt. 3. 4. His *Robes* from the rough *Camels ſhoulders* torn,
Such ſpoils of *Beaſts* by *ancient Hero's* worn,
2 Kings 1. 8. Such great *Elijah* wore, his *Food* he found
Read prepar'd on every *Tree* and *Ground*;
And if by *chance* on his *low Table* lay
Matt. 3. 4. A *Honey Comb*, 'twas then a *Feſtal day*:
How little *frugal Nature* will ſuffice!
How *hard* to pleaſe *luxurious Avarice!*
Thus taught the *pamper'd World* to conquer *Senſe*,
Matt. 11. 18. Himſelf a pattern of *ſtrict Abſtinence*:
Severe his *Life* and *Garb*, his *Words* the ſame,
From *Heav'n* he arm'd with *Zeal* and *Thunder* came
To rouſe a *ſtupid World*, abroad he went
Matt. 3. 2. By *Jordan's* banks and cry'd aloud *Repent!*
Turn, Iſr'el, *turn*, and caſt thy *Sins* away!
Repent before the *great* and *dreadful day!*
Gloomy and *dark* as *Hell's or* Egypt's *night*,
Or only ſeen in *Claps* of fearful *light*.
This *beauteous Vault* above no more the ſame,
Mal. 4. 1. But like an *Oven*, *hot* with deadly *flame*; *
'Tis *fed* and *kindled* by th' Almighty's *breath*
Which *pleas'd* gives *Life*, but *angry Storms* and *Death*:
Large *flakes* of pointed *flame* wide circling round
Shall *lick* the *Stubble* from the *gaping ground*:
Both *Phariſee* and *Sadducee* muſt go *
Matth. 23. 33. And bear their *Sin* in endleſs *worlds* of woe:
Luke 3. 7. The holy *Hypocrite* and *Atheiſt* lewd, *
But firſt you *Phariſees* a *viperous brood!* *
Cou'd you be e'er *miſtaken*? Cou'd you be

Miſled

Miſled with your *Infallibility*?
What ſtrange *Caprice* did you to *good* incline?
How came you *once* to ſhun the *Wrath divine*?
Preſt with your *Crimes*, the *Church*, the *Church*, you cry
Your meaning *Grandure*, *Wealth* and *Policy*:
Each one a *Child* of *God*, all *ſign'd* and *ſeal'd*
As your *Salvation* were from *Heav'n* reveal'd.
How long will madly you againſt the *Skies*
A *War* maintain, how long *believe in Lies*?
Fly *Wretches* rather, e'r it be too *late*!
For Refuge fly from ſwift approaching Fate!
You're *loſt* if you a *moment* longer ſtay,
You're *ſafe* if now you *turn*, for now you may,
Repentance and an *holy Life* the way.
So you'll among thoſe *holy Souls* have place,
Reſcu'd and ſav'd by Heav'ns peculiar grace
From this *vaſt Ruin*, ſo your *longing Eyes*
Shall ſee the *Sun of Righteouſneſs* ariſe;
Ariſe to cloſe each *Mortal Wound* within,
To cure the *Poiſon* of that *Serpent*, *Sin*:
High-rais'd he like the *Brazen-Serpent* brings
* Life and *Salvation* in his *healing Wings*:
None *look* but *live*, recov'ring gaſping *Breath*,
And *wondrous Strength* amidſt the *pangs* of *Death*.
Theſe the *true promis'd Canaan* ſhall poſſeſs,
While others *periſh* in the *Wilderneſs*;
Theſe ſhall thro' the wide *World* triumphing go,
And by their blood ſubdue each *hell-born Foe*;
All *Lands* their ſacred *Law* ſhall entertain,
And o'er the *Nations* the *Meſſiah* reign:
What ſtrange *effects* among th' admiring *Jews*
His holy *Life* and *Doctrine* did produce
Is known to all; each *crowding Region* hears,
Purg'd in bleſt *Jordans Waves*, but firſt in *Tears*:
* Thoſe who in wild *Perea* wander'd wide,
Near *Jabbock's Ford* or *Arnon's Streams* reſide;
Succoth and *Peniel* whoſe ill-natur'd *Pride*
Brave *Jerubball* reveng'd when *Midian* fled;
And where before his *Flocks* old *Jacob* fed:
* *Jabeſh* where *Saul* ſuch *welcome Succours* brought,

Matth. 3.
Luke 37.
Matth. 3.8.
Mal. 4.2.
Num. 21.9.
Numb. 32. 24, 25.
Heb. 3. 17.
Matth. 3.2.
Judges 6. 8, 16, 17.
Gen. 33.17.

And

And *Gilboa* where he *succeſsleſs* fought,
1 Sam. *laſt chap.* *Heav'n* and his *Foes* engag'd, and in th' *unequal ſtriſe*
He loſt the *day*, his *Sons*, his *Crown* and *Life*.
All who on either bank of *Jordan* go,
Joſh. 3. 15. Whoſe *Fields* his fruitful *Waters* overflow:
John 1. 44. Some from *Bethſaida* far more diſtant came,
Attracted by the Prophets growing *Fame*:
From ſtrong *Tiberias* ſome, and ſome came down
From *Tabor*'s Mount and fam'd *Bethulia*'s Town:
Theſe from old *Shalem*, *Thebez*, *Bezek* go, *
From *Piſgah* theſe, and theſe from *Jericho*;
Matt. 3. 5. But thouſands from the *Royal City* come,
And almoſt empty leave their *Native home*:
You know how much our *Elders* did eſteem
The *Baptiſt*, know the *Meſſage* ſent to him,
And *honours* paid by our learn'd *Sanhedrim*.
John 1. 19. Too well *Gamaliel* with a *ſigh* reply'd,
I know that *Story* and the fatal *Pride*
With which his *Teſtimony* we deny'd:
In vain we *ſaw* and *heard*, for I was ſent
The *Truth* to try, and ſtill I *dread* th' *event*
Of our *rejecting* him; but Sir *proceed!*
He thus—— The *Baptiſt* now had *thouſands* freed
In *Jordan*'s *Waves*, their *Leproſie* of *Sin*
Firſt *open laid*, then *waſh'd* away therein:
After the reſt our *Saviour* came, content
Matt. 3. 13. And *pleas'd* that ſuch *vaſt Crowds* before him went!
Whom when the *Baptiſt* in the *Stream* did ſee
John 1. 33. The *Divine Spirit* ſoft-whiſp'ring *this is he*;
With *pious Rev'rence* at his *Feet* he fell
And *hail'd* th' *undoubted King of* Iſrael:
Nor dar'd attempt to *purge* what knew no *Crime*,
Matt. 3. 14. But *trembling* ask'd to be *Baptiz'd* of him:
Our *Saviour* mild requires him to permit,
He all *perform'd* that wiſer *Heav'n* thought fit;
Who came the *Law* and *Goſpel* to fulfil,
To *do* and *ſuffer* all his *Fathers Will*:
He yields at length, unwilling and *afraid*
And what he cou'd not *comprehend*, *obey'd*:
Nor ſooner he who came the *World* to *ſave*

Had

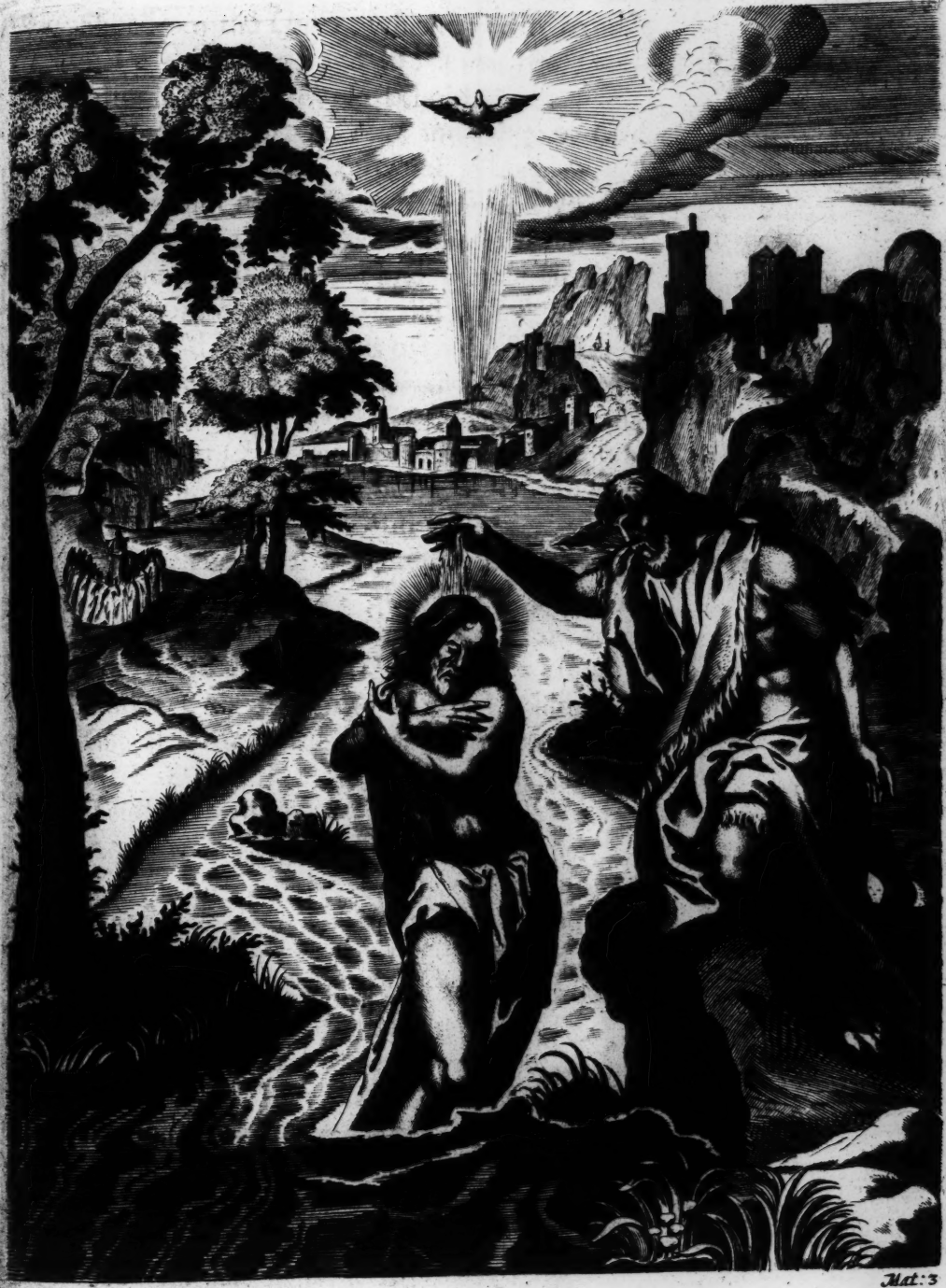
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Mat: 3
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Luc: 3

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Mat:3
Mar:1
Luc:3



Had *ſanctifi'd* fair Jordan's *Limpid Wave*
By *waſhing* there, no ſooner from the *Stream* *The Baptiſm.*
He reach'd the *Bank*, when, lo! a *Heav'nly beam*
Shot from the *Clouds*, which *modeſtly* remove
* To give it *way*, and lo! a *wondrous Dove* Matt. 3. 16.
Almoſt *unſufferable* to behold,
Silver his *Breaſt*, his *Neck* and *Wings* of *Gold*, Pſal. 68. 13.
Came ſoftly *waſted* thro' the *yielding Air*,
And whilſt he *kneel'd* in *Extaſie* and *Pray'r*
Upon our Saviour's *ſacred Head* did reſt
At once *enlighten'd* that and *warm'd his Breaſt*;
With *Grace immeaſurable* did *inſpire*
And fill'd him with his own *Celeſtial fire*:
Agen the *Clouds* with *lambent Lightning* broke,
And thus th' *All-high* in *awful Thunder* ſpoke.
" Th' *Eternal Son* of *God* by *Miracles* approv'd
" Glad *Mortals* here behold! whom from my *Breaſt* belov'd,
" I, the *Eternal Father* full of *Mercy* gave
" To reſcue ſinful *Man*, and from juſt *vengeance* ſave.
All knew the *Voice* of their *Eternal Lord*,
All *heard* and *knew*, and *trembled*, and *ador'd*;
Prepare to *kiſs* the *Son*, due *honours* bring,
And o'er his own lov'd *Nation hail* him *King*.
But ah! for *Earthly Thrones* he was not born,
Here all the *Crowns* he ſought were made of *Thorn*:
Thoſe *glitt'ring Toys* he cou'd with eaſe deſpiſe,
And to the *Deſart* thence the *Hero* flies,
To *ſhun* what others often *court* in vain,
Deſtroy the *World* and *damn* themſelves to gain:
A dreadful *Wild* there is, outſtretching wide
* Its ſpacious *Skirts* by fruitful *Edom*'s ſide,
Impervious to the Suns all-cheering *light*;
There reign black *Horror* and *perpetual Night*:
Never *diſturb'd* by one *intruding Star*
To *guide* the weary *wandring Traveller*:
A *dark uncomfortable Vault* the whole:
And underneath *here* ſooty *Currents* rowl
Of dull *Bitumen*, *there* their *period* make,
And *ſtagnate* in ſome *melancholy Lake*.
No *Flowers* on th' unlucky *Rivage* grew,

No *Herb* or *Tree* but the black poys'nous *Yew*,
Rough *Cypreſs* for ſad *Herſes* only made,
And heavy *Ebon* caſting deadly *ſhade*,
With *Thunder-blaſted Oaks*——
If any where an open *Plat* was found,
Vaſt Serpents rowl'd along the *ſandy Ground*,
Their *num'rous Trains*; on half-burnt *Trunks* around
State *Birds obſcene*, foul *Harpies*, *Vultures* fell,
And all the ugly *monſtrous Forms* of *Hell*;
All *Miſchiefs* carry'd in their *Voice* and *Face*
Nor could *bode more* to that unhappy *place*.
Such was the *Field* of *Battle* ſuch the *Stage*
Where our *Great Captain* did all *Hell* engage:
Rapt, by the *ſacred Spirit*, he thither flies, *
Ardent t' achieve the glorious *Enterprize*:
Already he his *Rebels ſtrength* did know
Already *grapled* the *redoubted Foe*:
Who ſtung with *Envy*, ſwoln with fooliſh *Pride*,
His mighty *Rivals force* ſucceſsleſs try'd;
The *ſacred Mount* of God *affecting* vain
Transfixt he fell with all his *blaſted Train*,
To thoſe *uncomfortable Regions* where
For ever reign *Confuſion* and *Deſpair*:
Whence ſometimes *ſallying* out, the *burden'd Air*
They *laſh* with *loathſom Wings*, and pleas'd diſperſe
Miſchief and *Murder* round the *Univerſe*:
Gen. 3. With theſe their *Prince* himſelf had *broke* his *Chain*;
Rom. 5. 12. And hardly *here* leſs *abſolute* did reign
Than in his own *ſad Realms*, ſince that unhappy fall
Gen. 3. 15. Which in our *luckleſs Parents* loſt us all:
His *Fate* he knew, and did diſdainful dread
That the weak *Womans Seed* muſt *bruiſe* his *Head*:
This *deep* he now *revolv'd* with *conſcious fear*;
Concluding his long *fated-fall* was near:
Himſelf wide *ranging* round, with piercing *eyes*
He *much diſcern'd*, and *much* his watchful *ſpies*:
From *thoſe at* Herod's *Court* in *ambuſh* lay,
From *thoſe* who *bask'd* in the *warm beams* of *day*;
Who in *lone Woods* like *luſtful Satyrs* rove,
Or *Earthly Fiends* that *Blood* and *Murder* love:

What

What yet had *paſs'd* he *heard*, and all reſerv'd
In his dark *mind*, but had himſelf obſerv'd
What at the *Temple* chanc'd, for always there
With deep *malicious thoughts*, and utmoſt *care*,
He watch'd to *catch* each looſe unguarded *Pray'r*;
Which *wandring* found, before they reach'd the *Throne*,
He *ſeiz'd* as his and thought 'em all his *own*:
Alarm'd with all the *Wonders* heard and ſeen,
He *Mary's* Son did from his *Birth* begin
As the great *promis'd Seed* to *hate* and *fear*,
But more when he from *Jordan's banks* did hear,
By a *quick ſubtle Spirit* poſted there,
The famous *Baptiſt* did to all declare
In no *dark Types* involv'd, expreſs and plain,
The near approach of the *Meſſiah's reign*:
Away he *poſts* in *perſon*, uneſpy'd,
And mingled with the *Crowd* on *Jordan's* ſide,
Who all *Baptiz'd*, when Jeſus was not found
He *ſoars* aloft and ſweeping wide around
The *Fields Triumphant* did a while ſurvey,
Agen *prepar'd* to cut his *trackleſs way*
To Gods high *Temple* and the *ſacred Town*,
Till from his *Chariot* looking envious down
As with a *Curſe* he left 'em, he deſcry'd
The *Baptiſt kneel*, the *People* ſcatt'ring wide,
His dreadful *Foe* amidſt the *Waves* appear;
He *trembling* ſaw, and almoſt *dropt* for *fear*;
But when he did th' *atteſting Thunder* hear
By whoſe *intolerable Terrors* driv'n
Wielded by *Michael's Arm* of old he fled from *Heav'n*;
No more he cou'd *endure* ——
But thence *precipitate* his *flight* did take,
Wide *ſwooping* down thro' *Sodom's Brimſtone-lake*:
So *tumbling* thro' the *Clouds* the *Vulture* flies
As at vaſt *diſtance* he the *Quarry* ſpies,
Struck by the *Royal Eagles* piercing *Eyes*:
Confus'd and *trembling* there *obſcure* he lay,
Nor durſt agen aſcend, till *hated day*
Forſook the *World*, and *night* a covert made
To hide his *ſhame* in her lov'd *conſcious ſhade*:

Then *mounting* from the *deep* with *Sulphur* crown'd
All *flaming*, caſt his *glaring Eyes* around
And gladly wou'd have *curſt* th' *unhappy ground*,
But finding 'twas *too late*, did doubly rave;
Then for a *Council* ſtrait the *Signal* gave:
The *Demons* croud from ev'ry *lonely Grave.*
Each *wretch* whom they, *poſſeſs'd*, in *triumph* led
Thro' the *polluted Manſions* of the *dead*:
The *Conclave* fills, from *Earth* and *Hell* away
They haſt, proud *Belial*, Luſtful *Aſmoday*:
Their *Nature* in their *Looks* and *Forms* expreſt,
And *haughty Moloch* taller than the reſt:
Ev'n more *enrag'd* than when at *firſt* he fell,
Their *Prince* appear'd, and ſomething *worſe* than *Hell*,
More *deadly*, more *malicious* did ſurpriſe
His *Court*, nor dar'd they meet his *angry Eyes.*
None durſt *accoſt* the *wayward Tyrant*, none
Durſt *ſpeak* or *look*, but *trembled* round his *Throne*,
Who thus *enrag'd* began — 'And are we *grown*
'So tamely *good*, ſo worthy *more than Hell*
'We dare not bravely once again *rebel*?
'None *counſel*, none *adviſe*, nor *act*, but yield
'Without one parting *ſtroke* the *glorious Field*
'To this *young Conqu'ror*? Muſt our *Empire* fall
'And he alone poſſeſs the *ſpacious Ball*?
'Forbid it *Fate* and theſe *right Hands*, nor we
'So long in vain have *taſted Liberty*:
'He can but *thunder*, and long ſince we knew
'And felt the *worſt* his angry *Bolts* can do:
'Shall *Man* his *Slave* ſo oft his *Vengeance* dare,
'Ev'n while he *ſues* for *Peace* and offers *fair*,
'And we do *leſs*, who muſt of *Grace deſpair*?
'Or will you all *forget* for what you *fell*
'And humbly *praiſe* your *Conqu'ror* ev'n in *Hell*?
'Muſt I *forſake* and *abdicate* my *Throne*
'And you *Heav'ns-Deputy* your *Saviour* own?
'How elſe ſo *tame*, ſo *ſilent* cou'd you be,
'Nought *ſaid* or *done* worthy your *ſelves* or *me*?
Proud *Moloch* heard, but cou'd no longer *bear*,
Furious he roſe, with the ſame *ſcornful Air*

That

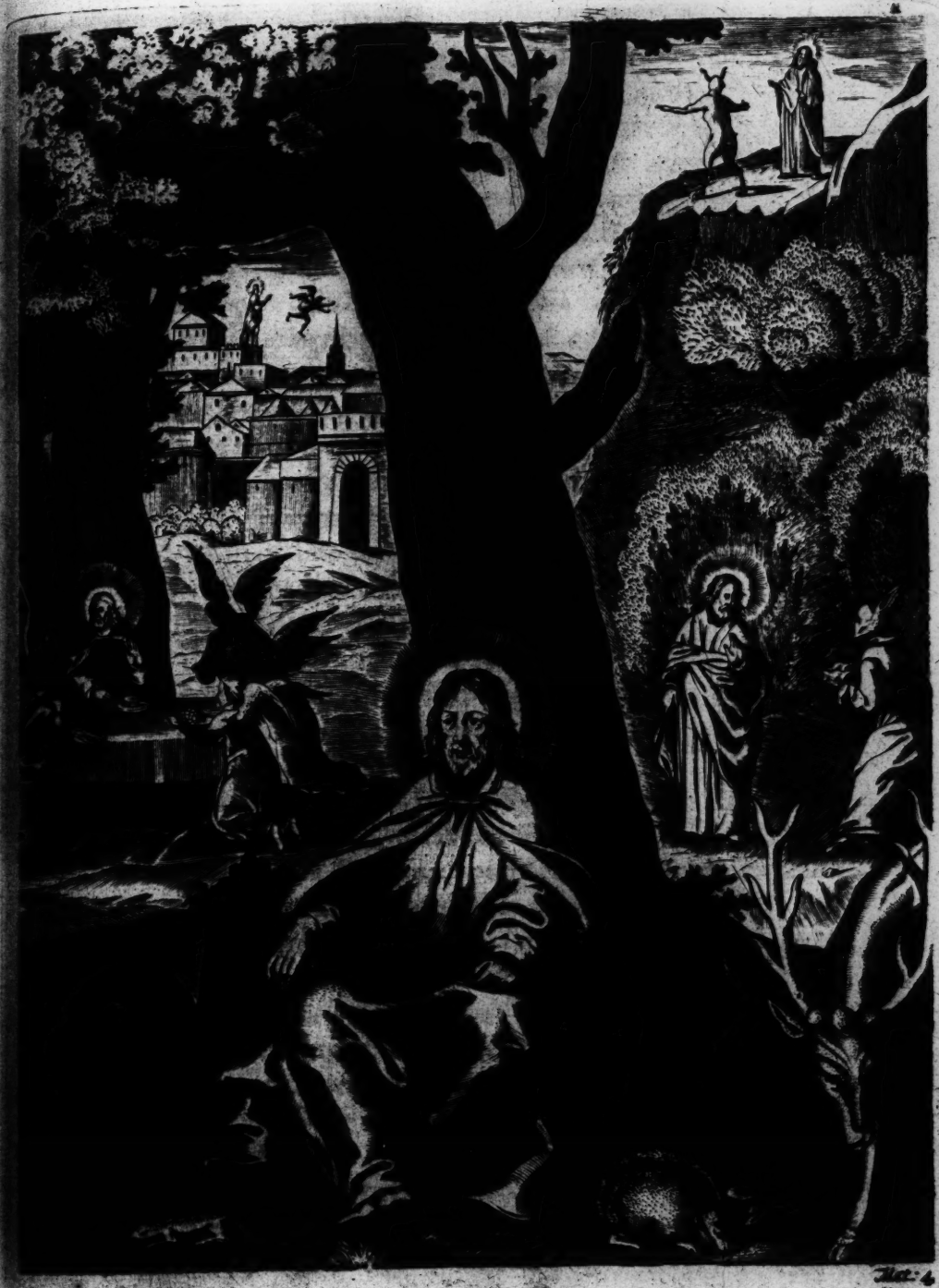
That coſt him *Heav'n*— 'Tis *well*, *he* cries, 'tis *well*,
'That he who *dares* ſpeak thus, is *Prince of Hell!*
'*Half* this, if from an *Angel*, ſhould have coſt
'His *fall* from thoſe *bleſt Regions* we have loſt,
'Tho' it more *deeply ſunk me*, — Are we *priz'd*
'No more than *baſely* to be *ſcandaliz'd*
'With *feeble Penitence*? Can that be *born*
'In *Hell*, which even earthly Tyrants *ſcorn*?
'But *time* and *words* are loſt, you know we're *true*
'*Sworn Enemies* to *Heav'n*, and *Friends* to you.
'And to *convince* you, ſtrait ſuch *deeds* we'll do
'As *Hell* ſhall envy, at once, and *ſpread* our *Fame*.
'For late my ſelf from *Jordan's Banks* I came,
'Where I a *holy Phariſee* poſſeſt
'And left my *darling Viper* in his *Breaſt*:
'*Aſmodeus* too was there, and all the day,
'Within a *Jolly Saducee* he lay:
'In vain it *Thunder'd* for we both did *ſtay*,
'And mark'd the *Son* of *God* whoſe *haunts* we know,
'Who thence did to the *dreadful Deſart* go
'Where *Iſr'el* wander'd; thither I'll purſue,
'And nothing want beſides *Commands* from you
'To *cruſh* this dreadful *Foe*? the *Woods* I'll *fire*
'Nor can he *ſcape*, but muſt, if *Man*, expire
'I'th' *circling Flames*; if theſe too *weak* ſhou'd prove
'The *ſolid Earth* I'd from its Axis move,
'Its *Bowels* to th' *affrighted Center* rive
'And in the *Gulph intomb him* yet *alive*;
'Or *Whirlwinds* raiſe, vaſt *Hills* and *Rocks* diſplace,
'And *daſh* all *Piſgah* on his *mangled Face*.
He ſaid, and hardly wou'd for *Orders* ſtay,
Till the *grim Prince of Hell* obſtructs his way,
Lifting his *Iron-Mace*— 'To me, he cries,
'Alone belongs this *glorious Enterprize*:
'I'll inſtantly about the great *Deſign*
'*Mine* be the *Glory*, as the *Danger mine!*
'*Heav'n* ſoon ſhall *Mourning* wear, all *Hell* ſhall *joy*:
'Him firſt I'll *tempt* to *Sin*, and then *deſtroy*.
This ſaid, in haſt the *ſooty Conclave* roſe,
And to the *Wild* diſguis'd their *Leader goes*:

Inſtruct

Inſtruct with wonted *guileful Arts*, and found
Our *Saviour* lowly *proſtrate* on the *Ground*:
Intent his ſpotleſs *Pray'r* before th' *All-high*
He *offers*, rapt in holy *Extaſie*;
For *ſtrength* againſt the *dreadful Combat* nigh:
The Temptation. He *ask'd* that *him* we might our *pattern* make,
He *ask'd* as *Man*, what he as *God* might take:
Soon did the *Fiend's* vain *hopes* begin to *fail*,
O'er them that *pray* he knows he can't *prevail*;
Yet *Tempts inviſible*, and did prepare
His *keeneſt Darts*, all quench'd with *Faith* and *Pray'r*,
Or driv'n *rebated* back, or loſt in *Air*.
Oft wou'd his *Thoughts diſorder* by the *chain*
Of former *Thoughts*, but try'd as oft in *vain*:
And with the ſame *ſucceſs* did on him try
Falſe *hopes* and *joys* and *worldly vanity*:
Objects within; and thoſe *before his face*,
The *ſolitude* and *horror* of the *place*:
Fruitleſs they fell and all his *Labours* mock,
As *ſtorms* of *Hail* againſt the *ſolid Rock*;
Each *rude Aſſault* unmov'd our *Saviour* bore,
His *mind* ſtill fix'd on *Heav'n* as 'twas before:
The *Tempter* of his *heav'nly Arms* afraid
With caution firſt *attacks* him, whilſt he *pray'd*;
But when *ſix Sabbaths* now he, proſtrate laid,
Matt. 4. 2. The *ſeventh* well worn, at length to *faint* began,
And humbly tho' a *God confeſt* the *Man*;
When this the *Enemy inſulting* ſpy'd
With *ſecret wicked Joy*, *he's mine he cry'd!*
This Son of God I ſoon ſhall *Triumph* o'er,
Luke 3. *ult.* With as much eaſe *ſubdu'd* as that before: *
So much his *mortal weakneſs* did deſpiſe,
Almoſt he'd fallen on *without diſguiſe*;
But ſoon with deep *Serpentine guile* repreſt
Thoſe firſt *warm eager thoughts* that fill'd his *breaſt*:
Reſolv'd a while *incognito* to try
What *ſtrength*, or *wit*, what *force* and *policy*
He muſt expect in his *new Enemy*,
E'er open he *attack'd* him — this to do
Round his *foul Form* thin *airy Robes* he threw,

Such

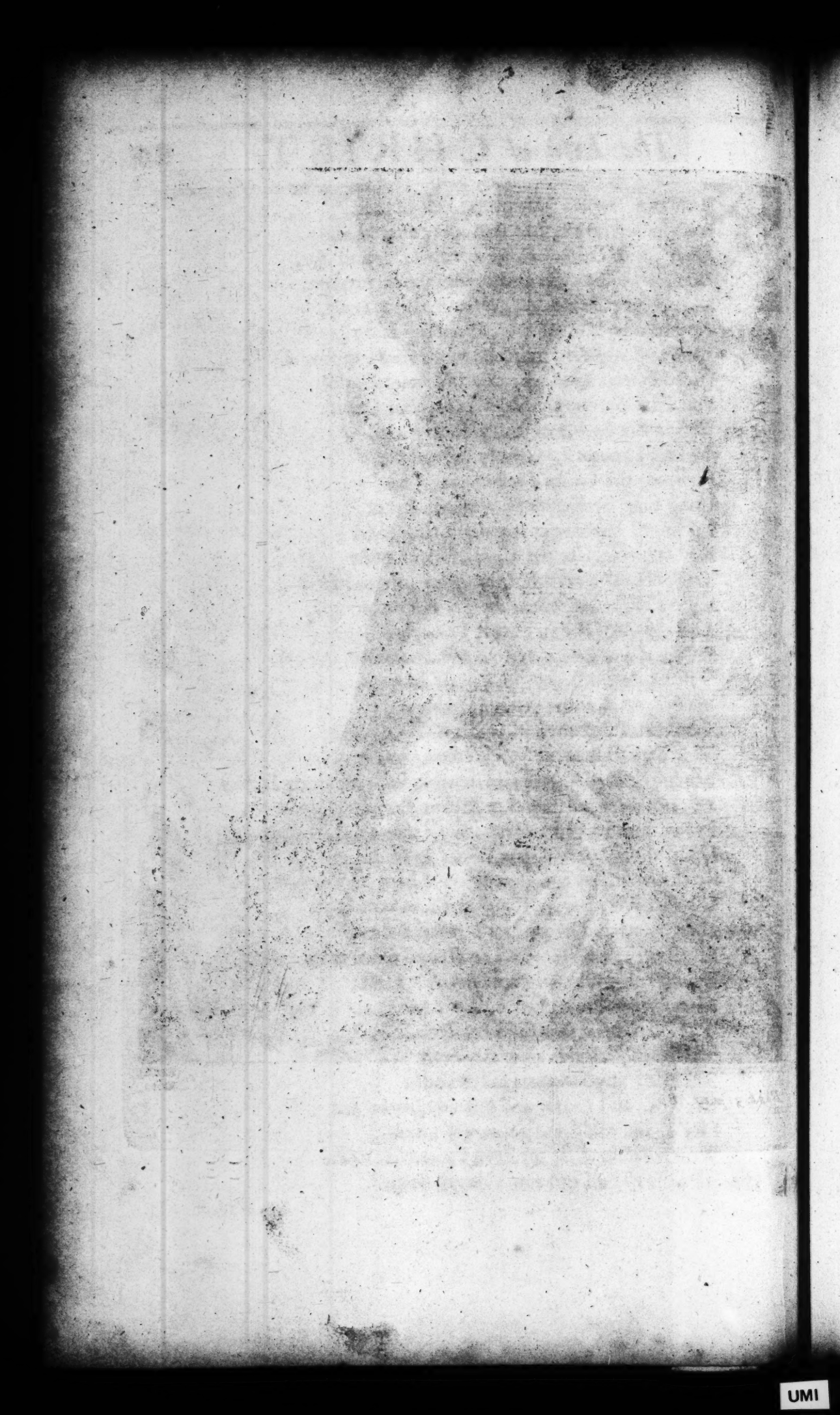




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Such as a *poor old Man* might beſt beſeem,
And ſuch who e'er had ſeen had counted him:
Lean *ſallow Cheeks*, *hollow'd* with *Cares* and *Age*,
Dim Eyes which did approaching *death* preſage:
Mov'd his pale *wither'd Lips* and *palſy'd Head*,
And to our Saviour thus *diſſembling* ſaid:
Hail Son of God by *ſigns* from *Heav'n* approv'd!
Great *Prophet Hail*, by *God* and *men* belov'd!
Full ſixty *Springs* by Heav'ns peculiar Grace,
Within the *borders* of this *hideous place*
* Have I *remain'd*, as holy *Eſſenes* uſe,
Far from the *barden'd unbelieving Jews*;
Long ſince by *Revelation* warn'd, I thee
Like aged *Simeon* e'er my *death* ſhould ſee;
And when of late the *mighty Baptiſt* came
To *Jordan's* banks whoſe *wondrous Life* and *Fame*
Fill'd all the *Wild*, me from my *Cell* he brought,
And the *Meſſiah* him at firſt I *thought*:
But ſoon my heighten'd *Expectations* fell
When him no *Sign*, no *glorious Miracle*
Atteſted, which the *Angel* did reveal
Shou'd ſtill attend, and be the *Saviour's Seal*:
This *Sign* to thee on *Jordan's banks* was giv'n,
When the *bright Dove* and wond'rous *Voice* from *Heav'n*
At once *deſcended*, this amidſt the *Crowd*
I ſaw, and had like *Simeon hail'd* thee loud,
Hadſt thou not by ſome Pow'r to us unſeen
Swift to this *lonely Deſart* hurry'd been;
Whither with *longing* Eyes, that fain wou'd *ſee*
More *near*, and *weary Feet* I *follow'd* thee;
But ſoon loſt *Sight* and *Track*, and often croſt
By *diff'rent Paths* at length my *ſelf* I loſt:
Already *once* ſince I firſt *wander'd* here
The *ſilver Moon* has fill'd her *little Year*,
* And *half another* now is almoſt paſt
Since I of any *humane Food* did *taſt*:
On *Roots* and *Leaves* and humble *Acrons* fed
I liv'd, nor ask'd the *Luxury of Bread*:
With *trembling ſteps* oft have I ſearch'd around
The *Foreſt*, all but this *unhappy Ground*,

Which

Which ſure no *humane Foot* e'r trac'd before.
Oft did I *hear* within the *Lions roar*,
Oft *Bones* and *luckleſs Carcaſſes* eſpy
Behind ſome *Buſh* half-torn *unburied* lie,
Of ſome loſt *Paſſenger*, and did *deſpair*
My *ſelf* to *ſcape* or *find* thee living *there*.
Yet in I *preſs'd*, if *dead*, *juſt Rites* to pay,
And o'er thy *Grave* my ſelf *lamenting* lay:
But ſince my *boding Fears* are *yet* in vain,
Since nothing here that *Nature* can *ſuſtain*,
No *Fruits*, nor *Herbs*, nor *Leaves*, nor *Roots* are found,
Nought *friend* to *Life* above or under ground:
If thou the *promis'd* hop'd *Meſſia* be,
A *Wonder* work, and *ſave* thy *ſelf* and *me*!
I elſe muſt *periſh* here, and you no *leſs*
By theſe *wan Looks* and *fainting Eyes* confeſs;
Nor longer *wait*, but all thy *ſelf* appear!
Exert the *God* nor pine *unpitied* here!
Theſe *ſtones* (there *ſtones* by chance thick ſcatter'd lay)
With *ſpeed command*, nor can they but *obey*,
Command them ſtrait the *Form* of *Bread* t'indue!
I ask no *more*, *content* as well as *you*
With ſuch *mean Fare*——
Tho' our *Foreſathers* were with *Manna* fed
I only beg for *Mens*, not *Angels* Bread.
To whom our *Saviour* thus, whoſe *piercing Eyes*
The *Fiend* diſcover'd thro' the *Saints Diſguiſe*:
—Full well can I diſcern thy black *Intent*,
And all that's by ſo *fair* a *Semblance* meant:
The *Serpent* in the *Graſs* full well I ſpy,
And to thy *firſt Temptation* thus reply:
The *ſacred Oracles* all *anxious Care*
For *Food* forbid, and thus 'tis *written there*.
Matt. 4. 4. "'Tis not *Bread* only do's *Mans life* ſuſtain,
Deut. 8. 3. Nor were the *Trees* and *Herbs* all made in *vain*:
The *Trees* and *Herbs* did Gods *dread Word* produce,
That theſe we in *extremities* might *uſe*:
Theſe in the *neighb'ring Woods* in *plenty* grow
Tho' *here* are *none*, and *thither* may we go
If either *needs*, nor tempt th' *All-high* to ſhow

A *ſign* where he doth *common means* afford:
Who made the *World* by his *commanding Word*;
To all things did their *proper Natures* give,
And ſtill preſerves thoſe *Pow'rs* by which we *live*;
Nay the *firſt Cauſe* who *all theſe Cauſes* made
Can ſoon *produce* th' *Effects* without their aid;
His *Word* preſerves that *Soul* on him *depends*,
Firm Strength *divine*, and *heav'nly* Vigour lends,
And nouriſhes to *Life* that never ends.
The *Fiend* did in *imperfect Curſes* vent
His rage, and *murm'ring* thence *reluctant* went:
Thro' *diſmal gloomy Shades* unſeen did glide,
And for the *next aſſault* himſelf provide.
Whilſt the true *Son of God* no *ſhelter* found,
But weary, cold and hungry on the *Ground*
Sweet *Sleep* in vain he courts, for at his *Head*
The *Tempter* env'ing ev'n his *homely Bed*
On ſome *hard Rock*, returns with ugly *Dreams*
Of *Precipices* vaſt and *pitchy Streams*,
Of *thoughts* moroſe and vain — The *Man*'s diſtreſt
* With *ſinleſs fears*, the *God* repels the *reſt*.
Nor ſooner frighted *ſleep* did him forſake,
And from ſhort *imperfect ſlumbers* wake,
When diſtant gath'ring *Storms* he heard on *high*,
And *Infant Thunders* muſt'ring round the *Sky*,
Which to that *Foreſt* all their Forces led,
With hideous *crack* diſcharging o'er his head:
The *Clouds* the *Signal* take: and when a while they *lowr'd*
* " From many a *horrid rift abortive* pour'd
Fierce *Rain*, which did with *ſheets* of *flame* conſpire,
Like *Egypts* dreadful *Plague*: *Water* with *Fire*
In *Ruin reconcil'd*; nor ſlept the *Winds*,
* Where them inclos'd their *airy Leader* binds
" Within their *ſtony Caves*, but ruſh'd abroad,
And ſwept with *ſaily wings* thro' Heav'ns *high-road*:
* " From the four *Hinges* of the *World* they ran,
" To the *vex'd Wilderneſs*, which ſoon began
To feel their mighty *rage*; there ſcatt'ring wide,
* Diſrobe the beauteous *Trees* of all their *pride*,

And *Earth* of them, their *deep-fang'd roots* gave way,
And on the *ground* vaſt *Trunks diſmember'd* lay:
The *Sky ſaluting Pine*, and *ſturdy Oak*,
Proof againſt all but Heav'ns *Almighty ſtroke*,
Still *proof* till now — —
Which had a *thouſand Tempeſt's* rage diſdain'd,
And there *coeval* with the *World* remain'd;
In vain they plead their long *Preſcription* now:
"Loaden with *ſtormy blaſts* their *ſtiff-necks* bow,
Now this, now that way *ſway'd*, and all around
Like *Earthquakes* with *Convulſions heave* the ground;
Till *fiercer* blaſts them from the *Center* tear,
And *dart* like *chaff* or *ſtubble* round the *Air*.
Now *Hills* of *Sand* came *rolling* with the *Wind*
Death-threat'ning, now the *ſolid Rocks* behind
On which as chanc'd, our Lord his *Head* reclin'd;
In horrid *Clifts* by bellowing *Earthquakes* rent
Part *ſunk abrupt*, part from red *Volcans* ſent
Huge *glowing* ſtones, which thick as *ſparks* aſpire,
Tempeſtuous *ſmoak*, and *flame* and *waves* of *fire*:
Sharp *ſleet* and *driving-rain* the while did pour
Direct againſt his face a *ruſhing ſhow'r*;
Now doubly *forc'd* by the *impetuous Wind*,
Now hizzing in th' enraged *flames* behind:
"From the *rude ſtorm* ill waſt thou *ſhrouded* then
O patient Son of God — *Birds*, *Beaſts*, and *Men*
Were now, than thee with better *ſhelter* bleſt;
Men Houſes have, *Beaſts Dens*, each *Bird* a *Neſt*,
But thou no *place* thy *weary'd Limbs to reſt*.
Yet only thou *unſhaken* didſt remain,
And *Hells Artillery* was ſpent in vain;
Tho' ſtill the *Fiend* does his vain *Arts* repeat,
New malice gath'ring from each *new defeat*:
The *Flames* were *quench'd*, the *Winds* and *Tempeſts* fell,
At his *Command*, all *dark* as his own *Hell*:
No *Sounds* are heard, or *Objects* now appear,
A *gloomy ſilence* reigning every where;
A while it *reign'd* but with more *horrid noiſe*
Was ſoon *diſturb'd*, the *loud lamenting Voice*

Of

Of all that *mortal breasts* can move to *fear*,
At *distance* thro' the *Trees* our *Lord* did *hear*:
Shrill shrieks for *help* that still approach'd more *near*:
Of *Rapes* and *Murders* the redoubled *cry*,
(While *glitt'ring Swords* he thro' the *Shades* cou'd *spy*,)
Then interrupted *groans*, such theirs who lie
In *Lifes* weak *twilight*, gasping thick for *breath*,
And *strugling* in the *Agonies* of *Death*:
Or, *sculking* close behind some *Bush* or *Tree*
He by the *Glow-worms* glimm'ring *light* cou'd see
Fierce *shaggy Ruffians*, hoary *Villains* they
Appear'd, which hunted more for *blood* than *prey*:
Some their strong *steely Jav'lings* poise, the rest
Their *Arrows nick*, and *level* at his *Breast*:
The *Bow string twangs*, out flies the *airy Dart*,
But can no more *affright*, than *pierce* his *heart*;
That and the *Tempters Curses* lost in Wind,
As all his other *Terrors* yet behind.
Each *hideous Beast* which once to *Eden* came,
From the *first Adam* to receive their *name*,
The Fiend *produc'd*, the *second* to affright,
In the *dead mazes* of that *dreadful Night*:
* All that with *Noah hosted*, all and *more*,
For Sun burnt *Afric* sent her *monstrous store*;
Here from the *slimy banks* of fertile *Nile*
Came slow, the vast *amphibious* Crocodile:
Who on *Cyrene's Sands* does fearless see,
And with him brings *Serpents* as *large* as *he*:
The *false Hyena's* face was here discern'd,
Ev'n more than what she *Apes* in *flatt'ry* learn'd:
There the *fell Wolf* and frightful *Panther* came,
With the *stern Ounce* whose bloody *Eyes* shot Flame
Across the *Grove*, the nimble *Tyger* too;
All *hideous Forms*, some *false* and others *true*.
For *many* a *Fiend* with dreadful *shape* and *face*,
Had *mixt* themselves among the *brutal race*;
And when the *Beasts* by *Nature fierce* and *wild*,
Soon at our *Saviours* sight grew *tame* and *mild*;
These *pusht* 'em on, and *urg'd* with all their pow'r
To seize their *hated Foe*, and him *devour*:

Mark 1. 13.
Gen 2. 19, 20.

The *roaring Herd* himſelf th' *Arch-Traytor* led,
And like a *Leopard darted* at his *head*
His *ſpotted Form*, but when the *pow'rs* of *Hell*
He found too *weak* to ſtorm that *Citadel*,
"Strait into *trackleſs Air diſſolv'd he fell*:
Two other *Fiends* like *fierce Jackals* did *bay*, *
And warn'd the *Kingly Lyon* to his *prey*;
He *ſtately ſtalks* along, prepar'd t' *engage*,
And *laſhes* his *firm ſides* with *dreadful rage*:
But when he *Juda's princely Lyon* ſaw,
Struck with a *fear unknown* and *wondrous awe*,
His angry *ſtern* he gently *pacify'd*,
And *lick'd* his *hands* and *couch'd* him by his *ſide*;
Then ſoon at them he *leaps* that brought him *there*,
Who mock his *anger fleeting* into *Air*.
Fearleſs our Saviour ſtood, nor Beaſts nor *Night*,
Nor thoſe *dread Forms* which guilty *man* affright
Once *mov'd* him, tho' *dire Spectres* now invade,
And *glide* with *double horror* thro' the *ſhade*:
With *flaming Torches here* and *Flambos* high
Erect, a *Corps* at *diſtance* paſſes by;
There ſhreiking Ghoſts glare croſs, and *face* him *there*,
With *bloody Breaſts*, *fix'd Eyes*, *diſhevel'd Hair*;
Laſt, *wicked Spirits* in monſtrous *Forms* infeſt,
And *ſhake* their *fiery Darts* againſt his *Breaſt*:
In vain their *number*, *rage* and *yells* increaſe,
"He ſits *unmov'd* in *calm* and *ſmileſs peace*. *
Thus paſt the *Night* till *Phoſphor's* cheerful *Ray*
Warn'd guilty *Ghoſts* and *glim'ring Stars* away;
And gently *beckons* on the riſing day:
Whilſt, e'er the *Sun* had ſhown his *radiant face*,
Our *Lord* forſakes th' *uncomfortable place*
Of his ſo *long abode*, and as it *roſe*,
Hungry and *cold* to a *near Hillock* goes,
Bending to *Eaſt*, there *dropping* by the *ſtorm*,
His *Robes* to *dry* and *frozen Limbs* to *warm*:
Him did the *Tempter* impudent, purſue,
Reſolv'd to *attack*, tho' well his ſtrength he knew,
In *glorious form* accoſts him, rob'd in *Light*,
And welcoms from the *horrors* of the *Night*,

Welcoms

Welcoms with *falſe devoir*, on *bended knee*,
And *paraſitical Humility*,
From that *ſad place* where they *encount'red* laſt,
Where he ſo many *tedious hours* had paſt;
Nor any longer wou'd himſelf *diſown*,
So oft thro' all his *thin diſguiſes* known;
Yet veils his *canker'd ſpite* in *ſemblance* fair,
What's loſt in *force*, he'd now by *fraud* repair:
Then with *feign'd ſhow* of *pity* thus he ſaid;
Tho' us *Mankind* as *Enemies* upbraid,
Them in th' *extreams* of *Life* we often *aid*;
By *Oracles* important *Truths* decide,
And *Tables* for the *Poor* and *Old* provide:
If this, *O Son of God!* for *them* we do,
What *ſervice* can be thought too *great* for *you*?
Tho' lately you, *diſcourt'ous*, me deny'd,
When your *Divinity* I wou'd have try'd;
Did me ſo *modeſt* a *requeſt* refuſe,
Nor *Bread*, for that alone I ask'd, *produce*;
No *Niggard* of my *Gifts*, thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
How richly I'll *unask'd provide* for thee:
He ſaid and *ſtampt*, —ſtrait from the *Ground* ariſe
All *Trees* that cou'd compoſe a *Paradiſe*:
The *ſtately Oak*, the *ſailing beauteous Pine*,
Th' *eternal Cedar*, fit for *Works divine*;
The *ſhady Chſnut*, and the *Walnut* fair,
* The *Lover-Myrtle*, *Lotus* chaſt and rare,
From *Sun-burnt Afric* brought and *planted* there:
* The virtuous *Palm*, which does by preſſures *riſe*,
And ſpite of *weight*, triumphant mean the *Skies*:
The *Cherries* next their *bluſhing Lips* incline;
The *gold-cheek'd Quince* with *looks* and *ſmell* divine.
The *ſilken Peach* with noble *flavour* bleſt,
The *Plumb*, whoſe name *Armenian* Fields conſeſt:
The *juicy Mulberry* which *fables* feign
Two *Lovers Blood* with *purple dy* did *ſtain*:
Over their *heads* up ſprings the *mantling Vine*
Nor needs its *husband Elm* whereon to *twine*;
So large the *Trunk*, ſo wide the *Branches* roſe,
They of themſelves long *leavy Vaults* compoſe:

But yet for *Ornament* did not diſdain
Woodbines and *Eglantine* to entertain:
This humble, *ſtoops* and *decks* the *Arbors ſide*,
That gawdier, mounts aloft with *decent pride*;
With the rich *cluſt'ring Grapes* ſo cloſe entwin'd,
That *Fruit* and *Flow'rs* at once the *gath'rers* find.
A little more *remov'd* but plain to view
In low *warm Groves* the *golden Orange* grew:
The *ſilver Lemons* next, and next to theſe
The rich *Pomegranate*, croſs the *ſtormy Seas*;
Well worth the pains, from *Punic Carthage* brought: *
The *Ground* beneath like a fair *Carpet* wrought
With various *Flow'rs*, ſo *regular* and *true*
The *Figures* ſeem'd, and yet ſo *careleſs* too,
As *Art* and *Nature* both the *Landskip* drew.
Around the place, all neatly *border'd*, grows
Cantic. 2.2. The *Lily* of the *Vale* with *Sharons* Roſe:
Nard, *Camphire*, *Jaſſmin*, ev'ry *fragrant ſweet*
Cantic. 1. Which did in God's fair *Spouſes Garden* meet:
12, 14. Here *moſſy* Benches, voluntary roſe,
Cantic. 3. 14, 15, 16. Where the ſweet *Musk* and *blew-ey'd Vi'let* grows;
I'th' midſt a *Table* did it ſelf preſent,
Loaden with each *choice Diſh* that might content
An *hungry Epicure*; a vaſt *wild Boar*
The *middle* fill'd, the reſt was cover'd o'er
With *Diſhes pil'd*, which court *ſmell*, *taſt*, and *ſight*,
With various *ſhow* and *order exquiſite*.
From diſtant *Regions* to the *Banquet* came
Sea, *Earth*, and *Air's* Proviſion, *wild* and *tame*,
Each *Beaſt* of ſportive *chaſe*, and *Fowl* of *game*.
" Each *Fiſh* that does in *Sea* or *Rivers* dwell
Or *Pond*; or *ſmooth*, or *arm'd* with *Scale* or *Shell*:
All that *Bethſaida's* well-wrought *Nets* cou'd take *
In *Air*, or *Deſarts wild*, or *neigbouring Lake*.
What crown'd the reſt on a *neat ſide-board* nigh,
Vaſt ſtores of *noble Wines* ſtood *ſparkling* by;
Prov. 23. 3. In *Chriſtal Walls*, how *dangerous to behold*?
Or *Maſſy Goblets* wrought of *Ophirs Gold*.
Bright *Youths* and brighter *Maids* wait *cheerful* round,
Their *flowing Hair* with *od'rous Garlands* Crown'd,

A *Charger this*, where *Golden Fruit* did ſhine
Supports; that holds a *Flask* of *gen'rous Wine*;
All pleas'd with the *fair Office* they enjoy'd,
And look'd as if they *wiſh'd* to be employ'd.
Two *lovely Nymphs* — —
Whoſe *Charms* what ever's *Mortal* far excel,
Lovely as ever *Tempted Man to Hell*,
At once *ſhot Darts* from their falſe *Eyes* and *Tongue*,
And to their *warbling Lutes* harmonious ſung:

Say, what *Songs* ſhall we *prepare*
For *both Worlds immortal Heir*?
How our *Joy* our *Love* expreſs
In this *barren Wilderneſs*?
Honey from thy *Feet* did *flow*,
O'er thy *Head fair Arbors* grow;
At thy *ſight* fierce *Beaſts* grew mild,
And the *barren Deſart ſmil'd*.
Welcom, *welcom*, *welcom* thrice
To this *happy Paradiſe*!
Here no *Serpent* need you *fear*;
No *forbidden Fruit* is here.
Hark the *Amorous Turtles* call!
Hark! the *ſilver Waters* fall!
And a gentle *ſpicy breeze*
Whiſpers through the *ruſtling Trees*:
Theſe, the *rugged Tempeſt* o'er,
Storms and *Whirlwinds* heard no more,
Theſe the *Hero* all invite
To ſoft *Love* and gay *Delight*:
Safe and *friendly* all appears;
We thy *gentle Miniſters*!
We this *Food* before thee *plac'd*,
Nor diſdain to *ſit* and *taſt*!

Thus they, back fell each weak *rebated Dart*,
This *reach'd* our Saviour's *Ears*, but not his *Heart*:
No *dang'rous ſoftneſs* there crept ſlily in,
Not the firſt *Embryo-motion* of a *Sin*:
The *Tempter* their *deſign* as vain purſues,

Earneſt,

Earneſt, their *Invitation* he renews;
To whom our *Lord*—*Periſh* thy *gifts* with *thee!*
Alike I ſcorn thy *ſpite* and *flattery*:
How *kind* a *Friend* thou art to *Man* and *me*,
Me, the laſt *Night* has ſhown, *man's* Off-ſpring, all
Thoſe *miſchiefs* waiting his *unhappy Fall*:
Thoſe *Oracles* which thou ſo high doſt *priſe*
What are they but *ambiguous* ſpecious *Lyes*?
That *Food* with which thou doſt thy *Vaſſals* treat,
And make each *Wretch* his own *Damnation* Eat,
Are either *fancy'd Viands*, *ſhap'd* of *Air*,
As thy *lean Hags* with ſuch *deluſive fare*
Oft *feaſted* but ſtill *famiſh'd*, plainly ſhew;
Or elſe *ill-got* if *ſolid* they, and *true*:
The *richeſt fare* thou canſt thy *Friends* afford
The ſtoln remains of ſome *Luxurious board*:
Such *this*, ſet out with ſo much *pomp* and *ſtate*
Nor can thy *pow'r* one ſingle *grain create*: *
" To whom thus anſwer'd *Satan male-content*,
If all's *ſuſpect* which freely I preſent,
What follows, you by *cauſleſs Jealouſie*
Deſerve—'tis *Natures voice friendly to be*
With *Friends* and *dreadful* to my *Enemy*: *
And thus I *give* what you refus'd e're while
" To ſuch as dearly earn'd the far-fetch'd *ſpoil!*
He ſaid, ſtrait *Meat* and *Table diſappear'd*,
Foul *Harpy's Wings* and *ugly Talons* heard;
Each greedy of the *Feaſt* a *part* receives,
And in their room *uncleanly Ordure* leaves: *
Soon then th' *Arch-Traytor* all himſelf appear'd;
Each monſtrous *Form* that *Mortals* ever fear'd
Succeſſive he puts on, our *Lord* t' affright;
No more a *glorious Angel* rob'd in *Light*,
Humane no more, a hideous *Beak* his *Noſe*,
His *cank'red Breaſt* blue *poys'nous ſcales* incloſe;
A *Dragons* horrid *Train* behind him *grows*,
A Dragons *Batt-like Wings* he did diſplay;
And *underneath* his *hands*, no *hands* were they,
But *pounces* fit for ſuch a *Bird* of *prey*,
In which our *Saviour* ſnatcht, he *ſwift* did bear,

And

And with him *ſoars ſublime* thro' *yielding Air*;
As ſome *fierce Hawk* whoſe cruel *Talons* ſtrook
A harmleſs *Dove* near *Cherith's ſilver Brook*,
Then o'er the neighb'ring *Fields* with his weak *prey*
Wheeling, triumphant, cuts his *pathleſs way*:
Thus did the *Prince* of all the *Airy Hoſt*,
Who back from diſtant *Paran's* deſart Coaſt
Hurry's our *Lord*, ſo his great *Fathers Will*,
O'er *Bozra's Rock* and *Edom's* fruitful *Hill*,
In whoſe *Weſt-bounds* to *Moſerah* they come,
And *Hor*, renown'd for holy *Aaron's Tomb*: Numb. 20.
* Near *Sodom's* dreadful Lake arriv'd, in haſt 22.
* 'Twixt *Halak* they, and dire *Acrabbim* paſt:
Kadeſh and *Zin*, to th' *left behind* they leave,
Them *Debirs* airy *Regions* next receive;
* Now *Debir* 'tis, once *Kiriath-ſephir* nam'd,
For valiant *Othniel's* dear-bought *Conqueſt fam'd*: Judg. 1. 12.
Empire and *Love* his *Triumphs* did divide,
He humbled firſt the *Canaanitiſh pride*,
Then won the *charming Achſah* for his *Bride*.
Here the *miraculous* ſight——
Some learn'd *Aſtronomer* the People ſhow'd
As o'er the *Town*, he *mark'd* their *airy Road*:
Men, *Matrons*, *Children*, *Maids*, all run to ſee
With *hands* and *eyes* uplift the *Prodigie*:
Short was the *ſight*, they're in a *moment* gone
To *Maon*, *Ziph*, and *woody Jeſhimon*;
Hebron to th' left, which *twice* a *Crown* did grace,
And more *remov'd*, deſcry that *curſed place*
Which held of old the *faithleſs fore-skin'd Race*:
Gaza by *Bezor's* Brook, and *Gerar* fair,
Proud *Aſhdod*, *Aſhkelon*, and *Ekron*, where
* While ſtood *Philiſtia's* ſtate, th' *Arch-fiend* abhorr'd,
With *Temple* and with *Altars* was *ador'd*; 2 Kin. 1. 2.
Who next o'er *Libnah's* Walls his *courſe* did ſteer,
* And leaving on the left *ſtrong Lachiſh* near,
They *Tekoa's Wood* below and *Bethlem* ſpy;
* Then *ſhooting ſwift* o'er *Saveh's Vale* deſcry
Royal *Jeruſalem*, whoſe *Southern* bound
By ſacred *Zion's* beauteous *Turrets* crown'd,

Where pleasant *Millo* lies outstretch'd, they past *
Whose Walls by *Siloam's gentle Waves* are washt;
Which thence *declining*, into *Kidron* pour
By *Sol'mon's* royal *Seat* and *Ophel's* Tow'r; *
Not ev'n to *curse* the *Town* th' *Arch-rebel* stay'd,
But soon from thence our *patient Lord* convey'd
T' his *Fathers House*, that spatious *Temple*, where
All *Israel* wait with *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*:
Near *Herod's lofty Tow'r* he with him fell, *
Matt. 4. 5. And drops him on the *highest Pinacle*;
On *saily Wings* then *flutt'ring* by his *side*
Him, *grinning*, thus accosts with *scornful pride*.
"*There stand*, if *stand* thou canst; thy *skill* 'twill ask:
—Or wou'dst thou *undertake a nobler Task*:
Wou'dst thou th' *unquestion'd Son* of *God* be *hail'd*,
(Which *much I doubt*, since I've so long *prevail'd*
On thy *weak mortal frame*) *below* thee see
Vast *Crowds*, who leave their *Pray'rs* to look at thee!
Thee from yon *Court* the *vested Priests* perceive, *
Their *morning Sacrifice* unfinish'd leave;
Whilst from the *next*, with lifted *eyes* and *hands* *
Thy own *lov'd Israel*, gazing on thee *stands*;
And in the *Third*, thick-kneeling at the *Gate* *
As much amaz'd the *humble Gentiles* wait;
Wou'd *Victims* pay, struck with *religious fear*,
And think they see some *God* or *Hero* here:
Now wou'dst thou set thy injur'd *Nation* free
As did of old the valiant *Maccabee*,
Vid. Notes on Lib. 2. Now is the time, the *golden moment* now;
Fate waits thy *Will*, a greater *Hero* thou:
No more these *marks* of *Idol-bondage* bear,
But drive yon *Eagle*, proudly *perching* there
Transfix'd with his *own Thunder* thro' the *Air*.
And see *Occasion* courts to *mighty things*
Well-worthy thee and thy long *Race* of *Kings*:
Below thee to the *right* direct thine *eyes*,
And see *Antonia's Tow'r* unguarded lies;
On th' other *side* regardless now of *War*
The *Roman Youth*, *unbent*, and *sporting* there
Vid. Joseph *Antiq.* In *Herod's* spatious *Amphitheatre*: *

Or





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N.° 22



Or elſe by *Zions Daughters beauty* won,
Dropping their *Arms* already they're *undon.*
Now may'ſt thou with *ſucceſs* thy *Title* own;
Now bravely *ſtrike* and be for *ever known!*
Thee then if ought the *ſenſe of Glory* warms,
If *Incenſe* pleaſes, *Adoration* charms;
Or what moves more, if *glad* thou wou'dſt *fulfil*
What's all thy *pleaſure*, thy great *Fathers Will*;
Who made it *Fate*, declaring long before,
Thee *Men*, thee ev'n his *Angels* ſhould adore; Heb. 1. 6.
Plunge hence in *ſight* of all th' admiring *Town*,
And in the *Altars flames waft ſoftly* down!
So ſhall the wond'ring *World* due *honours* bring
At once *adore* the *God*, and *hail* the *King*.
Nor canſt thou, if true *Heir* of *Earth* and *Skies*,
Suſpect th' *event* of this *bold Enterprize*;
For thus, while with his *Notes* fair *Zion* rung,
To his *Harp* inſpir'd thy great *Fore-father* ſung.

Bleſt is the *Man* whoſe *ſure defence* Pſal. 91. 1.
Firm *Faith* and ſporleſs *Innocence!*
Thrice *bleſt*, who compaſt *round with Hoſts of Foes*
Can on the *everlaſting Arms* repoſe!
Nor will that *God* whom thou thy *hope* doſt make 2. 3.
Refuſe to *hear* thy *gaſping Cry*:
Nor will he *helpleſs* let thee *die*;
Nor will he thy *Protection* e'er *forſake!*
See with what *haſt* the *bleſſed Spirits* above 11.
At his *Commands* fly *circling round*,
And make thy *Dwelling ſacred ground!*
See with what *haſt* they to thy *ſuccour move!*
With what *officious* Care and tender *Love!*
Theſe, *above*, ſoft-hov'ring o'er,
Theſe *behind*, and theſe *before*,
Thy glorious *Guard de Cor?*
Thee theſe gentle *Spirits* ſhall bear
Unhurt thro' *yielding Air*,
On their ſoft *Wings*, and ſet thee lightly down
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt *cruſh* thy *foot* on ſome *relentleſs ſtone.*

He ſaid and ſtopt,—with *meekneſs* in his *Eyes*
Temper'd *ſevere*, thus ſhort our *Lord* replies:
As *plain* 'tis *Writ*.——
Deut. 6. 16. When murm'ring *Iſrael* went thro' *Paran*'s *Coaſts*,
Matt. 4. 7. "Thou ſhalt not *Tempt* thy *God*, the *Lord* of *Hoſts*,
To whom the *Fiend*, tho' oft his *force* he'd try'd
Repuls'd, thus *impudent*, *agen* reply'd:
Leſs *firmneſs* cou'd I not expect to find
In one who owns ſuch an *exalted mind*:
Theſe *petty Crowns* with *Juſtice* you *diſdain*
Who over all the *World* deſerve to *reign*,
Come with me then one *airy Journey* more,
And ſee what *Gifts* I've yet reſerv'd in *ſtore*!
Nor ſooner had he thus diſſembling *ſaid*,
But *ſnatching* ſwift he thence our *Lord* convey'd
O'er *lofty Olivet*, who ſoon below
Enſhemeſh ſees, and beauteous *Jericho*; *
Thence lay their *trackleſs road* directly on,
Joſh. 15. 6. *Gilgal* to th' *left*, and ancient *Bohan*'s *ſtone*
To th' *right* they *leave*, and thence as ſwift proceed
O'er *Jordan*'s *ſtream*, nor *Ford* nor *Ferry* need;
Which paſt *ſublime*, they on its *Eaſtern ſide*
Joſh. 22. 24. The ruins of *Ed*'s *doubtful Altar* ſpy'd, *
Joſh. 3. 16. Near *Adam* and *Zaretans* ancient *Town*,
Not far from whence he ſet our *Saviour* down
On *Piſgah-mount*, whence long before he knew
Some courteous *Angel* did to *Moſes* ſhew
Deut. 34. 2. *Canaans bleſt Land* on Jordan's *either ſide*, *
Whilſt wrapt in *Clouds*, the *ſly Seducer* pry'd
And learn'd the *wond'rous Art*, the skill he learn'd
By which far diſtant Objects are *diſcern'd*;
Yet to th' *Invention* adds, *Experience* gain'd
By time, part *truly* ſhown, tho' more was *feign'd*:
With *Mimic skill* did aptly firſt prepare
Figures exactly wrought of *pliant Air*;
Then gave 'em *Form*, with *Colours* gilt the whole, *
And where they needed fill'd with *ſecret Soul*.
Towns, *Cities*, *Kingdoms*, *Bird*, and *Beaſt*, and *Man*
All fitly *rang'd*, the *Tempter* thus *began*:
Well have we ſpeeded by my *Care* and *Skill*

O'er

O'er *Field* and *ſedgy Brook*, and *Dale* and *Hill*;
* Conducted with no *injury* but *fear*
To Moab's *Plains* and this fair *ſtation* here:
Whence caſt thine *eyes* around and ſee what e'er
The *World* can boaſt of *excellent* and *fair* Matt. 4. 8.
Of *great* or *good!* what e'er thou ſee'ſt is *mine*,
And at an *eaſie rate* ſhall all be *thine*.
Weſt bending to the *South*, beneath thee, ſee
The *Deſart* and the happy *Araby!*
Thoſe *Trains of Men and Beaſts* which ſtrike thine *Eyes*,
Rich-loaden *Caravans* of *Gold* and *Spice*;
* Which *Iſhmael's* wealthy *Off-ſpring* far away Gen. 37. 25.
Thro' thoſe vaſt *Sands* from *Perſia's Gulph* convey
To *Zoan's* fertile *Fields*, and thence diſperſe
* The wealthy *Traffick* of the *Univerſe*:
Still more to *South* vaſt *Lubim's* Deſarts ſee!
Nor there a *Kingdom* will I offer thee;
* Tho' proud of *Golden Sands* and *Groves* of *Spice*
* They their parch'd *Country* think a *Paradiſe*:
From thoſe *wide Worlds* let thy *loſt eye* retire,
And ſee if ought there is can pleaſe thee *nigher!*
To the great *Weſtern Ocean* turn thine eyes,
Where many a beauteous *Iſland* ſcatter'd lies,
Crete, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes* — but thou ſhalt theſe *deſpiſe*;
* Ev'n fair *Trinacria* too thou ſhalt diſdain,
Whoſe three *ſharp Points* defie the *roaring Main*:
To North of which behold yon *lovely Plain*,
* Waſht by the *ſounding Sea* on either ſide,
* Which thro' the midſt a *Ledge* of *Hills* divide!
See to thee *South*, not far within the *Land*,
* Near a fair *Stream* a *Royal City* ſtand;
On *ſeven ſmall pleaſant Hills* divinely built!
A thouſand lofty *Turrets* richly gilt
She boaſting ſhows, and *climing* over all
On that *ſteep Rock*, the glitt'ring *Capitol*:
'Tis *Rome the Miſtreſs of the World* you ſee,
Which pleas'd ſhall bend its haughty *Neck* to thee:
* *Eternal Rome*, which thee her *Lord* ſhall *own*,
* And raiſe thee to the *Purple* and the *Throne*:
Or wou'dſt thou aim at ſomething worthier *praiſe*;

By

By thine own *arms* a mighty *Empire* raiſe;
Over yon *cloudy Mountains* with me go
Whoſe *Tops* all horrid with *eternal Snow*;
And ſee that *lovely Plain* outſtretcht below!
'Twixt where *Garumna's waters* gently *creep*, *
And rapid *Rhene* runs foaming to the deep; *
Waſh'd by the *Britiſh* and *Liguſtick* Seas;
And by yon mighty Hills, (the *Pyrenees*
From old *Tradition* them the Natives call,)
Fenc'd to the *South*,— The fam'd *Tranſalpine Gaul!*
The *people* daring, curious, active, brave,
Yet will be *ſlaves* themſelves while *others* they *enſlave*: *
Their diff'rent *Tribes* thou by my help mayſt gain, *
Unite 'em all and in *Lutetia* reign:
Nor this *fair chance* refuſe till 'tis too late,
For if aright I *ſcann'd* the *rolls* of *Fate*
Here ſhall in after-days a *Prince* ariſe
Who tho' thy *Name* he bears will thee *deſpiſe*,
And aid the *banners* of thine *Enemies*:
Nor will like thee my *proffer'd* help diſdain,
But gladly by my *Arts* and *Arms* will reign:
I'll make him **Great**, whoever dares *rebel*,
Great as my *ſelf*, enthron'd and *crown'd* in **Hell**.
Or wou'dſt thou chuſe a leſs *luxuriant Soil*
See in the Ocean yon fair *Weſtern Iſle*,
Whoſe three *ſharp points* th' inſulting *Waves* divide! *
See with what *beauteous* Rivers 'tis ſupply'd!
How rich the happy *Fields* thro' where they *glide!*
Well knew the old *Phenecians* that bleſs'd *place*: *
Enur'd to *Pain*, there lives an *hardy race*;
Daring as *Vertues ſelf*, for *conqueſt* made;
" *Peace* but their *Recreation*, *War* their *Trade*.
Jealous of Liberty they *Chains* refuſe,
Fair *Death* before inglorious *Life* they chuſe;
Force cannot *bend*, but *kindneſs* may improve,
And mildly melt their gen'rous *warmth* to *Love*:
From one they *love* they never *can* retire,
But wade thro' *Seas* of *Blood* and *Walls* of *Fire*:
Theſe may thy *Goodneſs* and thy *Wiſdom* charm,
Thy heav'nly *Eloquence* their *rage* diſarm:

Poliſh

Poliſh the rugged *maſs*, their Gold refine,
And make 't in its own *native Luſtre* ſhine;
The gentle *Arts* of *Peace* implanting there,
Well worthy thy beſt *Induſtry* and *Care*.
Or wou'dſt thou rather them by *Force* obtain,
By *Laws* unbridled, *abſolutely* reign,
As *likes* thee beſt thou ſhalt the *Scepter* gain:
Tho' that muſt coſt us *blood*.—See gath'ring there
Upon the *Gallic* ſide a *hovering War*,
* *Refug'd Androgeus* to the *Throne* to *bear*!
Of *Horſe* and *Foot* the *duſty ſquadrons* move,
Their *skill* they try, and *Piles* and *Javelins* prove:
Charge, and *retreat*, and *wheel* and charge agen:
* Huge weighty *Cataphracts*, and *Iron men*
With other *Troops* commix'd, whoſe *arms* more *light*,
To change fair *Albions cliffs* to *red* from *white*;
If they go *there*, they muſt *expect* to *fight*!
* For croſs the *Marine Seas* (nor *Sail* nor *Oar*
* Our paſſage needs,) on the *Rutupian* ſhore
Near *Dubris* point cov'ring the *blacken'd* ſtrand,
See there a *thouſand Chariots plough* the Sand!
Ten thouſand Warriers trebled, muſtring near,
Each arm'd with *Dart* and *Sword* and knotty *Spear*.
Hark with what eager *Shouts* they rend the *Skies*
In hope to *grapple* ſoon their *Enemies*!
Yon *milk-white Steed*, now ſtately *trots* around,
Now *paws* the *Sand* and *beats* the ecchoing *Ground*;
Proud of its weight, its *Riders Glory* ſhares,
The great, the brave *Caſſibelan* it bears.
What diff'rent *Int'reſts* he together *ties*:
What *Worlds* he arms 'gainſt *Britains Enemies*!
* *Soul* of the *League* and *Head* of the *Allies*.
Tho' *Rome*'s proud *Gen'ral's* all the *World* eſteem
None e'er cou'd *think*, or *ſpeak*, or *act* like *him*;
In *Counſel cool*, in *Action brave* and *warm*,
* *Pallas* his *Head* directs, and *Mars* his *Arm*:
Purſues *unweary'd* what he undertakes,
Ev'n of *ill-Fortune* juſt *advantage* makes?
Yet that he's *Great* he hardly ſeems to *know*,
Altho', except himſelf, all *think* him ſo.

Ev'n

Ev'n *I muſt praiſe him*, yet if thou to me,
I'll make him bend and homage pay to thee.
Thus have I offer'd what the World can boaſt
Of Rich or Great upon the *Weſtern Coaſt*:
But ah! how little have I yet reveal'd,
To what's behind i'th' *wealthier Eaſt* conceal'd.
Nor will I, in the *paſſage*, ask thy *Eyes*
For *Dammeſek*, that *earthly Paradiſe*; *
Nor ſtay thee long by fair *Euphrates* ſide, *
Tho' there the *Roman* and the *Parthian pride*
This inſtant friendly meet, in yon *ſmall Iſle* *
And *Herod* both attempts to *reconcile*:
Brave *Artaban* is he who higheſt there
Is plac'd—Obſerve his great, his *warlike air!*
Sprung from the old *Arſacidæ* *
Much leſs will we in thoſe wide *regions* ſtay
Where *mighty Indus* headlong cuts its way,
Thro' whoſe vaſt *Currents* Alexander *hurl'd* *
Some *Deſarts* won, and thought h' *had all the World*:
Still further on to th' *utmoſt Eaſtern* bound
Direct thine *Eye*— "Where no more *World* is *found*:
Wide *Fields*, rich *Towns*, tall *Groves*, fair *Rivers* ſee,
Here, Son of *God*, 's a *Country* worthy thee?
No *Hiſtories* as yet its *Name* have ſhown,
To *Rome* alike, and fabling *Greece* unknown. *
'Tis *China* call'd, unnumber'd Millions there,
Who live ſo well, th' almoſt *deſerve* thy *care*:
Pious and *good*, mild and ingenious they,
One *King*, one *God*, thoſe ſpacious *Realms* obey. *
There *Arts* and *Arms* in ſuch perfection be, *
As this cold *Weſtern World* did never ſee:
Yon *River* which againſt the *Temple* glides *
And thence *exact* in two *vaſt ſtreams* divides.
That *Bridge*, *prodigious*, hanging in the *air*,
That more *prodigious Wall* outſtretching there;
Wild *Magogs's* wand'ring *off-ſpring* to reſtrain,
Tho' oft it tries to *curb* their *rage* in vain,
All theſe th' effect of *induſtry* and *pain*,
All *mortal works*, altho' they hardly leſs
Than ſome *divine Artificer* confeſs.

There

* There reigns a *peaceful Prince*, who, did he ſee
Thy *Virtue*, gladly wou'd ſubmit to thee,
And hold his *Kingdom* as thy *Deputy*.
More woud'ſt thou yet? from my exhauſtleſs ſtore
I've ſhown thee all this *World*, but yet have *more*:
Yet farther *Worlds*. For ſtill more *Northward* ſee
Bending to *Eaſt*, what num'rous *Droves* there be
Marching in haſte, a *potent Colony*
* For a new *World*; from thoſe I'll *Subjects* raiſe,
Which ſhall be mine to long *ſucceeding days*:
* See that *ſmall Strait* already cover'd o'er,
Already have they reach'd the happy *Shore*,
One of my *menial Spirits* walks *before*:
* *Firſt ſtrikes* that mighty Iſlands *Weſtern ſtrand*,
And ſafe conducts 'em to their *deſtin'd Land*:
Look not with *partial Eyes*, and you'll confeſs
Canaan itſelf 's to this a *Wilderneſs*:
A beauteous *Face* of *Nature* yet *unſeen*,
The *Flow'rs* ſtill *freſh*, the *Trees* are ever *green*;
Trees ever ſince the *Worlds Creation*, grown,
Delicious *Fruits* of *Taſts* and *Names* unknown!
You'd *Eſhcol's Grapes* deſpiſe, if theſe I'd bring:
* No *Winter* there, there reigns *eternal Spring*:
Hither, leſt me my *Subjects* ſhou'd diſown
At your *approach*, you *all* and I have *none*;
This *choſen few* I hither did convey,
Where I'll enjoy an *undiſputed* ſway.
This *promis'd Land* I frankly gave, nor I
Am always *envious*, nor do always *lye*:
Nor from my Slaves *large Tribute* ask, content
With *Homage* paid, and juſt *acknowledgment*:
Me Prince o'th' *airy Hoſt* thy *Father* made, Epheſ. 2. 2.
Whom ever ſince have *Spirits* and *Storms* obey'd.
God of this *World* by him himſelf I'm ſtil'd,
And, like a *God*, I'm *placable* and *mild* 2 Cor. 4. 4.
To thoſe *adore* me—No uneaſie Task!
Yet this is all for all the *World* I ask;
Nay, take *both Worlds*—*Here* I'll erect thy *Throne*,
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* ſway this *vaſt Globe* alone!

This only ſhall the fair Condition be
From us, as God, accept it on thy Knee,
And as we're *Heav'ns*, be thou *our Deputy!*
Unmov'd, our *Lord* till then the *Tempter* bore,
But when he thus *blaſphem'd*, wou'd *hear* no *more.*
He lets thro' his weak *humane Nature* ſhine,
As *Sol* thro' *Clouds*, one *Ray* of the *Divine:*
With this he drove the wicked *Tempter* thence,
When thus he'd ſaid—*Blaſphemer*, get thee *hence!*
Thy time's *elaps'd*—Too much I heard before,
But now thy *Arrogance* will bear no more:
Matth.4.10. 'Tis writ—"The *Lord* thy *God alone adore!*
That God whoſe *Vengeance* thou woud'ſt 'ſcape in vain,
Who *black Blaſphemers* dooms to endleſs *Pain.*
Enrag'd, confus'd, defeated, *curſing* fell,
Gnawing his *Tongue*, the baffl'd *Prince* of *Hell:*
Such *Looks* and *Words* he cou'd no longer bear,
His *ſhort liv'd World*'s diſſolv'd and loſt in *Air;*
And down he *ſinks blaſpheming* in *Deſpair:*
Did thence to th' *howling Wilderneſs* retire,
Ibid. v. 11. Born in a *dusky Globe* of *Smoak* and *Fire.*

The End of the Third Book.

Notes *on the* Third Book.

4. *E'RE the day dawn to close his watchful Eyes.*] See this Thought infinitely better manag'd by *Milton*, on *Melancholy*, in his *Miscellanies*.

9. *Till past our narrow Earth's attraction gone.*] Alluding to the commonly receiv'd Notion of the Earth's *magnetical force* within its own *Atmosphere*.

14. *Past e'en this World.*] All the visible Frame or *System* of the Creation.

23. *Beyond the place where mortal Seeds are hurl'd.*] From *Lucretius*.

43. *From* Calvary *thro'* Salem's *Northern bound.*] This was their way to *Gethsemane*, going round by the Tower of *Hananiah*, the Gate of *Ephraim*, the *old Gate*, the *Fish-Gate*, and at the *North-East* corner, the Gate of *Benjamin*, and so cross the Valley to *Gethsemane*.

158. *From our Masters sacred Lips we learn'd.*] I think it's at least full as probable that St. *Peter*, St. *John*, or St. *James* should know all these minute particular Passages, as that the Poet shou'd, especially when we not only suppose, but know that they were all Inspir'd, one of 'em committing most of these things himself to Writing, another dictating to St. *Mark* when he did the same.

169. *Not far remov'd from valiant* Bethshan's *Walls.*] A Garrison of the *Philistins*, which it seems they kept a long time in the very heart of *Israel*; against whose Walls not far from *Mount Gilboa* they hung in Triumph the *Bones* of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, till the men of *Jabesh Gilead* in requital for their *Eyes*, ventured their Lives to fetch 'em thence, and give 'em an handsome Burial.

170. *And old* Bethabara.] *Bethabara*, or *Betharaba*, as 'tis also Written, signifies no more than the *House* of *Passage*, or the *Ferry-house*? 'Twas situated on the *Eastern side* of *Jordan*. There's another place of that Name, and probably for the same Reason, near the fall of that River into the *Dead Sea*: But this where St. *John* the *Baptist* and our Saviour were chiefly Conversant, must be the more *Northerly* of the two, because of *Enon* and *Salim* near it.

173. *His Life had spent in* Juda's fertile Wild.] There are warm disputes concerning this *Wilderness* of *Juda*, whether properly and strictly so call'd, with nothing in't besides Beasts and Trees, whom the *Papists* wou'd fain have us believe he endeavour'd at first to *Edifie* for want of better Auditors: (the Reason, I suppose, why St. *Anthony*, and other of their Legendary-miracle-mongers, have since done the same, Preaching to Hogs, Fishes, or whatever was next to 'em.) Or whether it were only a part of the Country call'd the *Wild*, or *Wilderness*, as our *Wild* of *Kent*, (*Wild*, *Weald*, and *Wold*, being, I fancy, the same thing in old *English*) notwithstanding the Name; as well Inhabited as any other part of the Country, which is the Opinion generally embrac'd by our Protestant Writers: I take the middle way, describing it a *rustick sort* of a place, but not without any rational Inhabitants. Nay, it had a great many, since several *Cities* are described in't by the sacred Writers, (tho' those might only be Villages) and the Rabbies going much farther. The Account they give of their *Montanum Regale*, which *Lightfoot* thinks the same with the Hill-Country of *Judea*, where *Zachary* liv'd, and that with the *Wilderness* of *Judea*, being as follows. "*Montanum Judææ*, &c. "The "Hill-Country, or if you will *Highlands* of *Judea*, are call'd by the *Jews* the "*Royal Highlands*, and in *Psalm* 75. 6. *The Mountains of the Wilderness*, and yet in "these *Highlands* there are *ten thousand Cities*, in their *Taanith*, Fol. 69. And agen, "Seah Hierusalem *excedit* Seah *deserti*, *& tamen in eò sunt Myrias Urbium*.

201. *But like an Oven, hot with deadly flame.*] This, and what follows, is the substance of 4. *Mal.* "Behold the day comes that shall burn as an Oven; and I think the Interpretation I give of all the *Proud*, and all that do *Wickedly*; that 'tis to be understood of the *Pharisees* and *Sadducees*, is at least *probable*.

222. *Life and Salvation in his healing Wings.*] Methinks that passage, of "The Sun "of Righteousness *arising* with healing under his *Wings*, seems to allude to the *Brazen Serpent*, a Type of Christ, which was *lifted up* in the Wilderness, and on

which whoſoever look'd, after they were bitten by the *Serpents*, immediately recover'd.

245. *Thoſe who in wild* Perea *wander'd wide.*] Of this *Perea*, thus *Fuller*, *Lib.* 1 *p.* 37. " *Perea*, ſays he, is a Country containing all the Land once belonging to *Reuben*, *Gad* and *Manaſſe*, on the *Eaſt* of *Jordan*.

256. *From ancient* Shalem.] Some think this Place is that Country whereof *Melchizedeck* was King, and the ſame with *Salem*, tho' others different from both.

291. *Had ſanctify'd fair* Jordan's *Limpid Waves.*] According to that in our *Form of Baptiſm*; *Who, by the Baptiſm of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt in the River of Jordan, didſt ſanctifie Water to the myſtical waſhing away of Sin.* Meaning only ſetting apart, or conſecrating the Element for that Sacramental Uſe.

321. *Its ſpacious Skirts by fruitful* Edom's *ſide*] I grant it's probable, that our Saviour went not ſo far as this Wild of *Paran*, ſtiled, in Holy Scriptures, the *great and howling Wilderneſs*; containing in it many others, as *Etham*, *Sin*, *Sinai*, *Kadeſh*, and, as it ſeems, on the very Edge of it, that of *Judah*; through all which the *Iſraelites* ſo long wandered I ſay, 'tis probable enough our Saviour might be carried to ſome Deſart nearer *Jordan*; but neither in fixing him here is there any abſurdity, ſince we ſuppoſe it done by a ſupernatural Power: nor is he there at greater diſtance than in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Regain'd*, who chuſes the Wilderneſs of *Judæa*, as the Seat of his *Temptation*; whereas I go more *Weſt*, on the Borders of *Edom*, the Reaſon of which a skilful Reader will find before the End of this Book.

244. *Rapt by the Sacred Spirit he thither flies.*] It muſt be the *Holy Spirit*, for it could not be his *own*, ſince 'tis an odd and hardly proper Expreſſion, to ſay, a Man *leads himſelf* any where: nor could it be the *Wicked Spirit*, or the *Tempter*, who did indeed afterwards hurry him about, becauſe 'tis ſaid, *after he had been there forty days and forty nights*, nay, after he was an *hungry*, not till the End of that time, then 'tis ſaid, in St. *Matt.* 4 3. that *the Tempter came*, not return'd, *to him.*

350. *The Sacred Mount of God, affecting-vain.*] *Vid. Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, that Verſe being turn'd in *his* Mould, as well as ſuppoſing his *Notion.*

392. *To God's high Temple, and the* Sacred Town.] *Jeruſalem* is called the *Holy City*, St *Matth.* 4. 5.

470. *Who thence did to the dreadful Deſart goe,——Where* Iſrael *wander'd.*] *Vide ſupra.*

515. *But when five Sabbaths now, He, proſtrate laid.——The ſixth well worn.*] Sabbath for Week is common among the Sacred Writers. Six Sabbaths would have been ſix Weeks, or forty two Days; but he faſting but forty, the ſixth was not compleat.

521. *With as much eaſe ſubdu'd as that before.*] *Adam*, who is called the *Son of God*, St. *Luke* 3. *ult.* becauſe immediately produced by him, without any *natural Parent.*

565. *And half another now is almoſt paſt.*] Twenty eight Days to a proper *Lunar Month*, and twelve more are almoſt half another.

617. *His Word preſerves the Soul on him depends.*] I have, I think, included all thoſe Senſes, wherein Interpreters take thoſe Words.

631. *The Man's diſtreſt.——With ſinleſs Fears.*] It weakens not my Hero's Character, to ſuppoſe ſomething of *Concern* or *Fear* impreſs'd on his *Fancy*, when ſleeping, ſince he is always repreſented *intrepid* and *firm* while awake, even in the greateſt Dangers; and even here 'tis added, *The God repell'd the reſt.*

639. *From many an horrid rift abortive Power.*] I believe I need not tell the Reader, I here begin to make bold with Mr. *Milton*, about twenty of whoſe Lines I've wrought into my Storm, for a very good reaſon, becauſe they're extremely *fine*, and I could not get near ſo good of my own. However, I've own'd and mark'd every one of 'em, nay, even each *half Verſe* for which I have been beholden to him.

643. *Where, them enclos'd, their Airy Leader binds.*] Tho' we have no *Æolus* to introduce into a Chriſtian Poem; yet there's what will do as well, *the Prince of the Power of the Air*; who, no doubt, by God's permiſſion, has *Winds* and *Storms* at his Command.

646. *From*

646. *From the four Hinges of the VVorld they ran.*] 'Tis *Milton*'s Thought, and a very beautiful Variation for the four *Cardinal Points*.

649. *Diſrobe the beauteous Trees of all their Pride.*] There might be Trees in other parts of the Wilderneſs, tho' I deſcribe none juſt where our Saviour remain'd, beſides a few blaſted *Oaks* and *Yews*. Thus at *Elim*, one of the Stations of *Iſrael* coming out of *Egypt*, we read of threeſcore and ten Palm-trees, and twelve Wells of Water, *Exod.* 15. *ult.*

656. *And there, co-æval with the VVorld, remain'd.*] So 'tis ſtory'd of the *Hercynian Oaks*, and I know no reaſon why I mayn't make theſe of equal ſtanding.

663. *Now Hills of Sand came rolling with the* Wind.] 'Tis uſual in thoſe Countries, for vaſt Storms, or rather Hurricanes of Sand to ariſe, and being driven with the Wind, overthrow, ſtifle, and bury Paſſengers, whole Caravans, and ſometimes make *Mummy* of whole Armies, as 'tis reported of that of *Cambyſes* in the *Libyan* Deſarts. See *Thevenot*, in his Deſcription of *Egypt*.

711. *All that with* Noah *hoſted, all and more.*] The Truth and Ground of which ſee in the next Verſe, the *old Saw*, even yet holding good, as modern Travellers tell us, *Africa ſemper aliquid apportat novi.*

715. *VVho on* Cyrene's *Sands doth fearleſs ſee,*
And with him brings Serpents as large as he.] *Cyrene* is a dreadful Deſart Country, to the North Weſt of *Egypt*, againſt the *greater Syrtis*, now a part of *Barca*; where, as modern Geographers tell us, is a City, to this Day, called *Corena*. 'Tis inhabited with little elſe but ſuch vaſt Serpents as *Europeans* can ſcarce believe ever were in Nature; and ſo indeed is almoſt all *Afric*, ſome of 'em ſo big, that Eye-witneſſes tell us, it's common, when any of thoſe dreadful Creatures are killed, to find a whole Sheep or Calf in their Bellies. See *Ludolphus* of *Ethiopia*, and *Vanſleb* of *Egypt*.

734. *Two other Fiends, like fierce* Jackals, *did bay,*
And warn'd the Kingly Lion *to his Prey.*] Theſe Creatures are very frequent in thoſe Countries, and indeed, whereever the *Lion* is, being a ſort of a Setting-Dog to that Royal Beaſt. The *Pilgrim* ſays, he met with many of them in his Journey from *Sidon* (now *Seyde*) to *Damaſcus*. He deſcribes 'em ſomewhat leſs and more white than Foxes, keeping themſelves all Day in the Craggs of the Mountains, and coming down at Night to ſeek their Prey and demand Contributions from the neighbouring Villages.

755. *He ſits unmov'd in calm and ſinleſs Peace.*] A Verſe of *Milton*'s.

795. Lotus *chaſt and rare,*——*From Sun-burnt* Afric *brought.*] *Chaſt*, ſee *Ovid*; *Rare*, becauſe far fetch'd; namely, from that part of *Afric*, where the *Lotophagi* (*Lotus-Eaters*) inhabit, North of the *Pſylli*, and Weſt of *Cyrene*.

819. *From* Punic-Carthage *brought.*] Whence it takes its *Name*.

841. *All that* Bethſaida's *well-wrought Nets could take,*
In Air, or Deſarts wild, or neighb'ring Lake.] *Bethſaida* is generally interpreted. an *Houſe of Hunting*, at firſt, probably, only a *Place of Pleaſure*, a ſort of a *Lodge* in the Deſart, or Foreſt, adjoining. *Fuller* is for another Etymology, and tells us, the word צידה ſignifies *Fiſhing* as well as *Hunting*; whence, he thinks, it rather took its Name, by reaſon of the neighbouring *Lake*. Both which Opinions are here reconciled, ſince, probably, 'twas a place of general Divertiſement, both *Hunting*, *Fiſhing*, and *Fowling*.

904. *Nor can thy* Power *one ſingle* Grain *create.*] *Proper Creation*, or the Production of *ſomething* out of *nothing*, can be alone the Act of *infinite Power*, which no wonder that we can't comprehend, unleſs we were our ſelves *Infinite*.

909. ——*'Tis Nature's Voice, friendly to be*
With Friends, and dreadful to my Enemy.] I ſuppoſe few but know whoſe Notion that is; nor am I very ſollicitous whether or no *Satan* takes it amiſs, that I ſhould make him one of the *Hobbiſts*, tho' they've gone yet farther, and would fain make him nothing at all.

915. *And in their room uncleanly Ordure leaves.*] From that of *Virgil*, when the *Harpies* had ſnatch'd away the Feaſt of *Phineus* —— *Fœdiſſima Ventris*—— *Proluvies*, and *Veſtigia fœda relinquunt*.

939. *'Twixt* Halak *thry, and dire* Accrabbim *paſs'd.*] There is a place juſt at the South-Weſt

South-weſt Corner of the *Dead-Sea*, called *Mahaleth-Acrabbim*, ſee *Joſh.* 15. 3. in *Engliſh*, the *crawling up of Serpents*; probably, from many of them coming up to that forlorn Place from the adjoining Wilderneſs, near which the *Jews* were plagued with fiery Serpents. Oppoſite to which ſtands Mount *Halak*, *vid. Joſh.* 11. 17. between which two Places, I ſuppoſe, *Satan* took his airy Journey.

941. *Now* Debir *'tis, once* Kirjath-Sephir *nam'd*,
For Valiant Othniel's *dear-bought Conqueſt fam'd.*] This *Debir*, which ſignifies an *Oratory*, called alſo *Kirjath-Sephir*, or the *City of a Book*, is thought to have been a *Canaaniti ſh Univerſity*. 'Tis ſituated in the Tribe of *Judah*, South of *Hebron*, not far from the Plain of *Mamre*. The Hiſtory of its Conqueſt by *Othniel*, *vid. Judg.* 1. 12.

954. Hebron *to th' Left, which twice a Crown did grace.*] 'Twas one of the *Canaaniti ſh* Royal Cities, *Joſh.* 10. 37. and the Place where *David* was firſt crowned King of *Judah*, remaining there ſeven Years, 2 *Sam.* 2, 3, 4. and 5. 5.

959. *Th' Arch-fiend abhor'd,—— With Temple and with Altars was ador'd.*] See 2 *Kings* 1, 2. where we read of the Oracle of *Baal-zebub*, the God of *Ekron*; the ſame undoubtedly with *Beelzebub* in the New Teſtament.

962. *And leaving on the left, ſtrong* Lachiſh *near.*] This City was beſieged by *Sennacherib*, but we don't read that he took it, nay, it's ſaid he departed from it, 2 *Kings* 19. 8. and 'twas one of the laſt which held out againſt *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Jer.* 34. 7.

964. *Then ſhooting ſwift o'er* Saveh's *Vale.*] This Valley of *Saveh* is a little South of *Jeruſalem*; 'tis mentioned twice, and, I think, no more, in the Holy Scriptures; once by its proper Name, *Gen.* 14. 17. as the place where the King of *Sodom* met *Abraham*, and *Melchiſedeck* came forth and gave him Bread and Wine. The ſecond, only by a *Periphraſis* called the *King's Dale*, 2 *Sam.* 18. 18. as 'tis alſo in the former place.

967. *Where pleaſant* Millo *lies.*] *Millo*, which ſignifies a *Filling*, becauſe built in the void Space between *Sion* and *Jeruſalem*, was begun by King *David*, 2 *Sam.* 5. 9. and finiſhed under *Solomon*, *Jeroboam* being Overſeer of the Work, 1 *Kings* 11. 27.

970. *By* Solomon's *Royal Seat, and* Ophel's *Tower.*] *Solomon* had three Palaces, or Houſes, in *Jeruſalem*: one, the Houſe of the Foreſt of *Lebanon*, 2 *Kings* 7. 2. like our St. *James*, or the Elector's Palace at *Dreſden*. The ſecond, the Houſe of *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, 1 *Kings* 7. 8. And the third, his own Dwelling-Houſe, which was thirteen Years in Building, 1 *Kings* 7. 1. Which laſt is generally placed, in the Maps of *Jeruſalem*, near the Banks of *Siloam*, oppoſite to *Millo*. The Tower of *Ophel* is placed a little Eaſterly of this Palace, near the Fall of *Siloam* into *Kidron*.

975. *Near* Herod's *lofty Tower.*] The old Tower in *Solomon*'s Temple was of the Nature of a Porch, and very magnificent, as 'tis deſcrib'd, 1 *Kings* 6. 3. and 2 *Chron.* 3. 4. From both which we learn, 'twas twenty Cubits long, ten broad, and an hundred and twenty high (ſacred *Cubits*,) and conſequently, the Temple it ſelf reaching but to thirty Cubits, this muſt be four times the height on't, and *Herod*'s was not inferiour. I ſay *near* this Tower, rather than *upon* it, becauſe 'twas too great a height to ſee diſtinctly what was done below. I ſuppoſe it might be on ſome of thoſe ſtately Galleries *Joſephus* mentions. See more *Lib.* vii.

985. *Thee from yon Court the veſted Prieſts perceive.*] The Altar whereon the Sacrifices were offered, was not within the *covered part of the Temple*; For what ſhould they have done there with the Smoak of ſo vaſt a number of Sacrifices, but *ſub dio*, in the open Air, in a Court? *Incenſe* only being offered within the Temple. Into which Court the Prieſts only came, as into the ſecond, none but Jews with their Sacrifices, whence they were taken in by the Prieſts; and the third was the outward Court, or that of the Gentiles.

1006. *In* Herod's *ſpatious Ampitheatre.*] Of which ſee a noble Deſcription, *Joſ. Antiq. lib.* 15. *cap.* 11.

1061. Euſhemeſh *ſees, and beauteous* Jericho.] *Euſhemeſh* ſounds in our Language, the *Fountain of the Sun*; perhaps from ſome medicinal Waters hereabouts, as our *Bath*, formerly

formerly *Aquæ Solis.* *Beauteous* Jericho, the ſituation of it was pleaſant, ſaid the Inhabitants to the Prophet; and *Fuller* and *Surius* deſcribed it in the ſame manner, "the Fields about it, as the latter ſays, being covered with Orange-trees, Limon-"trees, Palm-trees, and others, intermingled every where with thoſe Flowers, called the Roſes of *Jericho.*

1067. *The Ruins of* Ed's *doubtful Altar ſpy'd.*] *Doubtful,* becauſe Geographers can't agree on which ſide of *Jordan* to place it.

1072. Canaan's *bleſt Land, on* Jordan's *either ſide.*] *Vid* Deut. 34. 1, 2. *All the Land of Gilead unto Dan, all Naphthali, Ephraim, Manaſſeth and Judah.*

1080. *Then gave 'em* Form, *with Colours gilt the whole.*] Firſt *Figure,* then *Form,* according to the old Notion, *Forma eſt Figura cum Colore.*

1086. *Conducted with no Injury but Fear.*] Not that I ſuppoſe our Saviour was really affrighted; but, as Mr. *Cowley* ſays in a like caſe, 'tis hardly proper to make a Speech for the Devil without Lies in't.

1096. *Which* Iſhmael's *wealthy Off-ſpring far away.*] The *Iſhmaelites* were ſome of the firſt *Land Merchants,* as the *Phœnicians* the firſt by *Sea.* Vid. *Gen.* 37. 25.

1099. *To* Zoan's *Fertile Fields, and thence diſperſe*
Their wealthy Trafic through the Univerſe.] This way all rich *Perſian* Silks, *&c.* were formerly carried over Land, till a Paſſage was found out by Sea, in our own Age.

1102. *Tho proud of Golden Sands, and Groves of Spice,* &c.] The fineſt *Duſt-Gold* being brought from the Coaſts of *Afric*; and ſeveral Regions in't which take their very Names from Spices, as *Myrrhifera, Cinnamomifera.*

1102. *They their parch'd Country think a Paradiſe.*] This is literally true; for the *Abyſſines* will not be perſwaded but the old Paradiſe was ſeated in their Country; and there have been *European* Authors who have reckoned it *under* the *Line.*

1109. *Ev'n fair* Trinacria *too thou ſhalt diſdain.*] An old Name for *Sicily*; the reaſon of which is in the next Verſe.

1112. *Waſh'd by the ſounding Sea on either ſide.*] The upper and lower Seas, as they ſometimes call 'em, *Adria* to the North, and the *Sicilian, Sardinian,* &c. to the South.

1113. *Which through the midſt a Ledge of Hills divide.*] The *Apennines,* which run long ways through the greateſt part of *Italy.*

1115. *Near a fair Stream a Royal City ſtands.*] I hardly need tell the Reader, I mean *Rome,* on the Banks of the *Tibur.*

1122. *Eternal* Rome.] So they affected to call it, *Urbs æterna*; and 'twas almoſt a piece of *Læſe-Majeſty* to cut it ſhorter, or believe any otherwiſe of the City or Empire, whence St. *Paul* ſpeaks ſo cautiouſly concerning it, 2 *Theſſ.* 2.

1123 *And raiſe thee to the Purple.*] The Royal *Inſignia* were of this Colour, with the *Romans*; and 'twas therefore Treaſon for any to affect it beſides the Emperour.

1126. *Over yon cloudy Mountains with me go*] The *Alps,* where Snow is ſaid to lie unmelted in ſome Places all the Year round.

1129. *'Twixt where* Garumna's *Waters gently creep,*
And rapid Rhene *runs foming to the Deep.*] *Garumna,* now the *Garonne* in *Aquitain*; it riſes not far from *Toloufe* and *Montpelier,* whence running croſs the Country, it falls, by *Bourdeaux,* into our Ocean. 'Tis true, this River is not the utmoſt Southern Boundary of *France, Gaſcogn* lying between that and *Spain,* nor do I affirm it; but I make that the *Pyrenees* afterward. However this was the laſt conſiderable River on that ſide the Country, and running croſs it too, as before. As for the *Rhine,* which I call the *Rhene* to be nearer its Antique Latin-Name, I know it reaches too far on the other ſide, beyond the Limits of modern *France.* (tho truly not far, as they have ſtretch'd it) including *Brabant,* proper *Flanders,* &c. but 'tis reckoned by antient Geographers the Boundary of *Belgic Gaul,* which was one part of the *Tranſalpine,* lying between the Rivers *Sein, Rhine,* and the Ocean, the other three parts being called the *Celtic, Aquitanic,* and *Narbonenſis.*

1135. *The People daring, curious, active, brave.*] This Character *Cæſar* gives 'em, and a great part of *Europe* have found, to their Sorrow, that they ſtill retain it.

1137. *Their*

1137. *Their diff'rent Tribes thou by my help may'ſt gain.*] They were formerly divided into as many ſmall Septs or Cantons as *England* or *Ireland*, as the *Atrebatii*, the *Celts*, *Veneti*, and twenty others.

1142. *Who, tho thy Name he bears.*] The *Moſt Chriſtian King.*

1153. *Well knew the old* Phœnicians *that bleſt Place.*] It's generally believed, by our modern Criticks, that the *Britiſh Iſlands* were the famous *Caſſiterides*, as *Bochart* endeavours to prove from the Name; and yet any that read *Dioniſius* would be of another Mind for methinks he ſeems to diſtinguiſh 'em one from the other, for after he has ſaid, Νῆσοι δ' ἐστειδες, πίδι κρωτίεσιο γυάθλα, which he makes over-againſt the *Promontorium Sacrum*, and inhabited by the *Iberians*, he goes on, and ſays expreſly in the next Verſe, ΑΛΛΑΙ δ' ἀντικρὺ πολὺ βρεττανίδες ἄκραι -- Αἵδε νῆσοι λίαν Βρεττανίδες, ſpeaking of the two *Britiſh Iſlands* as diſtinct from the *Caſſiterides*, or *Tin-Iſlands*. Indeed, would the ſituation bear it, Mr. *Cambden*'s Conjecture would ſtand fair, that the Ancients meant the Iſles of *Scilly*; and indeed theſe ΑΛΛΑΙ may relate to βρεττανίδες as well as νῆσοι, and then 'tis a clear caſe; for what can they be but thoſe of *Scilly*, ſince he calls them all *Britiſh Iſles*? However, it's no wonder that not only *Dionyſius*, but moſt of the *Greeks* beſides, give a very lame account of theſe parts, ſince the *Phœnicians* were ſo careful to conceal thoſe matters, and their Trading hither, that *Strabo* tells us of a *Phœnician Maſter of a ſhip*, who *knock'd* his *Veſſel* o'th' head upon the Rocks, rather than he'd fall into the hands of the *Romans*, as he was returning from his Voyage into our Seas.

1150. *Whoſe three ſharp points th' inſulting Waves divide.*] The three Capes or Angles of *Britain* (whence ſome derive the Name of *Anglia*) the *North-Foreland*, the *Lands-End*, and *Cathneſs*; the ſame if I miſtake not, with the *Cantium*, *Bolerium*, and *Orcas* or *Tarvidum* of the Antients.

1174. *Refug'd* Androgeus *to the Throne to bear.*] Some call him *Androgeus*, others *Mandubracius*, a *Britiſh* Prince, who fled to *Cæſar* for Succour, and aſſiſted him againſt *Caſſibelan* and his Native Country. I'm not ignorant that theſe things really happened ſome years before I repreſent them; but not to plead Precedent, or excuſe my own *Error* by that of *Virgil*, (and indeed of moſt other Poets, who are ſeldome mortified with *Anachroniſms* in their Works) I rather chuſe to throw it all upon the Devil, who having Shapes enough new made, might adapt them to what Hiſtory he pleaſed, and endeavour to impoſe on our Saviour in *Hiſtory* as well as in *Geography*.

1178. *Huge weighty Cataphracts and Iron Men.*] See thoſe *Cataphracts* exactly deſcrib'd in *Heliodorus*'s *Ethiopian Hiſtory*.

1182. *Croſs the Morine Seas.*] So the Straight was called between *England* and *France*; hence that of *Gratius* in his *Cynægeticon*, *Hinc freta ſi Morinûm*; adding ſoon after, *Atque ipſos libeat penetrare Britannos.*

1183. *Rutupian Shore.*] The *Rutupium* of the Ancients, is ſuppoſed the ſame with our *Richborough*.

1196. *Soul of the League, and head of the Allies*] *Caſſibelan* was *Generaliſſimo* of all the *Britiſh* Forces. See *Cæſar*'s Commentaries.

1200. Pallas *his Head directs, and* Mars *his arm.*] I've been pretty ſparing of *Heathen Gods* throughout the whole Poem, (which Mr. *Milton* does not obſerve, tho even his Faults are beautiful) and now I here mention two of 'em; I put 'em into the mouth of ſuch an one as I am not to anſwer for what he ſays.

1212. *For* Dammeſek, *that Earthly Paradiſe.*] So *Dammeſek*, or *Damaſcus*, or *Damas*, (for by all thoſe Names 'tis called, beſides *Chams* by the *Arabians*) is deſcribed by all that have ſeen it. The *Arabians* fancy the *Sun* has another ſort of a benign Influence on this Town than any other, whence the Name they give it. *Satan* calls it an *Earthly Paradiſe*, and ſo a good Friend of his once thought it, I mean *Mahomet*, who was ſo afraid of being bewitched and ſoftened with the Pleaſures thereof, and rendr'd unfit for the great Projects he had in his head, that he refus'd to enter it when very near it.

1214. *The* Roman *and the* Parthian *Pride*, &c.] See *Joſeph. Antiq. lib.* 8. *cap.* 5. where you have the entertaining Relation of this *Royal Congreſs* between *Vitellius*, *Herod* the *Tetrarch*, and *Artaban* King of *Parthia*, in a ſmall Iſle of the *Euphrates*.

1222. *Where*

1222 *Where mighty* Indus *cuts his headlong way,*
Through whose vast Currents Alexander *hurl'd*, &c.] *Quintus Curtius*, describing this Expedition of *Alexander*, says, He first pass'd the *Choaspes*, then the *Cophetes*, next the *Indus*, &c.

1224. *To* Rome *alike, and fabling* Greece *unknown,* —— *'Tis* China *call'd.*] That the *Romans* had no knowledg of this Country, I think, all grant; and our modern Geographers believe that *Ptolemy* knew it little better; for though he talks of *Sinarum regio*, yet by his description, it should be rather *Siam* than *China*.

1233. *One King, one God, those spacious Realms obey.*] So their authentick Chronicles tell us; and that they fell not to *Polytheism* till the sixty fifth year of our Saviour. See *Martinius*.

1234. *Their Arts and Arms in such perfection.*] Particularly *Printing* and *Guns*, which the *Europeans* found amongst 'em.

1236. *Yon River, which against the Temple glides.*] The *Yellow River*, of which see the Description and Cut in *Magaillan*.

1240. *Wide* Magog's *wand'ring Offspring to restrain.*] The *Scythians*, or *Tartars*, bridled by the Wall of *China*.

1401. *There reigns a peaceful Prince.*] As *Augustus* reign'd at *Rome*, and the Temple of *Janus* was shut when our Saviour was born; so 'tis remarkable, that in *China* all things were quiet, and the Emperor chang'd his own Name for another that signifies *Pacificus*.

1408. *A Potent Colony* —— *In a new World.*] According to our *Mede*'s Notion, that the *Americans* were carried over by the Devil, at this time.

1411. *See that small Strait, already cover'd o'er.*] The Straights of *Anian*, which the Devil might find out, tho no Mortal can do it.

1414. *First strikes that mighty Island's* Western Strand.] 'Tis so far East that it must be West. Consult the Globe.

1423. *No Winter there, there reigns eternal Spring.*] The Devil must have leave to make the best of his own Country, tho some parts of *America* are really very pleasant.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fourth BOOK.

OUR *Saviour having now foil'd the* Enemy, *the Angels, who had all the while hovered over and been Spectators of the Combat, deſcend with a Banquet, and ſing a Song of* Triumph *on his Victory, which ended, they wait him back to* Jordan. *The Baptiſt's further Teſtimony concerning him. Our Lord, departing thence, enters on his Miniſterial Office; and aſcending the Mount of the Beatitudes, chuſes his Twelve* Apoſtles, *and then preaches that famous Sermon, containing the chief Heads of his Religion. Which he begins with an Enquiry after Happineſs, removing the commonly received Notions about it, and fixing it rather in their Contraries. After which he repeats the* Ten Commandments; *aſſuring his Auditors he came not to deſtroy but to fulfil them; and inſtructs in Alms, Faſting, Prayer, and other Duties, giving 'em a particular Form to aſſiſt their Devotion, and concludes his Diſcourſe with a lively Parable of two Houſes, one built on the Rock, the other on the Sand. The Sermon finiſhed, our Lord deſcends from the Mountain, and preaches in* Galilee; *working his firſt Miracle at* Cana; *and at* Naim, *not far from it, reſtoring the Widow's Son to Life. In the mean while the Baptiſt continued preaching Repentance, and acquiring a great Veneration among the People, and even from* Herod *himſelf, at that time Tetrarch of* Galilee, *who reforms from all his Vices but his unlawful Love to* Herodias. *The manner of his falling in Love with her; his Courtſhip, and, at length, accompliſhing his Deſires under the pretence of* Platonic Love *and an innocent Friendſhip. Their Familiarity continuing ſo long, till it grew publick; which St.* John *hearing of, comes to Court, and boldly reproves the King. At which* Herodias *being enrag'd, gets him impriſoned in* Machærus, *and ſome time after beheaded; he having firſt propheſied of the Invaſion of* Galilee, *and the Diſcomfiture of* Herod's *Army; which ſoon after come to paſs.* Aretas, *the King of* Arabia, *being enrag'd at the Injury done to his Daughter, whom* Herod *had formerly married; and entring his Country with an Army, which* Herod *prepares to encounter; but his Forces forſake him, and he loſes the Day. All which our Saviour having advice of, and of the Rage of* Herod *upon theſe Loſſes, retires, with his Diſciples, into the Deſarts of* Bethſaida.

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK IV.

THIS pleaſant when the *rugged Storm* is o'er,
To ſee the *Waves expiring* on the *Shore*:
Like ſome new World, at diſtance to behold
The Silver *Hills* all Flame with heav'nly Gold:
The *chiding Winds* all huſh'd, the *Sky look fair*,
The *Fields* in Smiles new clad, *Sea*, *Earth* and *Air*
A diff'rent *Face* put on, a *diff'rent Dreſs*,
And *Mother Nature's* ſelf her *Joys* expreſs:
So ſhin'd the *Son* of *God*, whoſe *Love* to Man,
His *Conqueſts* in his *Suff'rings* thus began;

Tho' preſt with *weight* he ſtill more pow'rful roſe,
And, when he pleas'd, ſhook off th' *infernal Foes*;
Who, when they his *unequal Might* aſſay'd,
In vain ſo many a furious *Onſet* made,
Slunk *deſp'rate* back to their own *conſcious* Shade:
Nor long remov'd, e'er brighter Guards were there,
Wafted, Triumphant thro' the yielding Air.
Hymning their *Head*, the heav'nly Hoſt deſcend,
Who did before their needleſs *Aid* ſuſpend,
And hov'ring high the *Wars event* attend:
Nor *unconcern'd Spectators*, had they ſtaid,
But each in their own *glitt'ring* Arms array'd;
Indignant, ſaw the *Fiend* our *Lord* aſſail,
And o'er what *Mortal* was, ſo far prevail:
Saw the foul *Spirit* him *mild* and *patient* bear,
From place to place wide *hurry'd* in the Air;
Unfir'd, their dreadful *Bolts* cou'd hardly keep,
Oft had they ſunk the *Rebel* to the *Deep*,
and *Thunder-nail'd* him there——
Oft had their antient *Valour* on him ſhown,
Had they receiv'd *Commiſſion* from the *Throne*;
Nor durſt beyond their *Line* one *ſtep* proceed,
Nor did our Lord th' *officious Kindneſs* need;
Nor did their *Loyal Aid* and *Love* refuſe,
In *Triumph*, which in *War* he wou'd not uſe;
Tho' all the while he *knew* and *mark'd* 'em there,
And *beckons* now away; thro' yielding *Air*
They *inſtantaneous glide*, as *Thoughts* can fly,
Untrack'd, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *Earth* to *Sky*:
Manna, Ambroſial food, before him *lay'd*,
And *Wine* in beauteous *Eden* newly made;
Who *taſts* of theſe will regal *Boards* deſpiſe;
Such *Angels*, ſuch the bleſs'd in *Paradiſe*:
No *dregs* they leave, nor *earthly reliſh* know,
Nor ever *tempt* to theſe *vain Joys* below;
But *Hope*, and *Peace*, and heav'nly *Love* inſpire,
And *warm* the *Soul* with pure immortal *Fire*:
While theſe our *Lord* upon the verdant ground
Refreſh'd, his ſhining *Train* kept *Guard* around:
Some chearful *wait*, i'th' *Air* ſome *hov'ring* hung;

And

And thus his *mighty Deeds* in *mighty Numbers* Sung.
Hail, Son of God! *announc'd*, confeſt, approv'd! *
Saviour of *Man*, and *Head* of *Angels* hail!
Thee thus *ador'd* we *ſing*; thus caſt our *Crowns*,
With trembling *awe*, at thy *triumphant Feet*:
Before all *Worlds*, who, from the *Mount* of God,
When *Lucifer* had half *diſ-peopled* Heav'n,
" Ledſt forth th' *embattel'd Seraphim* to fight;
Met at the *Head* of his *rebellious* War,
Didſt ſeize th' *Arch-Traitor*, all his *Bands* diſperſe,
And *cruſh* 'em underneath thy *flaming Wheels*.
We ſaw 'em from the *top of Heav'ns* high Wall,
We ſaw 'em *tumbl' abrupt*, and *Chaos* wide,
Struck with a dreadful *Flaſh* of unknown *Light*,
Shrink back its *ſooty Waves*, and inward roll
To find a *new Abyſs*; till *wheeling* down,
Like *falling Stars*, th' *Exile Spirits* of Heav'n
On its black Boſom *hiſs'd*, thick ſprinkled o'er
With ſcatter'd *Drops* of dying *ſulph'rous Flame*,
They, deep confin'd, thou, O *Eternal Word*,
Didſt *will* this beauteous *World* from the dark *Void*:
High *Hills*, rich *Dales*, ſweet *Springs*, *Sea*, *Earth* and *Sky*,
And thoſe Eternal *Lamps* which *flame* above
To *light* the *Lord* of the Creation, *Man*;
The beſt, the laſt *Eſſay* of *Wit Divine*;
Whoſe *God like Form* thou didſt with *Soul* inſpire,
Thee not unapt to *Know* and *Love*, deſign'd
To fill thoſe *Seats* th' *Apoſtate Angels* loſt,
And plac'd him happy in *ſweet Paradiſe*:
Envious th' *Arch-Fiend* beheld, his *Iron Teeth*,
Vexatious, *gnaſh'd* with rage and rancour fell,
That *Man* ſhou'd *Lord* it o'er ſo fair a *World*:
Shot up thro' *Chaos* and the frighted *Deep*,
On dang'rous *Expedition* bent, t' explore
His *Rival's* Force; then *grapple* and ſubdue,
And *Captive* drag t' his own *Eternal Night*;
Who, ah! too far prevail'd; nor cou'd weak *Man*,
The *Woman* and the *Fiend*, when *leagu'd*, reſiſt:
He *eat*, he *fell*; the *ſick Creation* groan'd, Rom. 8. 22.
And *ſympathiz'd* with their loſt *Maſter's Fate*.

We

We ſighing ſaw the *ruins* of the *World*;
So wide the *Breach* we knew no *Remedy*;
Nor all our *Wiſdom* Methods cou'd invent,
T' *attone* thy juſtly anger'd *Father's Wrath*,
Puniſh th' *Arch-Fiend* accurſt, and *Man* reſtore:
Till in deep *Conſult* of th' *Eternal Three*,
Thou didſt ſtand forth and chuſe the mighty *Task*;
The weight of heav'nly *Vengeance* chuſe to bear;
Which *feeble Mortals* wou'd have *cruſh'd* to *Hell*:
Rev. 12. 3. The old *Red-Dragon* met, O ſpotleſs *Dove!*
By thy *unequal Arms* is doom'd to fall,
Tho' thou no *Thunder* in the Fight wilt uſe,
But naked *Virtue*, and *pure Innocence*.
Thou the chaſt *Woman's*-Seed, O *Virgin-born!*
Gen. 3. 15. The mighty *Serpent's* vainly-threatning Head
Shalt *cruſh* beyond retrieve; while *Spirits* enrag'd,
And *Life* at once, and yellow *Venom* flow
From his wide Mouth, that open *Sepulchre*:
In long *volum'nous Folds* out-ſtretch'd he lies,
The *Wonder* and the *Burden* of the *Earth*:
Hell's Principality thou ſhalt deſtroy,
And ſtoln *Dominion* here; while *Thunder ſtruck*,
And hurl'd head-long, the grinning *Fiends* forſake
Their *Temples* and fallacious *Oracles*:
What tho' their *Malice*, deſp'rate, may prevail,
Permitted, o'er thy frail *Humanity*?
The *God's* ſtill ſafe, and ſmiles at their weak Rage;
While they their own *Confuſion* only *gain*.
Hell's *Maſter piece* is *Ill* from *Good* to draw,
The *Art* of *Heav'n Good* from the worſt of *Ill*:
Thy *Death* the *Life* of Man, a Ranſom paid,
To thy juſt *Father's Wrath* for the loſt World:
Which from his Boſom thou in *mortal Clay*
Didſt come, firſt to *inſtruct*, and then to *ſave*.
Thy *Triumphs* here begin, O *Son* of *God!*
The *Temper* foil'd with all his boaſted *Arts*:
He no *uxorious Adam* found in thee,
No *vain-conſenting Eve* — *Salvation*, *Pow'r*,
And *Strength* and *Might*, and *Thanks*, and *Praiſe*, and *Love*,
We thus aſcribe to thee, O *ſpotleſs Lamb!*

Thus

Thus *Alleluiah! Alleluiah* ſing.
Here ending, they their Lord *triumphant* bore,
To *Jordan's reedy Banks*, not long before
Bleſs'd with his *ſacred Feet*, where lately he,
Baptiz'd by the great Son of *Zachary*,
All *Righteouſneſs* fulfill'd — The *Crowd*, who mourn'd
His *Loſs*, ſurpriz'd with *Joy* when he return'd.
Nor ſooner him agen the *Baptiſt* ſpy'd,
When loud, 'tis he! *Extatic* all, he cry'd:
See *Iſr'el*, ſee the *Lamb of God*, deſign'd — John 1. 19.
To purge your Sins, your heavy Chains unbind!
Him his great *Father* from the Clouds *confeſt*,
And I, th' *atteſting Dove* my ſelf *atteſt*:
He, the *Meſſiah*, freely I diſclaim, — John 1. 20, 28.
That next to our *unutterable Name!*
Me, tho' unworthy, did high *Heav'n* prefer,
E'er his approach, to be his *Harbinger*;
That *Iſr'el* him might with *due Honours* meet,
Unworthy e'en to *kneel* and *kiſs* his *Feet*:
Tho' *after-born*, exiſting long *before*; — John 1. 27.
Shou'd we thro' vaſt *Eternal Ages* ſoar, — *Ibid.*
His *Birth* we cannot reach — —
He ſtill muſt *Live*, while I to *Duſt deſcend*;
His *Kingdom* and his *Glory* know no end. — John 3. 30.
He ſaid, agen our Lord himſelf withdrew,
Tho' cloſely followed by a *faithful few*:
Who learn'd what *Arts* to uſe, what *Methods* take,
Others as *happy* as themſelves to make:
Envious of none; more *Rivals* they deſir'd,
Each *Day*, each *Hour* their Maſter more admir'd.
Thro' *Galilee's* wide Coaſt ſoon ſpread his *Name*,
His *Auditors* encreaſing with his *Fame*:
Thick rolling *Crowds* promiſcuous far and near,
Attend, the way to *Life* and *Bliſs* to hear:
For ev'ry *Ill* mitac'lous *Eaſe* they find,
All *Maladies* of *Body* and of *Mind*.
An *eaſie Hill* there is, whence looking down * — Matth. 5. 1.
Tiberias here, there fair *Bethſaida's* Town,
At equal diſtance ſeen; our *Saviour* there,
Did firſt *entire* his *Father's Will* declare.

Well

Well pleas'd, around the *plenteous Harveſt* ſaw;
And further ſtill t'advance the *Sacred Law*,
Twice ſix did from his conſtant *Followres* chuſe,
Who might the ſame thro' the vaſt *Globe* diffuſe.
1 Cor. 1. 26. The *Noble*, Great and Learn'd he did not take,
Poor *Fiſhers* moſt, who on the neighb'ring *Lake*,
In honeſt *Induſtry* their Lives had ſpent,
Equally *Ignorant* and *Innocent*:
Barjonas firſt, ſtill eager to engage
In the fair *Cauſe*, and firſt in *Zeal* and *Age*;
Firm as a *Rock*, he bold our Lord confeſt,
John 1. 42. Thence *Cephas* nam'd, by him who knows him beſt.
His Brother *Andrew*, of unſpotted Fame,
The next, both from *Bethſaida's Villa* came:
Thence *Philip*, who *Nathanael* did invite,
John 1. Approv'd an *undiſſembling Iſra'lite*.
Matthew, who freely did the *World* forſake,
Matth. 9. 9. *Fair Seat*, and *gainful Office* on the *Lake*,
Near proud *Capernaum*: the *leſſer James*,
Who juſtly *honourable Kindred* claims,
With our *Lov'd Lord*; *Simon*, whom *Cana* names,
His Brother *Jude*— All three did *Mary* bear
To *Cleophas*: next *Jude* our *Treaſurer*;
Iſcariot from his Birth-place ſtyl'd; and he,
Whom his Glad Mother in her *Arms* did ſee
Thomas, Greek *Didymus*, both in *Engliſh* a Twin. But half a Birth—
We, more than all the reſt, of that high Grace
Unworthy, fill the laſt and humbleſt place:
Zebedee's Sons, o'th' *Galilean Race*.
This paſt, to us he his bleſs'd *Law* reveal'd,
Which from the *Wiſe* and *Prudent* is *conceal'd*:
Matth. 11. 25. What *Noble Paradoxes* did he teach?
Above what *humane Wiſdom* e'er could reach;
As much *beneath* his *Worth* is our *Eſteem*;
Sure never *Man* e'er *ſpake*, or *liv'd* like him!
He all *falſe Eloquence*, all *Colours* he
Of *Grecian*, or of *Roman Sophiſtry*
Diſdain'd; nor *Popularly low* he bow'd,
Matth. 7. v. *ult.* To *beg*, or *ſteal Applauſes* from the Crowd:
His Truths in their own *native Beauty* ſhine,

Deliver'd



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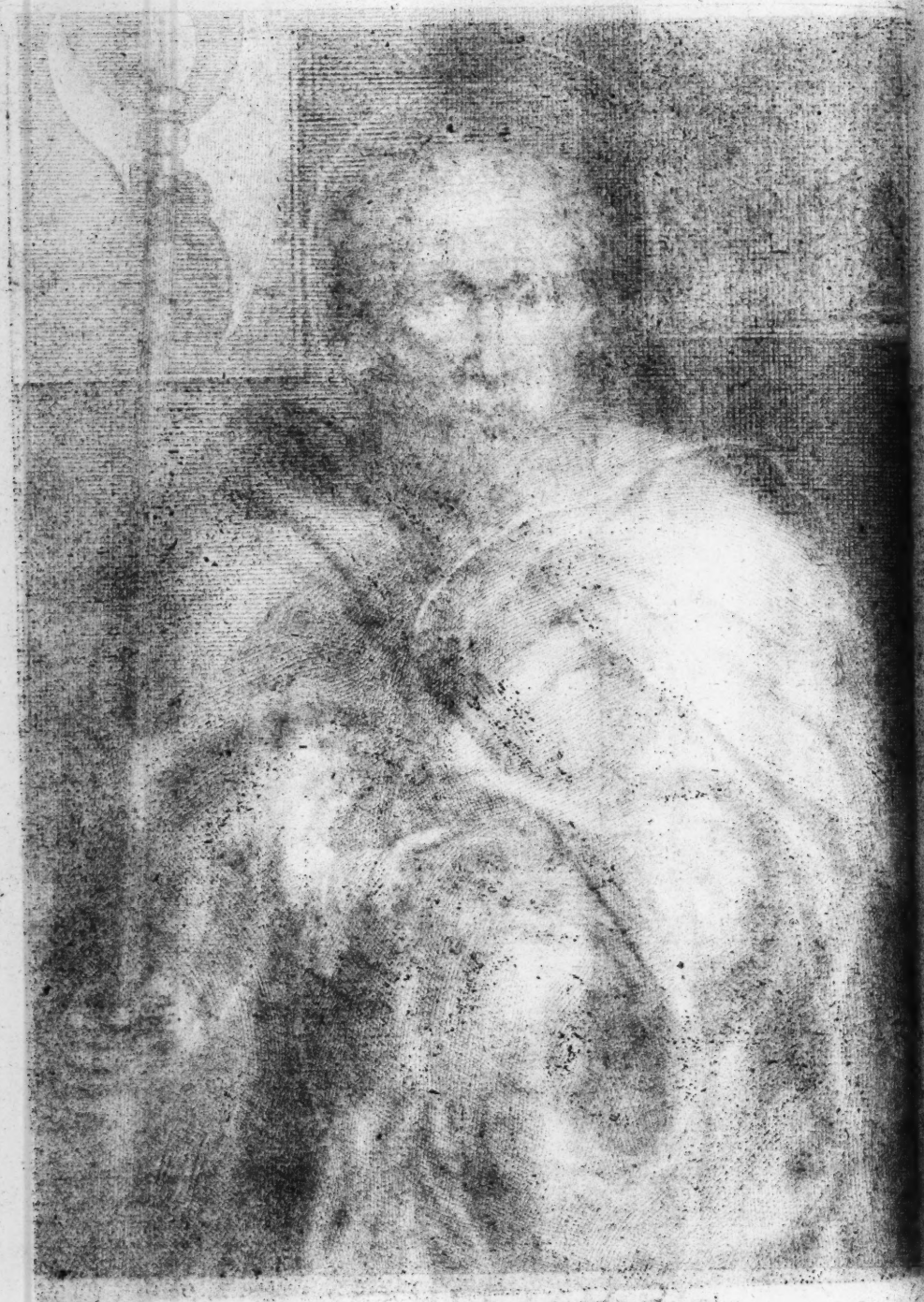


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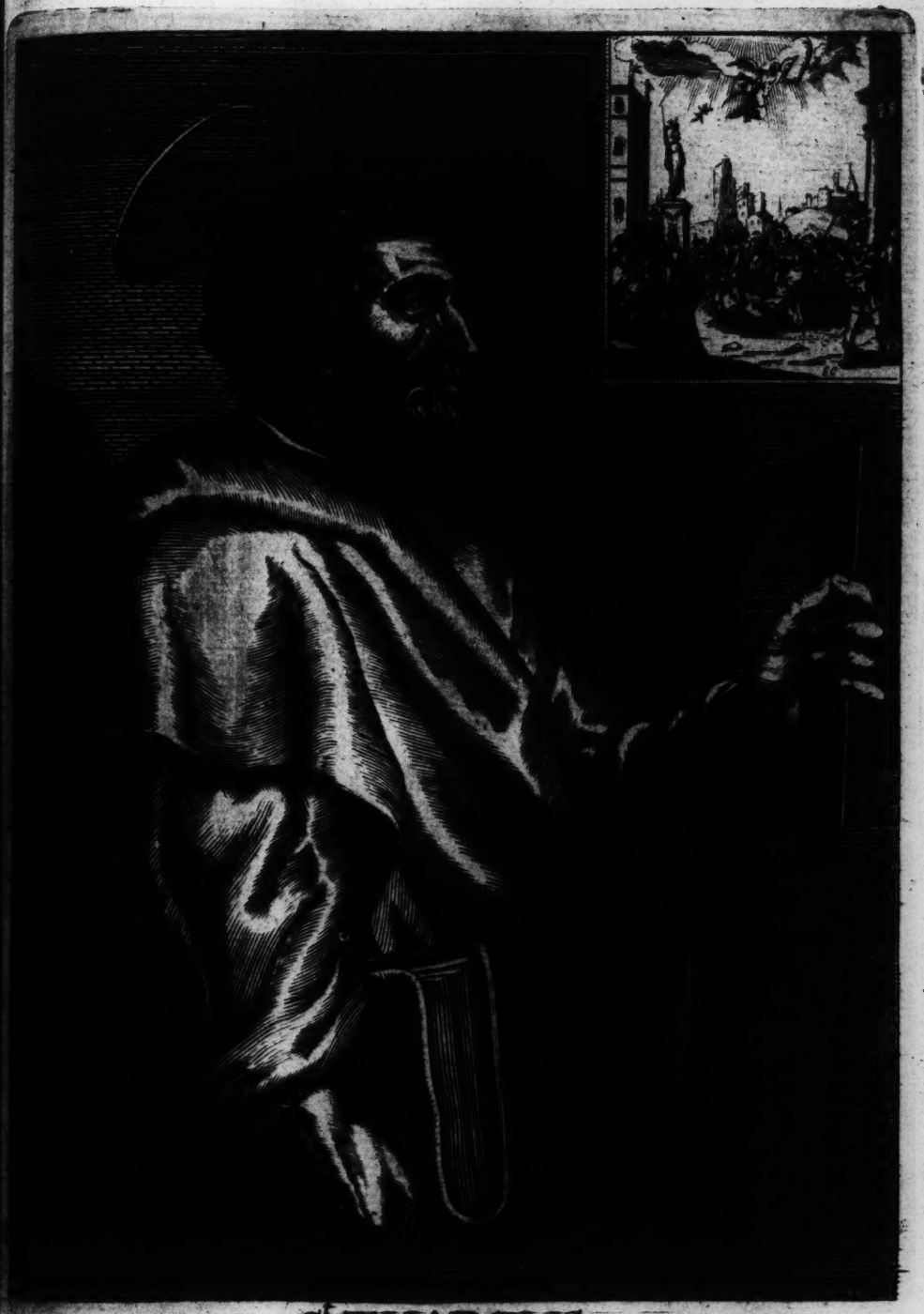


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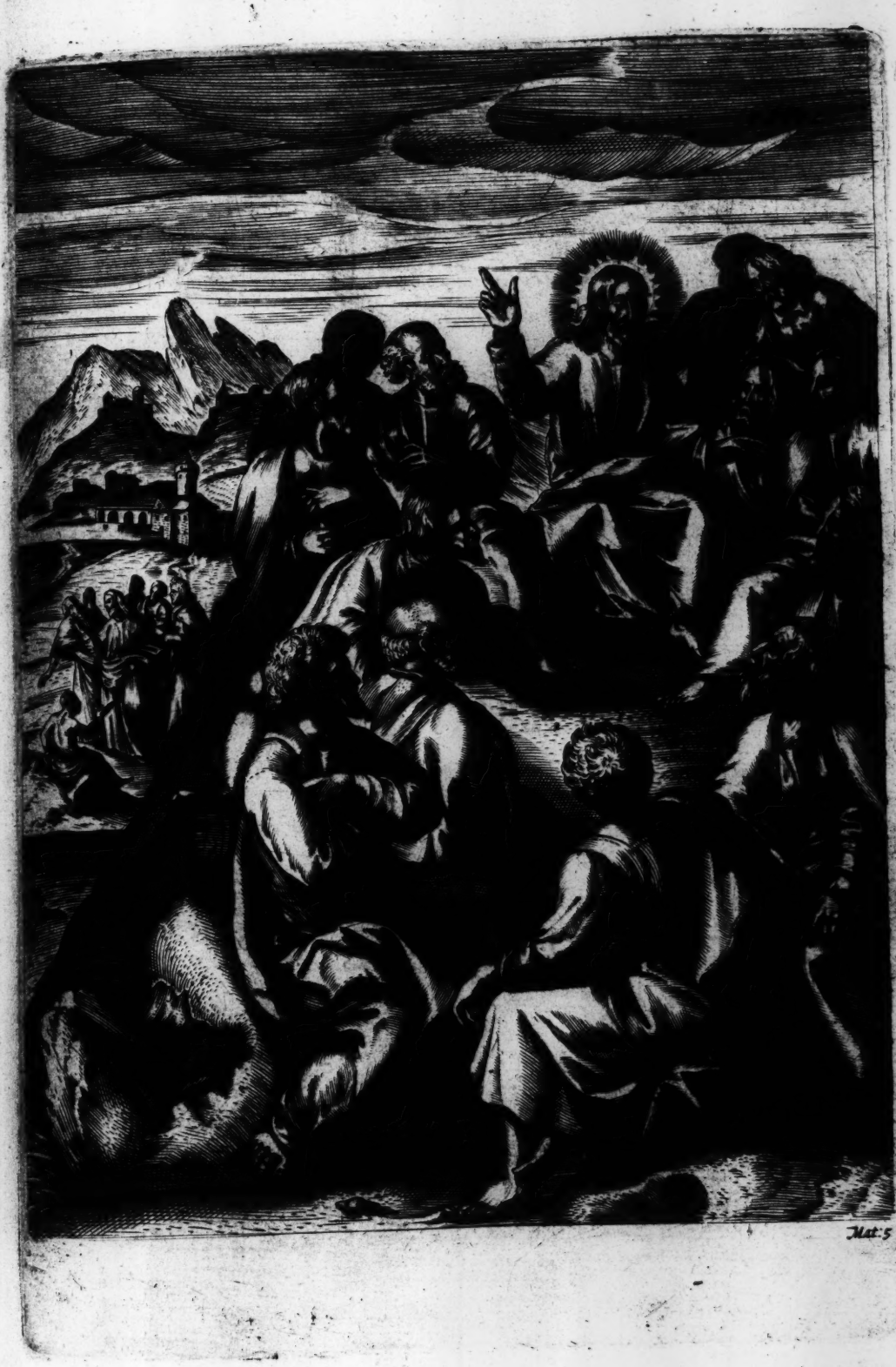
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UMI

Deliver'd with *Authority divine*:
They pierc'd the *ſecret Soul* where e'er they came,
And warm'd each conſcious *Breaſt* with heav'nly Flame:
* Hear Fathers part of what he then expreſs'd!
And, O that you from him wou'd *learn* the reſt!

Our Saviour's Sermon of the Beatitudes, Matth. V.

MIſtaken men! he cries, who ſtill complain,
* Still ſearch for *Happineſs*, but ſearch in vain,
For when you *dream* you've found it, *falſe* as *fair*
It cheats your claſping *Arms* with empty *Air*.
* There are who think their *Bliſs* faſt *lockt* they hold,
If their ſtrong *Cheſts* are fill'd with *Ophir's Gold*:
Baſe vulgar *droſſy minds*, with more *alloy*
Then is that *captive Wealth* they might enjoy;
Which *Thieves* may ſteal, which *Ruſt* or *Fire* deſtroy;
True *Happineſs* is always in *our pow'r*,
Beyond the reach of one *unlucky hour*
To rend away, 'tis for its *ſelf* deſir'd,
While *Riches* are for ſomething elſe admir'd,
Pleaſure or *Eaſe*, nor therefore can they be
The ſolid *Baſis* of *Felicity*.
Woe, *Woe*, eternal *Woe* and *Pain* are near
To thoſe who only place their *Treaſure* here.
Sooner may *Happineſs* be found with them
Whom for their *Poverty* the World contemn;
Who, when my *Honour* and their *Conſcience* call,
With gen'rous *Unconcern'dneſs* part with all:
If *Providence* a larger ſtock affords,
Its *Gifts* enjoy as *Stewards*, not as *Lords*:
Theſe, *rich in Faith*, to Heav'n directly tend,
Heirs of a *Kingdom* that ſhall never *end*.
* *Unwary youth* which ſeldom chuſes right,
Hurry'd by their *unbridl'd Appetite*
Ruſh *hot* and *furious* after vain *delight*
And falſe deluſive *Bliſs*—No, they'll not ſtay
Tho' *Heav'n* call'd back, and *Hell* were in their way.
And can a cheating ſhort-liv'd *vicious Joy*,
Which ev'n one *moments thinking* can deſtroy,

Bleſſed are the poor *in ſpirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven*, v. 3.

Luke 6. 24.

Bleſſed are they that mourn, *for they ſhall be comforted*, v. 4.

Nay *that* it *ſelf*.—Say, can it ever be
A *reas'ning Creatures* true *felicity*?
Ah fooliſh Boy! Ah whither wilt thou *run*?
Why in ſuch headlong *haſte* to be *undone*?
Thy *mirth* is *madneſs*; e'er too late return!
And learn how *bleſt* are thoſe who truly **mourn**;
Who *mourn* their *Sins* while *Life's* ſwift *Sand* does laſt,
And dear *irrevocable moments* paſt:
O what a Change! when thoſe whom now they ſee
Luke 6.25. Spend all their days in *thoughtleſs jollity*
Shall howl in *quenchleſs Flames*; while ſuch as here
Oft wet their *Cheeks* with a repentant *Tear*,
Oft *heave* with pious *Sighs* their working *Breaſt*,
Of him, whom long *unſeen they lov'd*, poſſeſt
In *Abraham's boſom find eternal Reſt*.
* Others, as vain, attempt their *Names* to raiſe,
Bleſſed are the meek, *for they ſhall inherit the Earth*, v. 5. Their *Lives* employ'd in eager *chaſe* of *Praiſe*:
Honour, that gawdy *Nothing*, they purſue,
For this, in *Blood* their guilty Hands embrue:
For this, *unhinge* the *World*, and when 'tis done,
By all their long *Fatigues* what have they won?
What *Gains*, what *Trophies*, but a *Blaſt* of *Breath*,
Which ſeldom *lives*, tho' *loud*, beyond their *Death*?
He then who *here* his *Happineſs* wou'd find,
As ſoon may graſp the *Air*, or track the *Wind*:
The *gaudy Fly* as ſoon as hatcht is flown,
'Tis in anothers *pow'r* and not our *own*:
True *Magnanimity* my *Laws* impart,
But fix it in a **meek** and *humble heart*:
What lies ſo *low* can no rough *Tempeſt* fear,
But *unconcern'd*, *above*, the *Thunder* hear:
Impenetrably ſoft's a lowly mind,
Where *Wrongs glide* off and can no *Entrance* find;
Not *kindling* into *rage* whene'er we ſee
The leaſt *appearance* of an *Injury*;
Or ſuff'ring in *ill Language* Wrath t' inſpire,
Matt. 5.22. Leſt *Angers flames* be purg'd with *hotter Fire*.
Deut.32.35. If wrong'd, all private baſe *Returns* decline;
Rom.12.19. Your *Wrath* repreſs, *Vengeance* is only mine;
'Tis a *falſe Liberty* that leaves you free

Loving

Loving your *Friend* to *hate* your *Enemy*: Matt. 5. 43.
My *Followers* muſt to nobler things *aſpire*,
My *Laws* exalt the *humane Nature* higher
Than e'er before; if *mine* your ſelves you'd prove
Bleſs them that *curſe*, and thoſe that *hate* you *love!*
Pray for their *Lives who* would not let you *live!*
As you your ſelves *Forgiveneſs* hope, *forgive!* Matt. 6. 15.
This makes you *likeſt God*, and *all divine*,
Whoſe fruitful *Rain* does fall, whoſe *Sun*-beams ſhine Matt. 5. 45.
On *good* and *bad promiſcuous*; thus you'll be 48.
As far as ſuits with weak *Humanity*
Above the *World*, and *perfect* ev'n as he:
Thus *wait* and you'll at laſt the *Conqueſt* gain;
When the *meek Soul* ſhall over *Nations reign.* Pſal. 37. 11.
* How few who any *true Concern* will ſhow *Bleſſed are theythat hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs, for they ſhall be fill'd. v. 6.*
For ought but theſe vain *periſhing Goods* below!
To guard *this Life* miſtaken Man contends,
But little for that *Life* which *never ends*:
How much of *Toyl*, how much of fruitleſs *pain*
No more than *ſix ſmall feet* of *Earth* to gain?
How hard for thoſe in *this* who *happy* are
For t'other *World* to take *ſufficient care?*
If that neglected, they refuſe to *know*
That *Benefactor* who did *all* beſtow;
Full fed, refuſe their ſtubborn *Necks* to yield, Deut. 32. 15.
Looſe and *unyoak'd* fly wanton round the *field*;
Feaſted themſelves, *deſpiſe* and ſcorn the *poor*, Luke 6 15.
While *Lazarus* lies *ſtarving* at their *door*; *and* 16, 20, 21.
The *day*, the dreadful day they ſoon ſhall ſee
When they in *Torments*, he in *Bliſs* ſhall be:
One *drop* of *Water* then they'll ask in vain,
To cool their panting *Tongues* in *endleſs pain*: 24.
But *bleſt* are thoſe, ſuch all who wou'd be mine,
Who *thirſt* and *hunger* after *Food divine*,
Whom Heav'nly *thoughts* and *meditations* fill,
Whoſe *meat* and *drink's* to do my *Father's will*, John 4. 34.
This their *firſt Care*, and firmly can repoſe
On him who all their *wants* and *ſorrows* knows,
Be then your *care* for a *good Life* expreſt, Matt. 6. 33.
Nor doubt but *God* will *care* for *all the reſt.*

Matth.6.25. Why theſe *diſtracted Thoughts*? Why thus *Diſmay'd*?
Wants he or *Pow'r* or *Love* to ſend thee *Aid*?
If *more* he gives, will *leſſer* be *deny'd*?
If *Life* he'll *Food*; if *Food*, he'll *Cloaths* provide.
All his *Creation* of his *Love* partake,
Nor will he *ruine* what *himſelf* did make.
26. Behold the *feather'd Nations* of the *Air*
Which ſing in yonder *Trees*—how *full*, how *fair*,
They neither *ſow* nor *reap*, nor *plant* nor *plough*,
Yet God *provides* their Food on every *buſh* and *bough*:
And will He not for *you*? Who did inſpire
Your *breaſts* with *part* of his own *Heav'nly fire*.
Beſides, ſuch *anxious thoughts* but *vex* the *mind*,
27. Which thence can neither *Eaſe* and *Comfort* find:
28. Nor more for *Rayment* care! tho forc'd to go
Beneath your *Quality*, mean, ſcorn'd and low:
What's not your *Crime*, no longer vainly *grieve*,
You ſpite of *clam'rous Senſe* muſt ſtill *believe*.
Look on thoſe lovely *Lilies* how they grow
Thoughtleſs and *free* in *yonder Vale* below!
For all thoſe *Robes* they neither toil nor care,
Nor ſpin the *Web* at home, nor fetch't from *far*;
Yet *Solomon* himſelf, tho cover'd o'er
With Gold and *Purple* from rich *Sidon*'s ſhore,
Compar'd to theſe, had *mean* and *homely* ſhown;
His all but *borrow'd Glories*, theirs their *own*.
30. He then who thus the *fading Herb* ſupplies,
Which *flouriſhes* to *day*, to *morrow dies*,
Will he forget his *Word* and prove *untrue*?
Has he leſs *kindneſs*, or leſs *care* for you?
Injuſtice and *Revenge* the *World* divide,
Miſtaken *Cenſure*, *Cruelty* and *Pride*:
Bleſſed are the merciful, for they ſhall obtain mercy. *Bleſt is the man* himſelf who truly knows,
And *Mercy*, which he *hopes*, to other *ſhows*;
Whoſe *Joy*, the *miſerable* to *relieve*,
Who taſts the mighty *Pleaſure* to *forgive*:
Juſtly *ſevere* when he *himſelf* ſurveys,
As *candid* when he others *Actions* weighs:
Born for the *World* and not himſelf alone,
He always makes anothers *Caſe* his *own*.

Obſerve

Obſerve that *Golden Rule* of *Equity*,
The Neighbour treat as thou'dſt have him treat thee! Mat. 7. 12.
How vain the *Gloſſes* fooliſh men deviſe!
How do they blend *eternal Truth* with *Lies!*
* *Traditions* teach you, if your *Body's* pure,
Your Mind's your *own*, and from all *ſtain* ſecure:
Whatever fond *Pretences* theſe invent,
I ask the *Heart*, nor am with leſs *content*:
That muſt be *purg'd* from *Sin*, and all *divine*,
Holy and pure, a *Temple* fit t' enſhrine
The ſacred *Dove*, who never yet did reſt
In muddy *Soil* or a *polluted Breaſt*; Gen. 8. 9.
Groſs *Acts* in vain you *ſhun*, unleſs you're free
From th' *Heart's* and *Eye's* and *Hand's Adultery*:
Part with that *guilty Hand*, that wandring *Eye*,
Or ſoon they'll *gangrene* all, and you muſt die: 29, 30.
Call then the *Wand'rers* home! your Self command!
And make ſtrict *Covenants* with your *Eye* and *Hand*! Job 31. 1.
Each ſecret *Glance* that glows with *lawleſs fire*,
And kindles in the *Soul* a looſe *deſire*;
Each trembling *touch* of a *forbidden hand*
By which the *ſparks* into a *flame* are fann'd,
All theſe *avoid*, in vain you theſe wou'd hide
From him who them in their *dark Cauſes* ſpy'd
Long e'er they were — If him in *Bliſs* you'd find
Rather than *ſin*, be ever *lame* or *blind*!
While thoſe who thus their *Appetites* deny,
Half-Martyrs for forgotten *Chaſtity*,
Bravely repelling every *poiſon'd Dart*,
Holy and **pure**, alike in *eyes* and **heart**;
Who thus their *eyes*, who thus their *hearts* employ,
The *Beatific Viſion* ſhall enjoy;
Which e'en while *wandring* here ſhall on 'em ſhine,
In this dark *World* their *Souls* ſtill more *refine*,
And fill with Heav'nly *Love* and *Joy Divine*.
How many, not content with *mortal Fame*, *Bleſſed are the Peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the Children of God.* v. 9.
* Are eager for an *Hero's* ſounding name!
Poor *Apotheoſis!* the *God* muſt *die*,
And worſe, among the *Fiends* in *Torments lie*:
But happy thoſe who *peaceful Triumphs* gain!

Bleſſed are the pure in heart, for they ſhall ſee God. v. 8.

'Tis

'Tis the beſt **Empire** *o'er our ſelves to* **reign.**
O bleſt *Employment!* theirs: O happy *ſtate!*
Who *Peace* twixt *God* and *Man negotiate!*
Who where they come my *peaceful Law* diſperſe,
Bear theſe glad *Tidings* round the *Univerſe*:
Ah! wou'd they *practiſe* but as theſe adviſe,
How ſoon the *World* wou'd be a *Paradiſe*?
They muſt not there expect ſo *calm* a *Fate*;
Peace will, tho' ſtrange, breed *War*, and *Love* breed *Hate*;
Murder and *Blood* my *miſcall'd Followers* ſtain,
Diſcord and *Spite*, and wild *Confuſion* reign:
Hell-born *Ambition* will invade the *Skies*,
And tow'ring *Pride* and griping *Avarice*;
Parties and *Sects* my *ſeamleſs Garment* rend,
The Cauſe *their Intereſt*, tho' they *mine* pretend:
Who dare but *ſpeak* of *Peace*, they'll ſtop their *breath*,
Twixt different *Parties ground*, or *ſtarv'd* to *death*;
As baſe *betrayers* of their Cauſe *revil'd*,
Vid. Hind *and* Panther And **Sons** of **Bleadth** by lewd Apoſtates ſtil'd:
Luke. 26. 22. But tho' *caſt out*, and *under-foot* they're *trod*,
I'll give 'em better *Names* — **they're Sons of God.**
However others widely then miſtake,
Bleſſed are they which are perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake. v. 10. And of their *Reputations Idols* make,
Even thoſe, when I require, you muſt *deſpiſe*,
And unto *mine*, *your Honour ſacrifice!*
In Curſes let the *World* their *Malice* ſhow,
Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you and perſecute you, &c. And all their *Leaden Thunders* at you throw!
Let 'em (the *kindeſt thing* they e'er can do)
As *falſe Apoſtles*, *ſeperate* from *you!*
Out of their *Synagogues* and *Councils* hurl'd
As *Hereticks*, and *Troubles* of the *World*;
Or as by *Prieſt-craft* ſly, and juggling *skill*
You'd fain bring men to *Heav'n* againſt their *Will.*
13. If you like *Salt*, a cleanſing *Virtue* ſhow,
And *credit Piety* where e'er you go;
If you ſtill *Light* the *World*, who when they ſee
Your *ſpotleſs Life*, know what they *ought* to be;
If *evil* they, ungrate, for *good* return,
And you in *more* than *lambent flames* wou'd *burn*,
Now *doubly bleſt* if *Innocent* you are,

If

If *cauſleſs* all for me you *meekly bear*:
Patience too *mean* a *Virtue* is, your *Choice*
Be ſomething nobler here! *Exult! Rejoice!*
To Heav'n direct your *Songs*, your *Hymns*, your *Pray'r!*
A *double Crown of Glory* waits you there;
You firſt, Triumphant, from the *Duſt* ſhall riſe,
And with me ever *reign* in *Paradiſe*:
Nor think, whatever *Spite* and *Envy* ſay,
I come to ſhew to Heav'n a *nearer way* Matt. 5. 17.
Than by *Good Faith* and *Life*, t' *annul* or *break*
One *Word* my Father did from *Sinai* ſpeak:
I came not to *deſtroy*, but to *fulfill*,
To *do* and *ſuffer* my great *Father's Will*:
Each *Type* and *Shadow* now *compleat* ſhall be,
Hither they tend, and *center* all in me.
What *Laws* of *moral Obligation* are,
Eternal Truth, your *Pleaſure* be't and *Care*
To keep *inviolate*, they'll ſtill prevail,
Nor paſs away tho' the *Creation* fail:
By God's own *Hand* they were to *Moſes* given,
* When thus he them had *Thunder'd* down from *Heav'n*.

Exod. XX.

The Ten Commandments.

JEhova ſpeaks, attend with awful *Love* and *Fear!*
From *Egypts Bondage* ſav'd, O reſcu'd *Iſrael*, hear!

I.

With me let no *falſe Gods* thy *Love* and *Praiſe* divide,
* Nor from *Heav'ns* piercing *Eye* ſuch *Treaſon* hope to *hide!*

II.

* By no *Reſemblance* vain the *Godhead* dare t' *expreſs*,
Who'll down to *Grandchild Ages* plague ſuch *Wickedneſs*.

III.

III.

No hallow'd thing let thy bold Secrilege profane!
Nor take thy mighty *Makers ſacred Name* in *vain.*

IV.

Six *parts* of *Time* when freely I *indulge* to thee,
Neither *forget* nor *grudg* to pay a *ſeventh* to *me.*

V.

If thou *long Life* doſt hope, and many a *happy* day,
Thy *Parent* and thy *Prince* in all that's *juſt* obey.

VI.

Dy not thy *furious Hand* in Murders guilty *Red*:
Gen. 9. 6. For he that ſheds *Mans blood*, by *Man* his *blood* be ſhed!

VII.

Againſt thy Neighbour's *Honour* harbor no *deſign*,
Prov. 6. 24. As thou his *heavy Vengeance* wou'dſt *avoid and mine*!

VIII.

Shun *Thefts* baſe ſordid *Sin*, and mean unlawful *gain*,
And for thy *own* provide with honeſt *ſweat* and *pain.*

IX.

What's *falſe* ne'er *ſpeak*, much leſs in *Courts* thy ſelf *forſwear*,
But know a *greater Judg* looks down and *Ey's* thee there!

X.

Each *Sin* in *Thought* abhor, and not in *Act* alone *
Nor ſeek thy *Neighbour's Goods*, *contented* with thy own!

Let

Let these claim all your *Thoughts* exactest *Care.*
To these add *Fasting*, *Alms*, and fervent *Pray'r.* Matth. 6.
If you desire your *Fasts* successful prove
Fear'd *Ills* t' *avert*, or what you *feel remove*,
Not like those *Hypocrites* distort your *Face*
Who make an *ugly Look* a mark of *Grace*:
Who with *rough Robes* and *Sackcloth* raze their *Skin* } 16.
Or cut with *Whips*, or *lance* it deeper in,
And mortify *themselves*, but not their *Sin.*
Your *Alms* dispense as *Stars* shoot silent *Light* 1.
Untrack'd and *large* thro' the dark *Realms* of *Night.*
In all let no vain *Ostentation* be
To your *good Deeds*; no *Witness* ask but Me.
They shall not pass without a *kind Regard*,
But at the last *Great Day* I'll them reward. Matth. 25.
Discreet, yet *warm* and *zealous* be your *Pray'r*, 35, &c.
And *still* and *silent* as the *Angels* are. Matt. 6. 5.
* Since you a *Form* for your *Direction* need
Thus let your faithful *Vows* to *Heav'n* proceed.

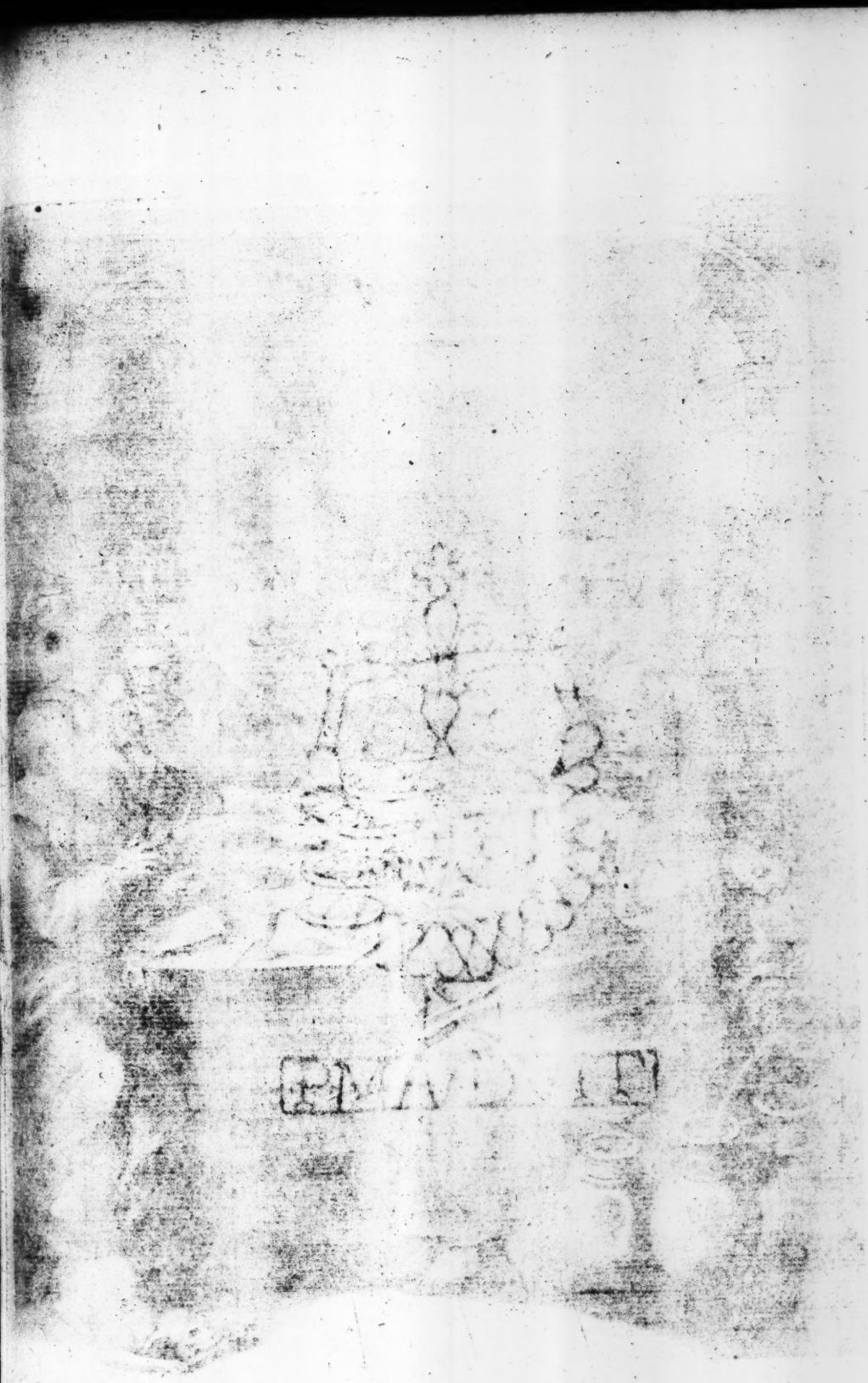
The Lord's Prayer.

O *Father* of the *World!* whose *Throne* on high
Is plac'd in *Light* above the *Crystal Sky*, 9.
Let all Thy *Works* thee their great *Lord* proclaim,
And with loud *Praises* hymn Thy *sacred Name!*
* Let thy dear Son his *promis'd Empire* gain,
And over all th' *obedient Nations* reign!
Let *Sin's* and *Hell's* proud Kingdom soon decay,
And *Earth* as well as *Heav'n* their Lord obey!
For our frail *Bodies* needful *Food* assign,
* But chiefly *feast* our *Souls* with *Food Divine.*
O thou, on whose free *Grace* and *Love* we live,
Forgive our *Sins*, as others we *forgive!*
Save from the *Tempter* those who trust in *Thee*,
O *save* at once from *Sin* and *Misery!*
Thy glorious *Might* no *Time* or *Place* restrain,
Thou dost, O God! to *endless Ages* reign!

Thus to the *King of Heav'n* devoutly *pray*,
Nor that enough, you must his *Laws obey*;

Elſe him in *Glory* ne'r expect to ſee
Nor with vain *idle Faith* depend on me!
Matt. 7. 21. If not your *Lord*, I *can't* your *Saviour* be.
Who then themſelves my true *Diſciples* ſhow,
Not *only know*, but *practiſe* what they *know*;
Them to wiſe *Maſter-builders* I'll compare,
24. Who in the *ſolid Rock* with ſweat and care
Their firm *Foundations* lay; the *Floods* ariſe
And meet new *Floods* thick pouring from the *Skies*;
Th' impetuous *Winds* from *ſtony Caves* enlarg'd
With all their *duſty Squadrons* on 'em charg'd,
The *Houſe* ſtill *ſtands*, each vain *aſſault* can *mock*,
Nor can they *move* it, till they *move* the *Rock*:
But thoſe who with *cold Notions* are content,
* *Chriſtians* alone in Name and *Complement*;
To *fooliſh Builders* them I muſt compare
26. Who on th' *unfaithful Sand* their *Houſes* rear:
Already, *heark!* the *whiſtling Storm* is nigh!
See the black *Tempeſt pouring* from the *Sky!*
Waves ride on *Waves* and puſh each other on!
From the *looſe Earth* the falſe *Foundations* gone;
The fooliſh *Houſe* falls with the *mould'ring Shore*,
And ſinks i'th' *vaſt Abyſs* to riſe no more.
He ſaid —— Still his pleas'd *Auditors* attend,
All thought too ſoon he his *Diſcourſe* did *end*.
Which paſt, he did from the *bleſs'd Mount* deſcend
To *Cana*, whence the *other Simon* nam'd,
'Mongſt *Galilean Zealots* widely fam'd:
There, whilſt he at a *Nuptial Feaſt* did dine,
When *Wine* they want, he *Water* turns to *Wine*.
Nor far from thence, by pleaſant *Naim's Walls*,
The *mournful Widows* Son to *Life* recalls.
Mean while the *Baptiſt* did to *Virtue* preſs
His *Voice*, loud-ſounding in the *Wilderneſs*:
Cenſor of *Vice*, *unblemiſh'd* as *ſevere*,
And as he none did *fear*, he none wou'd *ſpare*:
Ev'n *Life* it ſelf by far too *dear* he thought,
If with bare *Silence* or mean *Flatt'ry* bought:
This *honeſt Freedom* and plain *roughneſs* pleas'd;
Nor rarely wrought a *Cure* on *Minds diſeas'd*:

Arm'd



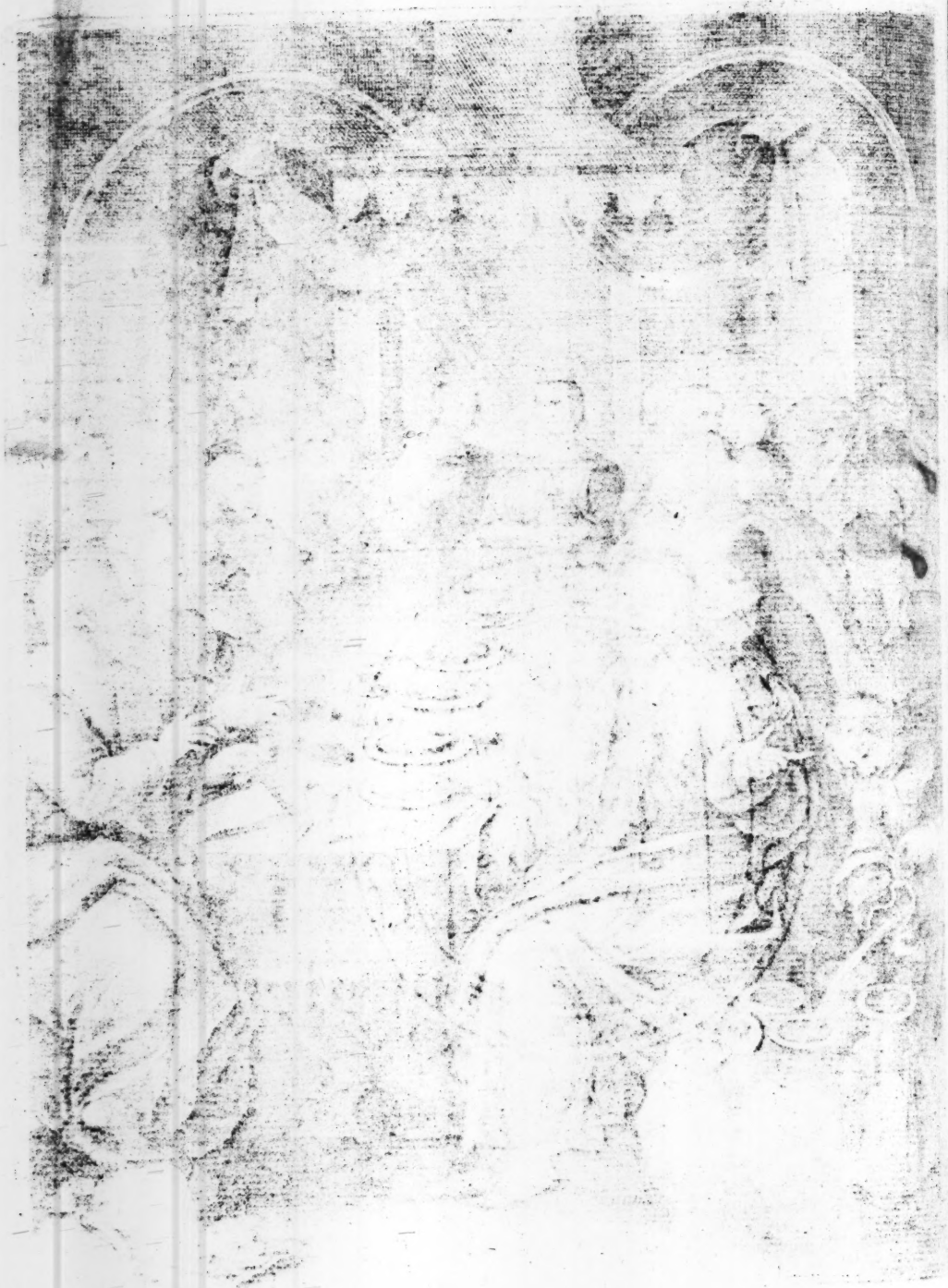




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N.° 35



Arm'd with *Elijah's Spirit* and Holy *Fire*
To his *Acquaintance Royal Names* aſpire;
Virtues they wou'd not *follow*, forc'd t' *admire!*
Among the reſt ſo often *Herod* went
And heard, he grew *almoſt a Penitent*; Mark 6. 20.
With all beſides one *darling Vice* did part,
That kept its *hold*, ſtill feſtering in his *heart*:
Diſhonourable Love, a *lawleſs Flame*,
Unnat'ral *Crime*, which *Inceſts* fouler *Name* 17, 18,
Diſgrac'd; the Cauſe *HERODIAS*, *fair*, but *vain*,
* Whoſe Lord did in poor *Trachonitis* Reign,
And wild *Iturea*, from whoſe *petty Court*, Luke 3. 2.
Where only bordering *Arabs* did reſort, *Vid.* Joſeph *Antiq.*
Not long before *Herod invites* her down
To fair *Tiberias*, his own ſtately *Town*: *Vid.* Lib. 1.
Until his *Brother* from the *Wars* return'd,
Who, while ſhe him at home *half Widow'd*, mourn'd
* Thro' ſtony *Fields*, and *Woods* of fatal *Yew*,
Did Bands of roving *Iſhmaelites* purſue:
Arriv'd, her *Beauties* all the *Court* ſurprize,
Her *Brother* moſt, who feaſts his *wand'ring Eyes*
On her *forbidden Face*, thence ſoon takes *fire*,
His *careleſs Breaſt* ſoon *glows* with *looſe deſire*:
All *Arts* on her weak *Sex*, prevail he try'd,
Flatters her *Vanity*, and feeds her *Pride*:
Now do's he ſtately *Masks* and *Balls* provide,
With *Muſicks* melting *Charms*, and now apply
The powerful *Bait* of *Courtly Luxury*:
Her in his *Royal Barge* wou'd ſometimes take,
And ſplendid *Treat*, upon the *neighb'ring Lake*;
Now her convey to proud *Caperna'm's Walls* *See* Lib. 1.
Where, thro' broad Arches *Jordan* head-long falls:
To antient *Cinn'roth*, or *Bethſaida* fair *See* Lib. 1*ſt*.
To *hunt* or *walk* in *lonely Deſarts there*;
Oft wou'd he *gaze*, and with a *ſudden ſigh*
As often—Ah! *too happy Philip!* cry!
Why ſhou'd his envious ragged *Walls* confine
A *Treaſure* ought in *Cæſar's Court* to ſhine?
Are theſe the *richeſt Robes* he can provide
For *ſuch* a *Queen*? This all *Iturea's Pride*?

Trample 'em *ſordid* in the duſt, and ſee
If ought *Tiberias* has more *worthy Thee!*
Then, coſtly *Babylonian Robes* he brings, *
And *Tyrian* Silks, that *cloath* and *ranſom* Kings:
All *honour'd* to be *touch'd* by her fair hand,
Who *Salem* and *Sebaſte* might command;
In both his Royal Palaces did ſtand;
The worſt of both to *Philip's* ſhe'd prefer, *
And *both* were hers, tho' both *unworthy* her.
Theſe *Preſents* ſhe receives, and more than theſe
Without a *Frown*, —*Sure 'twas no ſin to pleaſe!*
With well-known *Art repell'd*, yet did *invite*,
—And *wiſhes* ſhe his *bounty* cou'd *requite.*
But ſoon re-calls that *Wiſh* ---- ſhe had forgot
That *Herod* was her *Brother* ---- Think me *not*,
He *trembling* cries, my *Gratitude* to ſhow,
I'd gladly give my *Crown* I were not ſo——
——Or if I am——
" *Friendſhip* ſo *pure* as mine, who can *reprove*?
" *Minds* have no *Sexes*, 'tis your *Mind* I *love*:
Platonic all, her *Honour* he'll prefer
T' his *Life* and *Love*, nor wrong his *Queen* or *her.*
He'd only ask a *wiſh*, an *hand*, an *eye*:
Favours for which 'twas *worth the while to dye*,
And ſwears in theſe *eternal Secreſy.*
—What bounds has *lawleſs Love!* Soon head-long hence
They ſunk to *Sin*, and thence to *Impudence*:
Bewitch'd with *wicked Joy*, and ſtupid grown,
No *meaſures* kept: To all the *Court* 'tis *known*,
Laſt to his *Queen*, whom he'll no longer own;
Whoſe Father long his peaceful *Scepter* ſway'd
At fair *Damaſcus*, *Zobah* him obey'd, *
Him *Aram's* fields, and thoſe wild *Troops* which ſtray'd
Thro' *Geſhur's Realm*, for Paſtures *ever green* *
Renown'd, and the wide wand'ring *Hagarene*: *
To him enrag'd with loud *Complaints* ſhe fled
Againſt the *Rival* of her *Crown* and *Bed*;
Her and her *faithleſs* Lord with mortal *Hate*
She *proſecutes*, and urges on their *Fate*;
Whilſt her old *Father*, youthful *Anger* warms,

Who

Who for *Revenge* his fierce *Arabians* arms.
Herod's lewd *Court*'s all *ſilent*, or approve
With *wicked flattery* their Princes *Love*;
Till to the *Baptiſt* brought by babbling *Fame*,
Whom *Zeal* to injur'd *Virtue* did inflame;
Inſpir'd with that, he from the *Deſarts* came;
Thence to the *Court* his ſteps directly bent,
The opening *Crowd* bow'd lowly as he went;
He paſt the *Guards*; ſtruck with religious *Fear*
None durſt oppoſe his way approaching near
Thro' every *Gate* and *Anti-Chamber* paſt
Preventing his own *Fame*, arriv'd at laſt
To the retir'd *Alcove*; he thither *preſt*,
Sees the falſe *Charmer negligently* dreſt,
Sees the *luxurious King* lean looſly on her *Breaſt*.
Fierce *Herod* roſe at the unwonted *Noiſe*,
And haſty asks with a *death-threat'ning Voice*
And *Eyes* all *flame*, What bold *Intruder* he
Who dar'd *invade* his Prince's *privacy*,
And ruſh on *certain Fate*? —Nay rather tell
How dares a bold *Adulterer* ruſh on *Hell*,
The *Baptiſt* firm replies. —No ſooner ſaw
The *guilty King*, but ſtruck with *trembling awe*
Silent he ſtood *confus'd*, his *Queen* the ſame,
With *Anger pale* by turns, and *red* with *Shame*:
So ſtrange a *Pow'r* undaunted *Virtue* brings,
Dazling e'en *Beauties* ſelf and *conquering Kings*:
Hard was the *ſtruggle*. — Now his *nobler Part*,
His *Reaſon* rul'd, and from his *Royal Heart*
Drew *ſighs* of *Penitence*, *Abortive ſighs*;
Nor ſooner were his *Tempters* charming *Eyes*
Bent on him, but agen he *doubtful* ſtood;
Which that curſt *Spirit*, eternal *Foe* to *Good*
Perceiving, found 'twas time *himſelf* t' engage,
Inſpiring Him with *Luſt*, and her with *Rage*.
Silent the King, thus haughty *Herodias* ſaid—
—*Bold Prieſt*—this *Inſolence* ſhall coſt thy *Head*.
Is't not enough, haſt thou not *cheated* well
Who can'ſt the *Vulgar ſcare* with *Tales* of *Hell*?
Let them *drudge* on, dull *Virtues Laws* obey,

18.

But *Princes* find to *Heav'n* an *eaſier way.*
Guards, drag him hence, and him t' his *Fate* convey.
The King aroſe, with the vex'd *Fair* bebates,
And her *imperious Sentence* mitigates:
His *ent'ring Guards* the *Pris'ner* bids *ſecure,*
17. And him in ſtrong *Macherus* Walls immure:
Fain each brave *Warrior* wou'd himſelf excuſe,
And had they dar'd, th' ungrateful Task refuſe;
Fain, for the *fearleſs* Pris'ner intercede,
Who looks *ſecure* of *Fate,* and bids 'em lead.
Where e'er commanded by the *Tyrant,* they
With much *regret* and ſlowly, at laſt obey.
Nor after long, as chanc'd, the *feſtal day*
Of *Herod's Birth* arriv'd, at regal *Boards,*
21. As *Cuſtom* call'd, his *Captains* and his *Lords,*
And all his *High Eſtates* invited Dine.
The ſplendid *Feaſt* well o'er, in *gen'rous Wine*
Concluded, *Royal Muſick* finiſh'd all,
" Treating their noble *Fancies* at a *Ball:*
One *Daughter,* e'er from him *Herodias* fled
Had bleſt the *injur'd Tetrarch's* nuptial Bed;
Too plain in *her* the *World* her *Mother* ſpies,
The ſame fair *Face* and falſe deluding *Eyes;*
Like her, of *Slaves* ſhe had a *mighty Band,*
And cou'd like her, *Smiles, Tears* and *Oaths* command;
Like her, *ſweet Poyſon* from her *Eyes* and *Tongue*
Diſtill'd; ſhe like an Angel mov'd and *ſung.*
Some ſoft *Arabian Tune* the *Muſick* play,
22. She at the *Signal* glides as *ſoft* away;
Her *Feet* as nimbly as their *Fingers* move,
From all that ſaw, ſhe *Wonder* forc'd, or *Love.*
The King *extravagantly pleas'd,* and *proud*
23. As ſhe her ſelf to hear th' *applauſes* loud
So juſtly on her thrown from every ſide,
Ask, by th' *unutterable Name,* he cry'd,
Ask *what thou wilt,* not ſhalt thou be *deny'd,*
Tho' half my Kingdom were the *mighty Boon.*
Inſtructed by her *Mother,* but too ſoon
She claims his *Royal Word,* Nor ought, ſhe ſaid,
24, 25. Ought wou'd ſh' accept, *beſides the Baptiſt's Head.*

He

He ſtruck the Board—Rather than that ſhou'd fall 26.
Take, cruel Maid! not only *half* but *all*
My Realms, he *cry'd*; If you'll my *Words* releaſe,
And leave the *Holy Man* to *die in peace!*
Inexorably wicked ſtill ſhe ſtood,
Nothing cou'd quench her *Thirſt*, but guiltleſs Blood.
The *Council* diff'rent *Suffrages* divide;
Some *Love* engag'd, fair Murdreſs! on thy ſide;
Some pure *Revenge*—He at the *Court* did *rail*;
Some hers, becauſe they thought ſhe wou'd *prevail.*
A *gen'rous few* there were, who tho' he'd *ſworn*,
His *Oath unlawful* thought, but over-born
Are loſt i'th' *Crowd*—The *King* himſelf gives way,
And bids his *Guards* the *Damſels Word* obey.
Scarce with long ſearch they found a *Villain*, who
Was *black* enough the *horrid Work* to do;
Whom from the *Dungeon* when the *Baptiſt* ſpy'd,
Warn'd he that *moment* muſt for *Death* provide,
Long ſince that *Buſ'neſs* is *diſpatch'd*, he cry'd,
That I was *mortal* born, I ever knew;
And ſince this *Debt*'s from all to *Nature* due,
The *ſooner* paid the *better*, gladly I
In God's fair *Cauſe*, and injur'd *Virtue*'s die:
Nor if o'th' *Edg* of *Life* our *Souls* can ſee
Within the Realms of dark *Futurity*,
Shall long my *guiltleſs Blood* unpuniſht be.
I ſee th' *Arabians* from their *Quivers* pour
O'er *Galilee* a dusky *deadly Show'r*;
I ſee——The ugly *Headſman* will afford
No longer time, his unrelenting Sword
Soon ſtop'd his *Breath*, an eaſie way it found;
And *Blood* and *Life* at once guſh'd from the *ghaſtly Wound.*
His Head they to the *Feaſt* in triumph bear, 27, 28.
With joy receiv'd by falſe *Herodias* there;
Who, leſt they ſhould delude her *Cruelty*,
Wipes his *wan bloody Face*, and cries *'Tis he!*
Now *ſaucy Cenſures* at thy Betters *fling!*
Now, if thou canſt, *preach* on, and ſcorn a *King!*
Short-liv'd her *wicked Joys* baſe *Triumphs* were,
For in the midſt a *panting Meſſenger*

With

With *Duſt* all cover'd, *Terror* and *Surprize*
And *Haſt* and *Danger* in his Face and Eyes,
Thro' the thick *Circle* pale and bloodleſs ſprings,
And from the Borders *diſmal Tidings* brings;
That *Aretas* with his *Arabian* Bands,
Paſſage obtain'd thro' wrong'd *Iturea's* Lands,
Jordan's ſmall *Streams* had near *Ceſarea* paſs'd,
And all the higher *Galilee* laid waſt
With *Fire* and *Sword*; to whom ſtrong *Abel's* Town
Their *Gates* had open'd, marching *Conq'ror* down
Thro' old *Zaanaims* Grove to *Kedeſh* near,
Which with high *Ramah*, ſtruck with *panic Fear*
Prepar'd to yield — Tho' *Guilt* in *Herod's Eyes*,
Fear in his Face, To *Arms*, to *Arms*, he *cries*;
With ſpeed the bold *Invader* meet, before
He *march* too far, his *Troops* ſhall *rove* no *more!*
His *Forces* then from proud *Sebaſte* draws,
And ſtrong *Macherus*, which th' *Arabian* awes,
Wide-wandring thro' *Baara's diſtant Vale*; *
From *Carmel's* Mount and *Hermon's* fruitful Dale:
With his own *Troops* his pow'rful *Treaſure* brings
Vid. *Joſeph.* Antiq. Of *Iſhmael's* Race, *Auxiliary Kings*
From *Jordan's Eaſtern* ſide, and now cou'd boaſt
Had *Heav'n* ſtood *ſtill*, a formidable *Hoſt*:
E'en *Heav'n* it ſelf to *bribe* t' his ſide he'll try
By unbecoming *aukward Piety*;
By mighty *Gifts* he to the *Temple* ſent,
And more than all — he *promis'd* he'd *repent*.
In haſt a *Courier* to the *Priſon* ſends,
29. The Baptiſt's *Body* to his mourning *Friends*
He bids be ſtrait deliver'd, him t' inter;
And he with *Tears* wou'd waſh his *Sepulchre*:
Thro' the thin *Vizard* all with eaſe perceiv'd,
His *Penitence*, nor *Earth*, nor *Heav'n* believ'd;
Loaden with *Curſes* to the *Field* he went,
But more with *guiltleſs Blood* — You know th' *event!*
His ſwift *Retreat*, his num'rous *Army* broke,
The *Day* and *Honour* loſt without a ſtroke.
All this did babbling *Fame* t' our Lord convey,
Who with his Twelve at rich *Caperna'm* lay,

While

While the great *Baptiſt* his Diſciples mourn'd,
Till *Herod*, furious to the *Court* return'd;
Then with wiſe *Caution*, no unworthy *Fear*,
Seeks a more ſafe *Retreat* in *Deſarts*, near
Bethſaida's wealthy *Villa*, where before *
He did, in Heav'nly Wiſdom's ſacred *Lore*,
Inſtruct his *Auditors* — Thither he went
With his *lov'd few*, and the calm *Moments* ſpent
In thoughts of that *great Work* to which deſign'd,
And all the *wond'rous Things* were yet behind.

The End of the Fourth Book.

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK IV.

1. *'TIS pleasant when the rugged Storm is o're.*] The *Hint* was taken from that of *Lucretius*, —— *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis*, &c. And tho my Thought want of the *Fineness* of his, I think it has also less *Ill nature.*

52. *Hail, Son of God! announc'd, confest, approv'd!*] I was so well pleas'd with the Song of the Angels in *Milton*, on the same occasion, that I had a desire to try what I could do in that sort of *Verse*; tho I have but one Precedent of introducing *Blank Verse* into a Poem compos'd of *Rhimes*, and that is in the *Essay upon Translations*, done by a Person of Quality in our own Language, and how I've succeeded in't must be left to the Reader.

111. *Hell's Principality thou shalt destroy.*] So Mr. *Mede* interprets *the Seed of the Woman's Bruising the Serpent's head*; where he adds a pretty Observation of a certain Author, That there's not only a certain *Impression* of Fear on the Serpent, at the sight of a Man, which makes him run away, unless forc'd to fight for his Life, which he does with a particular Care of his *Head*; but which is more remarkable, that a *naked Man frights* him much more than one that's cloath'd, as if he still retain'd some *Idæa* of his first *Enemy.*

167. *An easie* Hill *there is, whence looking down,*
Tiberias *here, there Fair* Bethsaida's *Town*, &c.] Some place this *Mount* of the *Beatitudes* between *Tiberias* and *Bethsaida*: others East of *Bethsaida*, nearer *Capernaum.* Tradition agrees with the former Opinion, the People of the Country shewing to this day a little Hill thereabouts, which they call *Our Lord's Table*: and which the Pilgrim, who saw it, says, is neither very *large* nor very *high.* And this Opinion I chuse to follow.

178. *Equally* ignorant *and* innocent.] Undoubtedly our Saviour might have chosen his *Apostles* all *learned Men*; but he had great and wise Ends to the contrary, namely, to humble the *Pride* of *Man*, and convince him that neither *Birth*, *Learning*, nor any other external Advantage, are so acceptable to him as *Vertue* and *Innocence.* And besides, to obviate such *Objections* as he well knew would, in after Ages, be made against his *Religion*; since 'twas an impossible thing for such *simple* and *illiterate* Men, as his Apostles, to compose so excellent a System both of *speculative* and *moral Truths*; nor could they have them any where but from Heaven.

185. *Thence* Philip, *who* Nathanael *did invite.*] It's generally thought *Bartholomew* and *Nathanael* were the same; there's little to be said for't, and nothing against it. However *Nathanael* had the more *treatable* Sound, for which Reason I rather chose it.

187. Matthew, *who freely did the World forsake.*] *Levi* and *Matthew* the *Publicans*, are generally thought the same.

189. —— *The*

189.—*The leſſer* James—*Who juſtly honourable Kindred claims*—*With our lov'd Lord.*] He's called *James the Leſs*, as is conjectured, from his *Stature*; and the *Brother of our Lord*, Gal. 1. 19. becauſe his *Kinſman*, after the Jewiſh Idiom.

214. *Hear Fathers*, part *of what he then expreſt.*] I can't ſay I've wrought in every particular Paſſage of this *beſt* of *Sermons*, as 'tis left us entire in *fifth*, *ſixth*, and *ſeventh* of S. *Mathew*, and ſome Fragments in others of the *Evangeliſts*, being a compleat Summary of our Saviour's *Law*, at leaſt, as far as practical Truths. But I think I've not omitted many things remarkable in my Paraphraſe upon it, endeavouring to give, as near as poſſible, the utmoſt and largeſt Import of every *Expreſſion* in the particular *Beatitudes*; under each of which I've rank'd what ſeem'd *reducible* to it in the following Verſes and Chapters, adding the *contrary Woes*, from St. *Luke*'s Goſpel.

217. *Still ſearch for* Happineſs.] 'Tis obvious to obſerve, as *Grotius* and others upon the Place, That our Saviour begins his Diſcipline with the *Search* after *true Happineſs*; going higher than any Philoſopher ever did before him, not fixing it in any *worldly Enjoyments*, Pleaſure, Riches, Honour, *&c.* but rather in a Contempt or Indifference for them; nay, even in the *Want* of them, in Poverty, Infamy, *&c.* if God's Providence think ſuch Circumſtances beſt for us; all which trifling *Inconveniences*, he aſſerts were ſo far from being Impediments to a *good Man's Felicity*, that he carries his Followers even beyond the *Indolence* of the *Stoics*, bidding 'em *exult* and *rejoice* under 'em, on conſideration of the divine ſupport in this *Life*, and eternal Retribution in a better; and this he aſſerts in ſeveral Paradoxes directly oppoſite to the generally receiv'd Sentiments concerning Happineſs.

220. *There are who think their* Bliſs *faſt lock'd, they hold*, &c] The moſt generally receiv'd *Notion* of Happineſs is, that it conſiſts in *Riches*, the contrary to which is prov'd, both from the *Baſeneſs* of ſuch an Opinion, and by applying ſeveral Properties of the *Summum Bonum*, none of which agree with 'em: *Certainty*, the αὐτεξούσιον, or having it in our own Power: *Durableneſs* and *Deſirableneſs* for themſelves and no other further Good. 'Tis therefore rather fix'd in *Poverty*; the ſence of which, none has given better and cloſer than our own incomparable *Hammond*, who, thus in his Paraphraſe, "Bleſſed are they, that, how high ſoever their con-"dition is in this World, are yet in Mind, Affection and Converſation, humble "and lowly; and when they are in worldly Poverty, bear it willingly, and not "only of neceſſity: for to ſuch belongs a Kingdom, *&c.*

241. *Unwary Youth, which ſeldom chuſes right,*
Ruſh hot and furious after vain delight.] The next common Miſtake concerning *true Happineſs*, is of thoſe who place it in worldly *Pleaſure*; which our Saviour obviates in his ſecond Paradox and *Beatitude*, *Bleſſed are thoſe that mourn*, for the meaning of which *Mourning*, vid *Grot. in loc.*

263. *Others, as vain, attempt their* Names *to raiſe,*
Their Lives employ'd in eager chaſe of Praiſe.] A third ſort of Men expect their Happineſs from worldly Fame, Honour, Praiſe, or things of that nature. Theſe, if I miſtake not, our Saviour oppoſes in his third Beatitude, *Bleſſed are the meek.* I know *Grotius* thinks the οἱ πραεῖς, the *meek* here mentioned, are oppoſed τοῖς ὀργίλοις, as he ſays they are in *Ariſtotle*, to the *Paſſionate* and *Angry*: Others, that ſuch are meant by them as are not covetous of Revenge, but by the *Sweetneſs* and *Temper* of their Minds endeavour to oblige all Men. And accordingly, *De Dieu*, that they are here oppoſed to the *Proud*, and ſignifie no more than the *Humble.* However, if *Meekneſs* and *Humility* be here required, and the contrary Vices *Pride* and *Revenge* forbidden, the *Cauſes* and *Effects* of thoſe Vices muſt be alſo included, and what can thoſe be but an immoderate Deſire of Fame, Praiſe, Glory, *&c.* Under which Head I've wrought in moſt of the Precepts in the following Verſes, relating to *Meekneſs*. That of not calling our Brother *Racha*, (I think much of the ſame Import with our Engliſh *Sirrah*) in *v.* 283.

Nor ſuffering in ill Language, &c.] An Elevation of the Chriſtian Doctrine, as Dr. *Hammond* obſerves, far beyond the Heathen Theology; *Homer* introducing one of his Goddeſſes, nay, *Minerva* her ſelf, who ſhould have had more *Wiſdom*,

encouraging *Achilles* to *rail* heartily at *Agamemnon*, tho' he was not to ſtrike him.
—— ἀλλ' ἤτοι ἔπεσιν μὲν ὀνείδισον.

302. *How few who any true concern will ſhow,*
For ought but theſe vain periſhing Goods below.] After removing theſe three former miſtaken Notions of Happineſs, our Saviour proceeds to eſtabliſh a better, *Bleſſed are they that hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs*, &c. "Who, as *Spanheim* explains it, "being conſcious of their own want of Righteouſneſs, do moſt earneſtly deſire it. *Juſtice* or *Righteouſneſs* here mentioned, being, according to *Grotius*, "A gene-"ral, or Cardinal Vertue, implying all the reſt; namely, whatſoever is grateful "or acceptable to Almighty God. *They ſhall be filled*, they ſhall obtain what they purſue, ſays *Hammond*, and be ſatisfied in it. To this Beatitude is oppoſed the contrary Woe in S. *Luke*, *Woe to you that are full, for you ſhall hunger.* In the former *Hunger* and *Thirſt*, *Grotius* and others think, is included, ſuch a Deſire after Piety and Vertue, as makes Men willingly or patiently undergo Hunger, Thirſt, and all other Inconveniences, in order to obtain them. And under this Head I've inſerted ſeveral of our Saviour's Leſſons concerning Reſignation and Contentment.

360. *Bleſt is the Man, himſelf who truly knows,*
And Mercy, which he hopes, to others ſhows.] The Fifth Beatitude, *Bleſſed are the merciful*; which conſiſts, as *Walker* explains it, "in ſhewing all Mercy and "Compaſſion to our Neighbours in their Neceſſities; further explained *ver.* 44. and in *chap.* vi. 12, 14 and vii. 1, 12, *&c.*

372. *Traditions teach you, if your Bodies pure*, &c.] The Sixth Beatitude, *Bleſſed are the pure in Heart, for they ſhall ſee God.* "They, ſays *Hammond*, who defile not "the Eye of their Soul, with wordly or fleſhly Luſts: and as another, who do "not only ſubdue evil Deeds, but evil Deſires. In oppoſition to the falſe Gloſſes of the Phariſees; who, it ſeems, taught their Followers, that if they abſtain'd from outward *Acts*, they might *think* what *Ill* they pleas'd: and it's plain, *Joſephus*, who was a Phariſee, was of this Mind: and *David Kimchi* not only defends it, but wreſts Scripture to that End. Now the Bleſſing promis'd to thoſe who are thus *pure in heart*, by our Saviour, is, that *they ſhall ſee God*; not only by knowing his *Will* here, but in the Enjoyment of the *Beatifical Viſion*, to all Eternity: as *Spanheim*, *Brugenſis*, and *Walker*, tho' I think the *Old Man*, laſt named, goes a little too far, when he ſays, "Looking even upon a Man's *own Wife*, τὸ ἐπιθυμῆσαι αὐτῆς, is a breach of this *Purity of Heart*, and will exclude out of *Heaven*.

404. *Are eager for an Hero's ſounding Name.*] The Seventh Beatitude, is, *Bleſſed are the Peacemakers*; "Which is plac'd, ſays one, in the Zeal on all occaſions of "making and preſerving Peace. Firſt, negotiating the *Peace* of *all men* with *God*, which was the Apoſtles Employment. And Secondly, procuring by all means, the *Peace* of *Men* among themſelves: for this reaſon *putting up Affronts*, and *ſuffering Injuries.* This Character and Employment, ſhould, without doubt, belong eminently to the *Governours* and *Doctors* of the *Church*, who ought eſpecially to be the φωστῆρες, *the Light of the World*, and *Salt of the Earth*, and to *teach* Men to keep God's Commands; but this not excluding private Chriſtians. The Reward of theſe *Peacemakers* is, *they ſhall be called* [*ſhall be*] *the Sons of God*: like to God, ſays *Hammond*, as Children to a Parent; being already, as the *Apoſtle* ſays, Partakers of the *Divine Nature*: true *Heroes* or *Sons of God*; which Title was vainly affected by the great Men among the Heathen, and ſought, not by *Peace*, but by *War* and *Bloodſhed.*

453. *You firſt triumphant from the Duſt ſhall riſe*] There was a *Notion*, as Dr. *Hammond*, Dr. *Sherlock*, and others obſerve, generally received by the Primitive Chriſtians, That the Martyrs, nay, ſome extended it as far as the Confeſſors and eminent Saints, ſhould, immediately on their Deaths, enjoy the Beatifick Viſion. But there was another Point alſo generally among 'em, concerning the ſame Perſons, that they ſhould *riſe* before the *reſt* of the *Dead* in the *Day of Judgment*: whence that Suffrage in their antient Liturgies, *ut partem haberet in Reſurrectione prima*, for a part in the *firſt Reſurrection.*

468. *When thus he them had thundred down from Heav'n.*] The Commandments were firſt ſpoken, and ſo are properly the *Decalogue*, or *Ten-Words*, after which they

they were written in the two Tables, firſt by God, and then by *Moſes*; *Deut.* 5. 22. I know not whether I ought to make any Apology for inſerting here all the Commandments, which our Saviour does not; but conſidering he mentions them all in general, nay ſeveral in particular here, and moſt of the reſt in other places; conſidering theſe things I ſay, there needs no great Poetical Licence for my bringing them in all together.

472. *Nor from Heav'ns piercing Eye ſuch* Treaſon *hope to hide*] Wherein I have given the ſence of thoſe words ἐνωπιον μου, or *before me* in this Command.

473. *By no reſemblance vain*, &c.] By the word *reſemblance* I endeavour to expreſs the force of the *Hebrew* תמונה and the *Greek* ὁμοίωμα, which is ſo comprehenſive, that all the *Image-Worſhippers* in the World can never get *clear* on't; and there is no way of anſwering it, but by ſetting their *Index Expurgatorius* to work upon't, and razing it quite out of the Commands: Nor need we wonder they do ſo with the Words of *good Men*, when they begun with thoſe of *God* himſelf.

474. *No hallow'd Thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane.*] The beſt Commentators couclude, that Sacrilege is forbidden in this Command; or the *Violation* of all holy Perſons, Places, and Things, as well as the *Tremendous Name of God*, by a falſe or vain *Atteſtation* of it.

480. *Thy Parent and thy Prince*, &c.] That *Political* and *Eccleſiaſtical* Parents, as well as *Natural*, our Governours in Church and State, are here included, as well as our Fathers and Mothers, I think all aſſert who have written upon this Command: And 'tis obſerved, the Promiſe annexed to it, is repeated in the New Teſtament by the Apoſtle, as aſſuring the followers of Jeſus, that the *Obligation* was not ceas'd either on God's part or ours: And I really believe that Bleſſing of *long Life*, on Obedience, ſeldom fails: I ſpeak particularly as to *Natural Parents:* As well as all the reſt, even *Temporal* Bleſſings, with which Providence does (according to the Obſervation of conſidering Men) almoſt conſtantly favour the Piety of Obedient Children; whilſt on the contrary the Impious Undutiful ſeldom or never ſcapes in *this* Life ſome Exemplary Severity from the Impatience of the Divine Juſtice.

489. *Each Sin in Thought abhor*] This ſeems to be one of thoſe *additional Explanations* (if I may be permitted to uſe ſuch a Phraſe) which our Saviour made of the Old Law, contrary to the Doctrine of the *Phariſees* before mentioned

508. *Since you a Form for your Direction need.*] The Apoſtles did need a *Form*, otherwiſe they'd never have ask'd it, [" *Lord; teach us to pray*] or at leaſt our Saviour wou'd not have given it, who does nothing in Vain. For it's true enough, that thoſe who are *wiſer* or *better* than the Apoſtles, may do without it. That our Saviour gave the very Words to his Diſciples, and requir'd them to make uſe of 'em in that very Form, Mr. *Mede* proves, I think unanſwerably, in his excellent Works. Further, what *Grotius* affirms of this Prayer is very remarkable; " That the Form was not ſo much conceiv'd in Chriſt's own Words, as compiled by him out of what was moſt laudable, out of the Old Euchologies or Liturgies of the *Jews*; ſo far was he from any Affectation of unneceſſary Novelty: Adding a curious Collection of all the particular Petitions, and moſt of the very Words of that Prayer, from thoſe old Forms of theirs. Nor ſure, can any think the *Rabbies* wou'd ſince have inſerted 'em, had they not been there before. The Collection he gives is to this effect; " Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy " Name, O Lord our God, and thy memory Glorifi'd, both in Earth below and " Heaven above; (out of *Sepher Tephillim, Luſitan.* p. 115.) Thy Kingdom reign " over us both now and for ever, (*Sepher Hammuſſar.* 49. 1.) Forgive and par- " don them that treſpaſs againſt me, (*Com. in Pirke Avoth.* 24.) Lead us not in- " to the hand of Temptation, but deliver us from Evil; (*Sepher Hammuſſar.* 9. " 12.) For thine is the Kingdom, and thou ſhalt reign glorioufly for ever and e- " ver. *Amen.* (*Id. Ib.*) And the ſame Obſervation has been made by our *Lightfoot*, *Gregory*, and others.

514 *Let thy dear Son his promis'd* Empire *gain.*] To explain this, take a remarkable paſſage out of a Latin Catechiſm printed here in *England* in King *Edward*'s time, for the Uſe of the Proteſtants. On the Explanation of this Petition

tion, " Thy Kingdom come, (the Author goes on in this manner:) *Adhuc enim*, &c. " For yet we ſee not all things put under Chriſt. We ſee not " how the Stone ſhould be cut out of the Mountain without Hands, which broke " in pieces and reduced to nothing, the Image deſcribed by *Daniel*. How Chriſt, " who is the true *Rock*, ſhould obtain and poſſeſs the Empire of the whole World, " which is granted him by the Father, nor is Antichriſt yet deſtroyed. Whence " we yet deſire and pray, that theſe things may in due time come to paſs

519. *But chiefly feaſt our* Soul *with* Food Divine.] Tho' they muſt have an excellent Art at *Wiredrawing Conſequences*, who can prove *Tranſubſtantiation* out of thoſe Words, even ſuppoſing ἐπιούσιον here ſhould ſignifie *Superſubſtantial*; yet all grant, that under this humble *Form*, wherein we expreſly beg for Bread only, are included all Neceſſaries for Soul and Body, the chief of which, our Saviour himſelf, or his bleſſed *Aſſiſtance* and *Preſence* by his Holy Spirit, which was ignorantly deſired by thoſe who ſaid, *Lord evermore give us this Bread.* [Chriſtians alone in Name.] Indeed they were not then Chriſtians ſo much as in Name, being firſt ſo called at *Antioch*, as the ſacred Writings tell us. However 'tis but a common *Prolepſis*, like *Virgil*'s *Lavina Littora.*

578. *Whoſe Lord did in poor* Trachonitis *Reign——And wild* Iturea] *Herod* the Great, as *Joſeph. De Bell. Jud. Lib.* 1. in his laſt Will appointed *Archelaus* King in his room, *Antipas* Tetrarch, and *Philip* Lord of *Trachonitis*: Which Teſtament of his was thus altered by *Auguſtus*, (*Joſeph. Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 4.) *Archelaus* had half the Kingdom, with the Title of *Ethnarch*; his Dominion containing, *Judæa, Samaria*, and *Idumea*: *Herod Antipas* was *Tetrarch* of *Galilee*, his Brother *Philip* of *Batanæa, Trachonitis*, and *Auranitis*; the yearly Income of all together, as *Joſephus* tells us, coming but to an Hundred Talents.

585. *Thro' ſtony Fields, and Woods of fatal Yew,*
Did Bands of roving Iſhmaelites *purſue.*] *Strabo* gives an account of the wild and ſavage Temper of theſe *Itureans*, calling them by no better a Name than λῃστὰς either *Rogues* or *Witches*, and deſcribing thoſe Parts full of Caves, Woods, and inacceſſible Mountains, ſo infeſted with Robbers, that the *Romans* were forced to keep conſtant Guards there, for the ſecurity of the Country. They were, it ſeems, excellent Archers both in *Iturea* and *Trachonitis*; the Bows of the firſt being famous as far as *Rome*; whence that of *Virgil*—— *Itureos taxi torquentur in arcus.* And *Joſephus* tells us, That *Gratus* the *Roman* General conquered the Thieves that waſted *Judæa*, by the help of the *Bow-men of Trachonitis. Bell. Jud. Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 8. He alſo gives a pleaſant account of this poor Prince *Philip*, That he uſed to have his *Seat of Juſtice* carried about with him where ever he went; tho' he gives him withal ſuch a Character as he cou'd not his wealthier Brother: For he ſays, He was a *juſt* and *honeſt* Man.

510. *Then coſtly* Babylonian *Robes he brings.*] Theſe were accounted the richeſt wearing among the Eaſtern Nations, generally appropriated to Royal Perſons; as *Fuller* in his Deſcription of the *Jewiſh* Garments. Hence *Achan* coveted the *Babyloniſh* Garment at the taking of *Jericho.*

614. *Who* Salem *and* Sebaſte *might command.*] *Herod* had ſeveral noble Palaces, that at *Jeruſalem* near the Temple, another at *Sebaſte* or *Samaria*. Joſeph. *Ant. Jud. Lib.* 15. *Cap.* 11.

639.——*At fair* Damaſcus, Zobah *him obey'd,*——*him* Arams *Fields*, &c.] One *Aretas*, we are ſure, was King of *Damaſcus* not long after our Saviour's time, who is mentioned in the *Acts* of the Apoſtles. That one of the ſame Name (who was *Herod*'s Father-in-Law,) was King of one of the *Arabia's*, *Joſephus* tells us; and that his Daughter fled from *Herod* to her Father, about the matter of *Herodias*; for which reaſon the Old angry King entred his Territories, and gave him Battle, wherein *Herod* was worſted, his Army forſaking him; which, the ſame Author adds, the People look'd on as a Judgment on him, for his cruelty againſt the *Baptiſt*. All this is Fact; and if I have, to mend the Story, clapt two Kings into one, or given *one* a little larger Kingdom than the *Map* will allow him; 'tis now of no great Concern, nor I believe will any of the Princes thereabouts, be angry at the leſſening their Borders, 693.

693. *And him in ſtrong* Machærus Walls *immure.*] Some ſay S. *John* was Beheaded in *Machærus*, others in *Sebaſte*. *Joſephus* ſeems to be for the former, in his Antiquities, *Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 10. Concerning which, honeſt *Ludolfus* tells a right wonderful Story; "That *Herodias* caus'd S. *John*'s Head to be brought to *Jeru-*"*ſalem*, and cautiouſly Buryed their, near the Palace of *Herod*, being afraid leſt "the Prophet ſhould *riſe* again, if his Head and Body ſhould have been bury'd "together. All the Queſtion is, how this Paſſage came to be known, which cou'd come out by no leſs than flat *Inſpiration*? and ſo it ſeems it did, for he goes on, "This Head was afterwards found by the *Monks*, to whom the Bleſſed *Bap-*"*tiſt* appear'd, and reveal'd the place where they had bury'd it.

724. *Tho half my Kingdom were the mighty Boon.*] So thoſe poor *Roytelets* affected to Talk, apeing the Magnificence of the old Eaſtern *Kings*. And becauſe *Ahaſſuerus* thus complimented *Heſter*, *Herod* muſt ſay the ſame to the Daughter of *Herodias*, tho his whole *Kingdom*, I ſuppoſe hardly as large as one of the others One Hundred and Seven and Twenty Provinces; his whole Annual Revenue, as *Joſephus* tells us, amounting but to 200 Talents.

776. —— *Strong* Abel's *Town.*] *Abel-Bethmaacha* was a ſtrong Town near the North Borders of *Galilee*, into which *Sheba* threw himſelf when purſued by *David*'s Army.

786. *Wide wandring thro'* Baaras *diſtant Vale.*] *Joſephus* ſays, *Herod* kept a ſtrong Garriſon in *Machærus* to bridle the *Arabians*; juſt againſt which was the famous Valley of *Baaras*, for the Wonders of which, that Hiſtorian has been ſo much Talk'd of.

812. Bethſaida's *wealthy Villa.*] 'Tis ſometimes called a Village, at others a *Town* or *City*, tho if only a Village, large enough, according to *Joſephus*, who ſays every Village in *Galilee*, even the leaſt of them, contained 15000 Inhabitants; (but ſure there muſt be ſome miſtake in the number). This *Bethſaida* he ſays, was for the pleaſantneſs of it, erected into a *City*, and called *Julias*: But let it be then what it wou'd, our Saviour's woe is now accompliſh'd againſt it, and 'tis reduced to its firſt Original, a Lodg in the Wilderneſs; nothing therof now remaining, as Travellers tell us, beſides 7 or 8 ſcatter'd *Cottages*, which ſcarce deſerve the Name of Houſes.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fifth BOOK.

THE *Apoſtle proceeds and relates the Miracle of the Loaves, at which the Multitude ſurpriz'd, would again have forc'd our Saviour to accept of the* Kingdom; *but he retires from them, and continues all Night praying in one of the* Proſeuchæ *or Oratories of the Jews, having ſent his Diſciples croſs the Lake towards* Capernaum; *whome he overtakes, walking on the Sea, before it was Day; the Diſciples being affrighted, till knowing his Voice, St.* Peter *leaves the Ship and goes towards him, who, when ready to ſink, ſupports him, and entring the Ship, they immediately land between* Bethſaida *and* Capernaum; *to the latter of which our Saviour goes with his Diſciples, being followed by the Multitude, more for Intereſt than Devotion. His Sermon to them, in the Synagogue, on that Subject, and Diſcourſe concerning eating his Fleſh and drinking his Blood, at which, the Jews being offended, many of his Followers forſake him; and upon his Apoſtles Proteſtation of Fidelity, he propheſies that one of them ſhould betray him. He cures the Son of* Chuza, Herod's *Steward, when deſperately ill of a Fever, on which he himſelf, who had before been an* Herodian, *became his Follower, with all his Houſe. The Miracle of the Centurion's* Servant, Simon's *Wife's Mother, and the* Paraytick, *at* Capernaum; *and that on Blind* Bartimæus, *at* Jericho. *Going up to* Jeruſalem, *he cures one that was born Blind, curſes the Fig-tree; the firſt time purges the Temple of Buyers and Sellers, and cures the infirm Man, at the Pool of* Bethelda. *The Apoſtle next recites ſeveral of his Parables, that of the* wicked Judg, *and* importunate Widow, *the* cruel Servant, *the* rich Miſer, *the* Phariſee *and* Publican, *and more at large, that of the* Prodigal Son, *which newly finiſhed,* Chuza, *who was an Acquaintant of* Gamaliel's, *being in Town againſt the Paſſover, comes to his Houſe, brings his Friend the Centurion with him; where finding St.* John *and the other Diſciples, whom he had formerly ſeen in* Galilee, *he deſires a fuller account of the Myſteries of the* Chriſtian Faith, *and the Perſon of our Saviour. This the beloved Diſciple agrees to give him. Whoſe Preparations for it conclude the* Fifth Book.

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK V.

THUS far, attent, and pleas'd the *Fathers* here,
Nor any ſigns of *Wearineſs* appear;
Tho' half the *day* was paſt, and *Sol* had driv'n
His flaming *Courſers* to the *top* of *Heav'n*:
Th' Apoſtle paus'd, his *Hearers* cou'd not ſtay
But urge him on, *impatient* of *delay*;
What yet behind more earneſt *preſs* to tell,
Nay not t' omit one *Word* or *Miracle*:
Who thus proceeds — Nor long our Lord *conceal'd*
Lay there, e'en more by his *Retreat* reveal'd;

As the *Suns Face* is with more *Eyes* ſurvey'd,
When veil'd in an *Eclipſes* dusky ſhade:
Where he himſelf and his lov'd Twelve repos'd
Some *Shepherds* to the neighb'ring *Towns* diſclos'd, *
They flock by *Thouſands* and the Saviour found,
As him the Twelve, they them *encompaſs* round:
Where on an *eaſie Hillock* rais'd he taught,
At once *inſtructs*, and *cures* who e'er were brought: *
With him the *Multitude* unweary'd ſtay
Till length'ning *ſhadows* ſhow'd *declining day.*
Matt. 14. 16. When the *Diſciples* haſten'd them away
Luke. 9. 13. From the *wild Deſart*, where with *Hunger* preſt
John. 6. And *Travel* tir'd, they'd neither *Food* nor *Reſt*:
Compaſſionate our Saviour caſts his *Eyes*
Amidſt th' *expecting Crowd*, and thus *replies*:
And ſhall we ſo *unhoſpitably* uſe
Our *Gueſts*? a ſhort *Refreſhment* them refuſe?
Whom if the *Night* and *Hunger* joyn'd oppreſs,
They'll *faint* and *periſh* in the *Wilderneſs*?
Rather let's all our own *ſmall Stores* impart,
Preſented with a *cheerful face* and *heart.*
When frugal *Philip* and wiſe *Andrew* cry'd,
Whence ſhall we Bread for ſuch vaſt *Crowds* provide?
Five *Loaves* our ſtock, to which we chanc'd to take
Two *Fiſhes*, lately angling on the *Lake.*
Give what you have out of your *narrow ſtore*
Our Lord, *rejoyns*, nor I, nor *Heaven* ask more:
Be't yours t' *invite* and *place* the *Company*,
Diſpoſe of them, and leave the reſt to me.
This with his wonted *Majeſty* he ſaid,
And they with *faith* and *wonder* mixt obey'd:
Five thouſand Souls tho' we unreckon'd paſs
The *weaker Sex* and *Age*, upon the *Graſs*,
Which plenteous *flouriſh'd* there, *diſcumbent* laid
For their great *Benefactor's bounty* ſtaid:
Whom whilſt *half-fainting* him *intent* they ey'd,
We in a *hundred different Troops* divide:
Then in thoſe *glorious Hands* the Food he takes
By which *what e'er he pleaſe*, *what e'er he pleaſe he makes*; *
His *hands* and *eyes* at once to *Heav'n* he rais'd

From







Mat: 14.

Book 5. pag: 146.

N.° 34



From whence *all good*, and the *great Giver* prais'd:
Then *bleſt*, and *brake*, and *gave* — *A ſtrange ſurpriſe*
Seiz'd all, nor cou'd we truſt our *hands* or *eyes*
Till *taſt* aſſiſted — we from him receive
And to th' *aſtoniſh'd Crowd* around us give
* Both *Fiſh* and *Bread*, a welcome humble *Treat*,
* Each wond'ring *Gueſt* with *Thanks* and *Praiſes Eat*:
Still *unexhauſted* our *mirac'lous Store*,
Till all the Company *ſuffic'd* give o'er;
When, as he bids, what ſtill amaz'd us more,
Gathering the broken reliques of the *Feaſt*,
We ſaw the *Wonder* like the *Loaves* increas'd:
Twelve empty *Baskets* in the *Veſſel* lay
Wherein we *Fiſh* from *place* to *place* convey: *
For theſe t' our *Mates* on *Shipboard* left we call,
And with the *wond'rous Fragments* fill'd em all:
Loud *ſhouts* the *People* gave which *ſhook* the *Ground*,
Tabor and *Carmel*'s diſtant *hills* reſound:
In grateful *Songs* ſpread the *ſoft Sex* his *Fame*,
" And teach their *ſtamm'ring Babes* to *liſp his Name*:
Then *Men* in frequent *knots* together *crowd*,
Firſt *whiſp'ring*, *murm'ring* then, then *ſpeak aloud*:
The *Heathen Yoke* why ſhou'd they longer wear
Proud *Herod* and th' *inſulting Romans* bear,
When *Heav'n* had ſent 'em a *Deliverer*;
Who all their *Wounds* cou'd *cure*, their *Wants* ſupply,
Nay e'en their *Lives* reſtore, if in his *Cauſe* they *die*?
Greater than *Moſes*'s ſelf, by him foretold,
And all the holy *Meſſengers* of old:
That *Greatneſs* whence he learnt a *Crown* to ſcorn
Declares he for a *Crown* was only *born*:
We've *Force* enough a greater *Army* we
* Than joyn'd at *Modin* the brave *Maccabee*:
No longer his *injurious modeſty*
Let's ſuffer thus to *hide* his *worth* in vain,
And thus *defraud* all *Iſrael* of his *reign*.
Firſt for *Tiberias* under him we'll go,
Samaria next our *Princes pow'r* ſhall know;
And next *Jeruſalem*, where ſtronger grown,
We'll fix him on his *Father David*'s *Throne*:

Wrought to the height they *Palms* and *Garments* bring,
Hail *promis'd Prince* they cry'd, hail *Iſrael's King!*
Their *dang'rous kindneſs* quickly drives him thence,
Againſt a *Crown*, *Flight's* only his *defence*:
Of *this* far more than all his *Foes afraid*;
By haſt'ning *night* at once, and the *thick ſhade*
Favour'd, he *ſcap'd*, and did himſelf convey
T' a *place remote* where oft he us'd to *pray*; *
Wall'd on the *ſides*, as *cuſtom* is, to yield
A *ſhelter* from *wild Beaſts* that *range* the *field*:
Wide ope' to *Heaven*, unleſs by chance 'twas found
With pleaſant *Trees*, like ſome fair *Arbor* crown'd,
By *pious Induſtry* thick planted round:
Here ſtay'd *alone*, till *night* began to wear, *
In *Meditation*, holy *Hymns* and *Pray'r*:
Mean while the choſen Twelve at his *Command*
Directly ſteer for rich *Capern'um's Land*,
Where with *Bethſaida's* pleaſant *Coaſts* 'tis joyn'd.
Long had we *rowed* and *beat* it in the *Wind*,
But yet with all our *labour made no way*;
And now ſhrill *Cocks* foretold th' *approach* of *day* *
Which glad we heard, tho' yet no *beam of light*;
All *Sea-marks* hid in the *tempeſtuous night*:
Still *wrought* the *Waves*, the Bark ſo rudely toſt,
Our Lord not there, we *gave* our ſelves for *loſt*:
The *Maſt* came *cloſe* by th' *Board*, the *Helm* was gone;
An *uſeleſs hulk* we lay, and floated on,
As the *Waves* pleas'd, 'twas vain we thought to *ſtrive*,
Nor cou'd *two Glaſſes* more expect to *live*: *
Some *Rafts*, and *Boards* provide, ſome ready ſtand
To quit the *Ship* and try to *reach* the *Land*;
Then of each other our *laſt farewel* take;
— When ſudden, thus concern'd, *Barjonas* ſpake;
Or my *Eyes fail* me, *Mates!* or on the *Lake*
Something *approaching* to the *Ship* I ſee:
We look'd, and all in the ſame *thoughts* agree.
Forward it *mov'd*, in humane Form *appear'd*,
Till with us cloſe came up; anew we fear'd
Some *danger* worſe than *death* — ſtill nearer view'd
Some *horrid Spectre* 'tis, we all conclude;

Which

Which when we at the very *Poop* perceive,
We with loud *Shreeks* prepare the *Ship* to *leave*;
While crowding to the *Stern* in haſt we *fled*
Diſtinct th' *Appearance* ſpoke, and thus it ſaid:
— " *Courage* my *Friends!* me ſtill at need you'll *find!*
" 'Tis *I my ſelf* — Give theſe vain *fears to th' Wind.*
The *dear-lov'd Voice* we heard twixt *hope* and *fear*,
Yet hardly durſt *believe* our *help* ſo *near*,
When *Cephas* thus, if *Lord* thy *Voice* it be
Agen let's *hear*, and bid me *come* to *thee!*
Agen he *ſpake*, whilſt *rapt* in *Joy* we ſtand,
And mild, *invites* him with his *Voice* and *Hand!*
Away he *ſprings* on the *wide watry field*,
Solid as *Rocks* the *Waves* refus'd to *yield*:
With daring *feet* thro' *paths unknown* he goes,
And *riſes* as the *rolling Surges roſe*:
But when he ſaw the *ſurly Ocean* frown,
The *hollow* hanging *Waves* look *lowring* down,
He in a *dreadful Vale*, the *Seas* and *Night*
Conjoyn'd to *intercept* our *Saviour's ſight*;
The *Storm* more *fierce*, the *Winds* obſtruct his *race*,
And daſh the *twiſted foam* againſt his *Face*;
Surpriz'd with *fear* he felt the *ſlipp'ry Wave*
Sink underneath, and cry'd — *O Maſter ſave!*
He *heard*, and did his want of *Faith* upbraid:
He heard and *ſav'd*, but asks him, Why *afraid?*
Whence he ſo ſoon cou'd ſo *forgetful* prove,
And whether he *diſtruſts* his *Pow'r* or *Love?*
Then to the *Ship* receiv'd — —
We knew him all, and all our *Lord adore*,
And the next *moment* ſafely *reach'd the ſhore*:
* Nor long upon the *ſounding Beach* we walk'd,
And of the *various fears* and *dangers* talk'd
That *dreadful night* eſcap'd, e'er *welcome day*
* Did o'er ſweet *Hermon's Hill* its *beams* diſplay:
To meet the *Sun* on a warm *ſandy Bed*
Fronting to *Eaſt* our *Nets* and *Cloaths* we ſpread;
Theſe quickly dry'd, thence to *Capernaum* went,
To whoſe fair walls his ſteps our *Saviour* bent:
But e'er we reach'd the *Town*, as back we threw

Our

Our *wandring Eyes* the pleaſant *Lake* to view,
John 6. 23. We ſaw the *Weſtern ſide* thick cover'd o'er
With *Ships* and *Men*, we ſaw the *cluſter'd ſhore*
Grow *thinner* by degrees, till *black* no more
Its *Face* appear'd, but a fair *proſpect* yields;
Here *ragged Rocks* and *Sands*, there *verdant Fields*;
Whilſt the *green* Sea as late the crouded *ſtrand*
Is *blacken'd* o'er like ſome *well wooded Land*:
So when their way a *flight* of *Locuſts* takes
From Lubims *wild* and *Chelonidian* Lakes; *
While *Mizraim's* Sons their *ſacred Ox* implore
And trembling ſee the *Plague* wide hov'ring o'er;
So when the *Weſtwind* clears their reedy Shore, *
Their *Fields* do's of their *ſtraggling Squadrons* ſweep,
Precipitating in the *Arabian deep*; *
So looks the *Gulph*, when they a *period* find *
To their *long Voy'ge*, and driven by the *Wind*
Almoſt from *Shore* to *Shore*, their Bodies ſpread,
Changing the *Sea* to *black* which once was *red*:
So lookt the *Lake*, when from the diſtant *ſide*
Under a gentle *Gale* their *Oars* they ply'd,
The Wind *ver'd* round to *Weſt*, at once they ſweep
With equal *numerous ſtrokes* the angry deep;
At *once* their ſecret *liquid way* they find,
And leave alike long *cloſing paths* behind;
At once their *Veſſels* cut the yielding *Sand*,
John 6. 24. They at *Chorazin* or *Caperna'm* land:
Where ſoon ſurpriz'd, our *Lord* again they *found*,
For well they *knew* he cou'd not *coaſt* it round
By *Land* thro' fair *Bethſaida's* bending *Shore*,
Nor Boat, with *winged Sail*, or *Fin like Oar*
To waft him croſs, his own put off before.
25. *Solicitous* they ask him, *when* and *how*
He thither came; who with a *ſteddy brow*
Thus anſwers them *ſevere*, "If I ſhou'd tell
This would no more than the laſt *Miracle*
Convince your *unbelief* — Too well I ſee
26. You rather ſeek the *wond'rous Loaves* than *me*:
Fond Men! employ not thus your *fruitleſs pain*
The *miſcall'd Goods* of this *falſe World* to *gain*!

Why

Why ſo much *toil* and *care* for *perſhing meat*, 7. 2.
And why no more for what th' *Immortals* eat?
With this I all my faithful *Foll'wers* cheer,
To *ſcatter* this my *Father* ſent me here,
And *ſeal*'s with *Miracles*; this you'll receive
If you his words obey, and mine believe.
The *indocil Croud* more *Wonders* ſtill deſire,
New *Signs* from *Heav'n*, yet more *auguſt* and *higher*:
Nothing but *Manna* pleaſes, that they fain
Wou'd *taſt*, their *ſtiff-neck'd Fathers* did *diſdain*: Num. 11. 6.
* For *Angels Food* they long, to gratifie
Their *curious*, yet their *lazy Luxury*:
How gladly he had their *Meſſiah* been
T' have ſav'd 'em from their *work*, tho' not their *Sin*!
For this the *Empire* of the *World* to gain
That they in *ſolid ſloth might ever reign*:
Not ſo our *Lord*, who *Labour* recommends,
And but th' *induſtrious*, none eſteems his *Friends*:
Nor wou'd more *Wonders* work, leſt if they grow
Too *cheap* and *mean*, they ſhou'd no *more be ſo*:
But tells 'em, twas not *Moſes* did beſtow John 6. 32.
That *Manna*, which they did from *Heav'n* receive,
Nor was ev'n that the beſt that *Heav'n* cou'd give:
Its *choiceſt Fare* had Vertues far more high,
Vertues which thoſe who *taſt* can never *die*.
That *Bread* they fain wou'd have, That *Bread* am I, 33. 35.
Rejoyns our Lord, tho' not as you *deſire*;
I not the *Body*, but the *Mind* inſpire
With *Strength* Celeſtial, *Vigour* all Divine,
To do my *Fathers Will*, and *his* is *mine*: 38.
Whom thus I'll guard till *Life*'s ſad *Scene* be o'er,
Nor ſhall they ever *thirſt* or *hunger* more:
Who e'r my Father ſends, by the ſure *Sign* 37.
* Of a good *Faith* and *Life* diſtinguiſh'd mine;
Theſe with his *Great* and *Holy Spirit* endu'd
(Man's *bad* is all his *own*, *Heav'n* all his *good*;)
Theſe I'll receive, none e'er *repelled* ſhall be,
Who leave the *World* and *Sin* and *come to me*.
Yes, thoſe who to my *ſacred Laws* incline,
And keep *ſincere*, for only *thoſe* are *mine*;

Nor

Nor *Earths* weak *force*, nor *Hells* infarnal bands
39. Shall *ſnatch* or *wreſt* from my *tenacious hands*:
Them will I *guard* and keep in *ſecret* there
Until the laſt *great Day*, then with me bear
To *judge* the *World unjuſt* and *doom* to *pain*,
40. Then by my *ſide* in *endleſs Glory* reign.
These new *uncommon Truths* ſtill more amuſe,
More *harden* ſtill th' already *harden'd Jews*:
Him for *low Birth* and *high pretence* they ſcorn,
What —— Was he not a *Galilean* born
In little *Naz'reth*? Know we not, they cry
His *humble Parents*, can he them deny?
43. *Joſeph* the *Carpenter* — H' has oft workt *here*; *
His *Mother* Mary — his *Relations* near *
On *either ſide* — How can it ever be?
Did theſe too come from *Heaven* as well as *he*?
Our Saviour thus — if this you not *receive*
How will ye yet far ſtranger *Truths* believe?
Murmer no more in vain — Agen, I ſay,
'Tis I, I only am to *Heav'n* the *way*;
My *Fleſh* ſuch *Bread*, who *taſts* it never *dies*:
57.53. My *Body* an *unblemiſh'd Sacrifice*
To my great *Fathers pleaſure* I reſign,
My *Blood effus'd* at large, the only *Wine*
Can *cheer* your *Souls*; unleſs you theſe obtain
Your hope of *Immortality*'s in vain.
John 3.13. Seems this ſo *ſtrange* that I from *Heav'n* came down
Stript from my *Robes* of *Light* and *ſtarry Crown*?
John 6.61. What *Admiration* wou'd poſſeſs you then
62. If thro' the *Air* you ſee me *mount* agen?
If *Angels* you my *Miniſters* ſhou'd find
Acts 1.9.11. A *Cloud* my *Chariot*, and my *Wings* the *Wind*?
O *hard of heart!* Yet won't you *underſtand*
What I *reveal*, nor *do* what I *command*?
Your groſs, your *carnal minds* immers'd in Love
Of this *low World*, unfit for that *above*:
John 6.63. A hidden *ſecret Senſe* my *words* imply,
Thoſe who *believe* my *words* ſhall never *die*.
Nor this can their falſe *prejudice* prevent
Murm'ring, the *giddy Croud* from Jeſus went;

Reprov'd

Reprov'd and *diſappointed* leave the *Shore*
In *ſhoals* as thick as they *arriv'd before*: 65.
Almoſt alone himſelf our Lord did find
And none beſides his *choſen* Twelve behind;
Then with a *ſigh* which not from *Pride* did flow
But *Pity*, mildly asks — *Will you too go?*
When fervent *Cephas* thus, who ſcarce cou'd bear
So hard a *thought* — To *whom* dear Lord, or *where?*
Thou, endleſs *Life* on thoſe who thee implore
Beſtow'ſt, and is there any *can give more?*
We know thou muſt the *true Meſſiah* be,
Our *Hopes*, our *Souls*, are *all* repos'd on thee.
Agen with *Sighs* he did his *ſorrow* ſhow,
More *you*, he ſays, than *you* your *ſelves* I know:
* Your *Folly*, and your *Frailty* I ſurvey,
Your *deepeſt thoughts* as *light* and *clear* as *day*:
* I know the *wretch* who will his *Lord* betray 70, 71.
One of the Twelve I from the *World* did *chuſe*
T' obey my Father, thence my *Life* I *loſe*:
* Soon will he with baſe *Slanders* me *accuſe*,
Soon will the *Fiend* himſelf, a dreadful *Gueſt*
Seize for his own his *avaritious breaſt*.
We all with *juſt concern* and *horror* hear,
Each *ey'd* the *next*, but for *himſelf* did *fear*:
* Why ſhould I ſtrive to mention what in *thought*
I ſcarce could *track*, each mighty *Wonder* wrought,
While in *Caperna'ms* fruitful *Coaſts* he ſtay'd?
What *crowds* of *Fiends* his dread *Commands* obey'd?
What *crowds* of *Men* by Phyſicks feebler aid
Left *deſp'rate*, by their *ſelves* and *Friends* giv'n o'er,
His healing *touch* or *pow'rful Word* reſtore?
With theſe, as oft as he *occaſion* ſaw,
His perfect *Doctrine* mix'd and *ſacred Law*:
Sometimes *unveil'd* relates, and ſometimes tells
In moving *Schemes* and lively *Parables*:
Now does ſome antient *Propheſie* explain,
And blames the *hardneſs* of their *hearts* in vain:
Then a falſe *gloſs* from ſome *true Text* remove,
And teach the People what to *hate* and *love*.
All muſt not paſs untold and ſome expreſs'd,

You'll easier *form* a *Notion* of the rest.
As chanc'd, (with us 'twas *Chance*, with him *Design*)
Where at the *Feast* he *Water* chang'd to *Wine*,
Returning from the *Pasch* a while he stay'd,
Nor there we long our *Residence* had made
E'er thither posting from *Capern'um* came
John 4.36. A rich and pow'rful *Lord*, *Chuza* his Name; *
Herod's high *Steward* he, and did beside
O'er all the upper *Galilee preside*,
Who when *Youth* spurr'd to *pleasure* and *excess*
Himself did of th' *Herodian Sect* profess: *
Worse ev'n than *Sadducees*, tho' near the *same*;
Virtue they only thought an *empty Name*;
All *Good* and *Bad* designing Statesmens *Rules*,
And *Heav'n* and *Hell* but *Tales* to frighten *fools*:
What wonder then, if *madly* they employ
Their thoughtless *hours* in lewd *voluptuous Joy*?
If each some new *delight* each day contrives
And to their *Genius* sacrifice their *Lives*?
Among the rest too long young *Chuza* staid
In the *luxurious Court*, too long betray'd
By *Vices* wiles, and *Pleasures* flatt'ring *Charms*,
Who clasp't him close in their soft *treach'rous Arms*.
Till riper *years* the dang'rous *Cheat* reveal'd,
And *Judgment* shew'd what *Passion* had conceal'd:
To *Business* now, e'er 'twas too late, grown wise,
Once his *Aversion*, he himself *applies*:
One *secret Cause* which with *success* did move
To such a happy *Change* was *virtuous Love*:
The bright *Joanna* she that caus'd his *Flame*,
Who ev'n in *such a Court* preserv'd her *Fame*:
Almost her *looks* with *Virtue* them inspir'd
Her *Mind* and Lovely *Form* alike *admir'd*:
Of a *just stature* and *Majestic meen*,
With *sweetness*, in the *great*, but rarely seen:
She like an *Angel look'd*, and *liv'd*, and *sung*;
Virtue that fill'd her *Breast* inspir'd her *Tongue*:
Her oft with *transport* had young *Chuza* ey'd,
Well-born and *Fair*, without one *spark* of *pride*:
He *saw* and *lov'd*, and won her for his *Bride*;

With

With *wiſe Suſanna* then, whoſe pious *care*
Had *form'd* her *tender Mind*, did ſoon prepare
His *Treaſures* from the *dang'rous Court* to bear:
So *her deſire*; and ſought a bleſt *retreat*
At his *Hereditary Country Seat*,
Near fair *Capern'ums Walls*; nor long they went,
E'er *Heav'n* a joyful *Heir* to *Chuza* ſent;
Who now beneath a *Feavers* mortal rage,
One *Luſtre* hardly paſt of his ſhort Age,
Lay ſtruggling, all ſad *ſigns* of *death* appear
T' his frighted *Parents*, both half *dead* with *fear*;
Whilſt his *ſad Mother* weeping o'er him ſtood,
With quick uneven *ſtroaks* the *poiſon'd blood*
Did thro' his *throbbing Veins* ſmall *Flood-gates* roll,
And *beat* a *march* to the *departing Soul:*
Black his *chapt Tongue*, *earthy* his *Breath* and *ſhort*,
Unnatural motions his quick *Eyes diſtort*;
Little *Convulſions* in each *part* appear,
He *catches ſwift* at every *Object* near.
When *Art* was poſ'd, and him they yielded loſt,
They heard that thro' the *Galilean* Coaſt
* Our Lord was ſeen *returning*, who they knew
By his *Almighty Word* cou'd *all things* do:
Away the *Father poſts*, more ſwift than *death*,
For *Cana*, or for *lofty Nazareth*;
And vow'd, if he his *Son* reſtor'd receive,
He'd the next *hour* with all his *Houſe believe.*
* When near ſmall *Jephthael's ſtreams* our Lord he found,
Quitting his *Chariot*, proſtrate on the Ground
He lowly adores, and begs, if not too late,
T' *reverſe* his only *Son's* untimely *Fate.*
* Our Lord who knew, tho' far *remov'd*, his *Vow*,
Who beſt knows *when* to help, and *where*, and *how*,
Reſolv'd his *Patience* and his *Faith* to try,
He'd his *Requeſt* nor *grant*, nor yet *deny*:
But turning to the *Crowd* his *radiant Face*
His *Followers* thus accoſts — *O harden'd Race!*
How far ſhall *Infidelity* proceed?
How long will you theſe *ſigns* and *Wonders* need?
How long ſhall ſtubborn *Senſe* 'gainſt *Faith* rebel?

Why will you not be *ſav'd* without a *Miracle*?
Th' impatient *Father* cou'd no longer ſtay
But interrupts— "The *Caſe* bears no *delay*:
Tho' to the Town we back like *Jehu* drive
We hardly now ſhall find the *Child alive*:
To whom our *Saviour* this kind *Anſwer* gives,
Diſturb thy ſelf and me no more— He *lives!*
With Faith and Joy his *Chariot* he aſcends
And back his courſe to *rich Capern'um* bends,
The *officious Servants* meet him at the Gate
With the *glad News*— Tho' their *glad News* too late:
What he well knew, they all in *Tranſport* tell
His *Son* was on the ſudden ſtrangely *well*;
He, whom giv'n o'er as loſt, they lately *mourn'd*,
His *health*, nay e'en his *ſtrength* agen return'd:
Careful he asks, exact, the *time*, the *hour*
When firſt they did obſerve the *Feavers* power
Abated— They the eaſie Queſtion ſoon
Reſolve, 'twas when the Sun was paſt his *Noon*,
The *Day* before,— 'Twas then, he *Raviſh'd*, cries,
Lifting to Heav'n his grateful *Hands* and *Eyes*,
Preciſely then the mighty *Prophets Word*
Declar'd my *Son* was from the *Grave* reſtor'd!
Beauteous Joanna heard with *Tears* of *Joy*,
And in her *hand* ſhe led the *ſmiling Boy*;
Him *ſafe* and *well* to his *pleas'd Father* ſhows,
About his *Neck* his little *Arms* he throws,
And *welcom'd home*, with *pretty folly* ſaid
—What e'er the *Servants* told, he *was not dead!*
Lab'ring with *Thanks* the noble *Chuza* now
T' his *Family* declares his *ſacred Vow*:
All freely grant he cou'd perform *no leſs*,
And *Jeſus* the *Meſſia* all *confeſs!*
Nor long e'er thither with our *Lord we went*,
Whoſe *Fame* did his *Arrival* ſtill *prevent*.
The news of his *approach* was ſoon aloud
Proclaim'd, the *doors*, the *ſtreets*, the *roads* they *crowd*
With half dead *Patients*, by his *Touch* reſtor'd
Or *Look*, or *Word*, they *kneel'd* and him *ador'd*:
A brave *Centurion* there among the reſt

By *Proxy* humbly his *deſire* expreſt;
Whoſe *Word*, the *Roman Garriſon* that lay
* To bridle hot *Capern'um's Youth*, obey;
The *Cauſe*, a *Servant* he from *Rome* had brought,
Whom juſtly dear for his *deſerts* he thought,
Whom many a *painful day* he faithful found,
And many a *night* ſpent on the *frozen Ground*:
Full Thirty hard Campaigns he had endur'd,
To *Southern Heats*, and *Pontick Snows* inur'd:
But when his Fifti'th *Winter* now did *wear*,
His *Age* feels what his *Youth* with *eaſe* cou'd *bear*:
Afflictive *Cramps* his *ſtubborn Sinews* bend,
Which ſtronger in a *deadly Palſey* end:
Helpleſs he more than *half a carcaſs* lay;
A *lump* of *cold diſanimated* Clay.
All his *right-ſide*, his *left* but little leſs,
And only his *ſtrong Vitals Life* confeſs:
Vaſt *Sums* in vain for his *recovery* ſpent,
What *Nature* cou'd produce or *Art* invent
His Maſter try'd, firſt to the *Baths* he ſent,
* Near where *Calirrhoe's* Sov'raign *Waters* fall
By *Laſha's Brook*, and ſtrong *Macherus's* Wall:
When theſe no *alteration* on him make,
Him next the *King's Phyſicians* undertake;
A *tedious courſe preſcribe* his *health* to gain,
But they too find their boaſted *Art's* in vain:
No *humane help* did now untry'd remain,
His *generous Maſter* did his *Fate* deplore,
And kindly *ſigh'd* that he cou'd do no more:
A *Servant* whom ſuch *Faith* and *Love* commend
He juſtly thought a *leſs familiar Friend*;
" *Valiant* and *true*, he him had often *try'd*,
" No *danger* ever made him *leave* his *ſide*;
" Nor *gold* cou'd tempt his *Secrets* to *betray*,
" Nor knew he his *own Worth* too well t' *obey*:
When now all *humane Remedies* were vain
He ſeeks *Divine*, for only thoſe remain:
* " With *ill-directed Pray'rs* devoutly made,
To his own *Æſculapius* flies for *Aid*;
* Vows he'd a *Cock* and greater *Preſents* give

T' en-

T' enrich his *Fane*, if his lov'd *Servant* live:
2 Kings 18. 27. But the poor *Marble Idol* was not *near*,
Or elſe too buſie, or too dull to *hear*;
His *Vow's* in vain, his Servant *deſp'rate* grew;
When ſome who of our *Lord's Arrival* knew
Came *panting* in, the *welcome News* to bear,
Perſuading him to ſeek for *Succor* there:
He roſe and *vow'd*, if him our Lord would hear
He all his *helpleſs Gods* wou'd ſtrait *caſhier*:
Not *Mars* himſelf ſhou'd ſtay — Long ſince his *Mind*,
Tho' *weak*, had been to *Truths* bleſt *Laws* inclin'd:
4. 5. He *lov'd* our *Nation*, their *Devotion* prais'd,
And a fair *Synagogue* his noble *Bounty* rais'd:
Thus fix'd, his *Servant*, he'd have fain *convey'd*
Abroad, and at the *Feet* of *Jeſus* laid,
But 'twas too late, he's *gaſping* thick for *Breath*,
And ſtruggling in the *agonies* of *Death*:
Yet durſt he not *himſelf* to *Jeſus* go,
His *Thoughts* were of *himſelf* too *mean* and *low*;
But ah! he righly did not *Jeſus* know:
None for their *Merits* e'er did with him ſtay,
None for *Humility* he turns away:
Jairus for him, and other *Friends* implore *
That he his *much lov'd Servant* wou'd reſtore:
He yields, and kindly to the *Houſe* repair'd,
Of whoſe approach when the *Centurion* heard,
No, 'tis too much he cries — It muſt not be!
Too much to go one *ſingle ſtep* for me.
Tho' he e'en a loſt *Gentile* not diſdain,
Unworthy him thoſe *Walls* to entertain!
All I deſire he'd do, which well he may,
Since *Hand-maid Nature* muſt her Lord obey,
(As me my *Soldiers* under *Diſcipline*,
Obſervant of each *beck* and ſecret *ſign*,
Nay hardly dare in *Thought* my *Will* controul;)
7. Is, that he'd *ſpeak* the *Word* and make him *whole*.
Pleas'd with his *noble Faith* our Lord looks round,
9. The like in his own *Iſrael* never found,
Aloud *profeſſing*, nor were they alone
Deſign'd *Aſſeſſors* on th' *Almighty Throne*:

Who

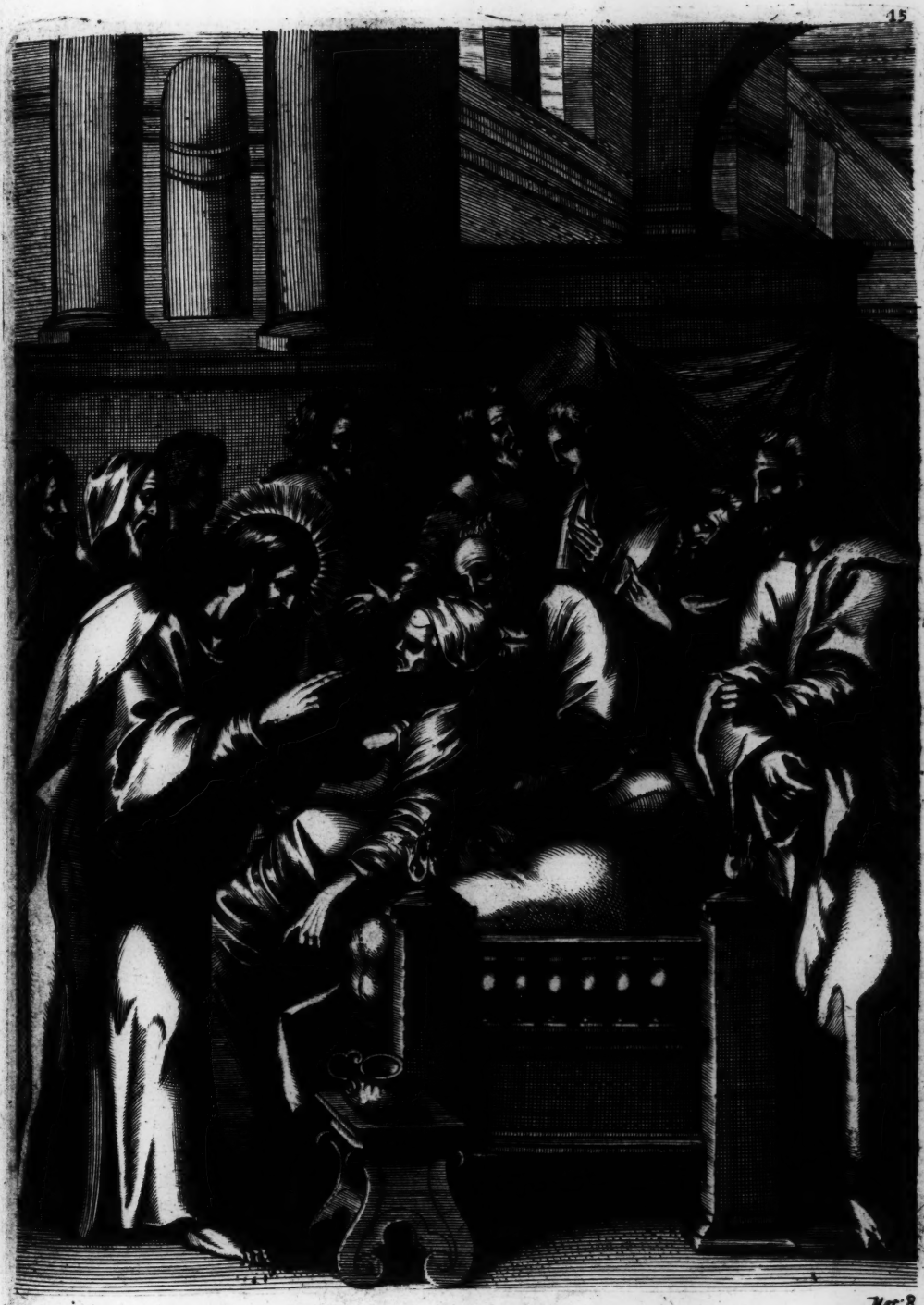
UMI



Mat:8
Mar:1

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N.° 35



Mat: 8
Mar: 1



In:4

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N.° 36



Io:4



Who *fear* and *ſerve* him with a perfect mind
In every *Nation* ſhou'd *acceptance* find;
And while *loſt* Iſrael's *Sons* expect in vain,
In *bliſs* with all the *holy Patriarchs* reign.
But *Faith* like this what is there can *withſtand*?
'Twill e'en *Omnipotence* it ſelf command:
Bid the *brave Man* return, his *grant* is *ſeal'd*,
And e'en this *moment* his lov'd *Servant* heal'd:
—He *ſaid*, 'tis *done*, he *eaſe* and *ſtrength* receives,
His *Maſter*, *he*, and all the *Houſe* believes.
In vain I all his *Wonders* wou'd relate,
How many reſcu'd from the *brink* of *Fate*:
How with a *Touch* he *Simon's Mother* rais'd: Luke 4. 39.
How him the joyful *Paralytic* prais'd: 5, 18.
How, *Jairus*! thy Daughter he reſtor'd; 8, 55.
Tho' *dead* ſhe *heard*, tho' *dead obey'd* his Word.
What *Virtues* e'en his ſacred *Robes* diffus'd; Matt. 9. 20.
How by th' ungrateful *Nazarites* abus'd Luke 4. 29.
He vaniſh'd thro' the *Crowd*, they *beat* the *Air*,
Nor ever ſince his *Preſence* bleſt 'em there.
What wond'rous Truths he did the *Woman* tell Joh. 4. 5, &c.
In curſt *Samaria's Fields* by *Jacob's Well*:
How many long of their dear *ſight* bereav'd,
Earthly and *Heav'nly Light* at once receiv'd:
This all *Bethſaida's* wond'ring *Confines* know,
And this thy Gates, *delightful Jericho*!
E'en yet old *Bartimeus* lives, who there Mark 10. 46.
Did many a *doleful year* in *darkneſs* wear;
To which yet ſtill a *heavier plague* was joyn'd,
He's miſerably *poor*, e'en *worſe* than *blind*:
* His *Head* with reverend *baldneſs* doubly bare,
Expos'd to all th' *Inclemencies* o'th' *Air*,
To *heat* and *cold*— Methinks I ſee him there!
Or in the Gate I ſee him *begging* lie,
* Or at the lovely *Balſom-Gardens* nigh:
Once as it chanc'd our *Maſter* paſſing by
Vaſt *multitudes* attending, he admir'd
The *Cauſe*, and earneſt what it *meant* enquir'd,
For he their *noiſe* and trampling *feet* cou'd *hear*,
And well he knew ſome mighty *Concourſe* near:

Nor

Nor ſooner to the *Blind* was *Jeſus* nam'd *
But he with *Faith* and holy *Hope* enflam'd,
(For oft he heard what *Miracles* he'd done)
Exclaims— *O mercy! mercy! David's Son!*
Some bid be *ſtill!* ſome cry to take him *thence*,
Nor let him with his loud *Impertinence*
Diſturb our *Lord*, nor will he yet give o'er,
But cries more *loud* and *earneſt* than before,
Great *Son* of *David!* let me *mercy* find!
O ſhew thy *wonted pity* on the *Blind!*
—None e'er *deny'd* or *ſad* from Jeſus *part*,
His earneſt *Pray'rs* ſoon reach'd his *ears* and *heart*,
And till he's *call'd* he would no *further* go;
Soon did th' *old man* the joyful *Tidings* know *
From thoſe about him, ſoon he *cheerful* roſe,
Ibid. 50. Away his *Staff* and *ragged Garment* throws;
His *Garment* leſt it might impeach his *ſpeed*,
His *Staff*, which he ſhould now no longer *need*:
Away he runs, nor for a *guide* wou'd ſtay,
Following the *Voice*, oft *ſtumbling* in the *way*,
Of whom when *near arriv'd*, our Lord inquir'd
What Boon with ſuch *loud outcries* he deſir'd?
51. Lord! thou canſt *do't*, he with *large Tears* replies,
And thou alone, *reſtore* me my *dear eyes!*
52. —'Tis thy victorious *Faith* directs thee right,
Well pleas'd our Lord rejoyns,— *Receive thy ſight!*
'Tis *ſaid*, 'tis *done*, a thick and *churliſh skin* *
Which ſtopt the *windows* of his *Soul* within,
Flew off, nor did he ought that's *painful* find,
Like *Cobwebs* looſe, *unravel'd* with the *Wind*,
He *ſaw*, his Saviour with loud *Thanks* did meet,
Embrac'd his *knees*, and proſtrate kiſs'd his *feet.*
Nor need I, *Fathers!* waſt the *day* to tell
Mat. 21.19. Thoſe *Wonders* all the *City* know ſo well:
The *blaſted Fig-tree*, which you *yet* may ſee
Without the *Walls*, i'th' way to *Bethany*,
John 5. *per tot.* Him who at *Silo'm's ſtreams* receiv'd his *ſight*,
Nor ever ſaw, till then, the *cheerful light*; *
Where, after their exacteſt *ſcrutiny*,
No fraud the angry *Sanhedrim* cou'd ſee.

Him





Book 5. pag: 161.

N.° 37



Ia: 8



Him who ſo long at *fam'd Bethſeda* lay, John 5. 2.
Beyond the Angels *Cure*, ſent heal'd away
By 'ur Saviour's pow'rful *Word*, whom *harden'd* ſtill
For that *good work* the *Jews attempt* to *kill*, 16.
Too well, ſays *Joſeph*, I their *Envy* know,
At him whom *height of Virtue* makes their *Foe*:
Much I rememb'ring learnt from what he taught,
Witneſs of many a *mighty Action* wrought;
But few have *ſcap'd* me here; my ſelf I ſaw
With what juſt *anger* and majeſtick *awe*
He did his *Father's Houſe* the *Temple* cleanſe,
And chas'd the *Sacrilegious Merchants* thence.
I ſaw too, when our *captious Elders* brought John 2. 14,
Th' *Adultreſs* in the very Action caught; 15, 16.
* Whence them he *ſelf-condemn'd* and bluſhing ſent, John 3. 4.
And *clear'd* the fair convicted *Penitent*.
But of *this Miracle* I only knew
By *Fame*, and glad would learn the *Truth* from you.
* 'Twas at the famous *Pool*, well known to all John 5. 2.
Jeruſalem, that *Heav'nly Hoſpital*
Where every injur'd *Senſe* a *Cure* may find,
The *Deaf*, the *Blaſted*, *Palſy'd*, *Lame* and *Blind*;
* Here, ſays the Apoſtle, at the Sun's firſt riſe,
While they preſent the *Morning-Sacrifice*,
* You know from *Heav'n* ſome *courteous Angel* brings
Unfailing *Cures* beneath his *healing Wings* 4.
To ſuch as to the *Water firſt deſcend*,
You know too him who did ſo long attend,
Who *Blaſted* in his *tender Youth*, had ſtay'd *
Almoſt *ſix weeks of years* expecting *Aid*: 5.
In vain expecting, weak and *Bed-rid* laid,
Whence others, readier, ſtill *ſtept* in before,
Till *diſappointed* oft, he *hop'd* no more;
His only *Comfort* now was in *Deſpair*,
With *ſpeed* to end his *Life* and *Torments* there:
Our Saviour ſaw, and asks, his *Faith* to try,
If for his *pain* he wiſh'd a *remedy*?
Yes, *Death*, ſaid he, with unconcern'd *neglect*,
Nor any other *eaſe* muſt I expect:
The *Rich crowd* in, and meet a ſpeedy *Cure*,

7. Tho' e'en an *Angel* will not *help the poor*:
But *that will I*, our *Saviour*, kind, replies,
8. And bids him in his *Fathers Name* Ariſe!
Ariſe and *Walk*, and thence his *Couch* convey!
His *blaſted Limbs* their *Makers Word* obey;
9. *Vigorous* and *ſtrong* he in a *moment* grows,
His *Blood* thro' its *forgotten Channels* flows;
All o'er himſelf he *views*, but does ſo *ſtrange*
T' himſelf appear, he ſcarce *believes* the *change*.
Such *Acts*, ſuch *Crimes* as theſe, if *Crimes* they be
Have made our *Sanhedrim* his *Enemy*:
Ibid. True, on the *Sabbath* he this *Wonder* wrought,
And has againſt their *vain Traditions* taught,
But ſure thoſe *Works* for which him *Heav'n* did ſend
To this bad *World*, can never *Heav'n* offend.
All *Holy Works* of *Charity* conſeſt,
Nor does from them e'en his *great Father* reſt;
Nor does he old *Traditions* blame but where
Matt. 23. 2, With *Laws divine* they *claſh* or *interfere*!
3. For never *Man* ſo *meek*, ſo *good*, ſo *kind*;
All Love himſelf, *all Love* b' his *Laws* enjoyn'd:
Compaſſion, *Alms*, *Forgiveneſs* oft he *preſt*,
And a *good Life*, true *Faith's* unfailing *Teſt*, *
Theſe the fair *Terms* on which he *Pardon* gave,
" He came his *People* from their *ſins* to ſave.
This did he oft his crowding *Audience* tell,
Now *plain*, now in ſome lively *Parable*,
As *ancient Seers* us'd — And, but I fear *
Already I've too long *detain'd* you here,
Some of the *Chief*, I, *Fathers*! wou'd recite,
Equally yielding *profit* and *delight*:
Almoſt they're *angry* at ſo *ſhort* a *ſtay*;
All, *all*, they *ask*, *impatient* of *delay*.
Th' Apoſtle thus — Then gladly I'll relate
The *Prodigals Return*, the *Miſers Fate*:
The *Lord* who with his *Servant* did *contend*,
His *Cruelty*, and *juſt* tho' *dreadful end*;
The *Widow*, and the *Judge* did *God* nor *Man*
Regard, the *Phariſee* and *Publican*:
To prove we ought *repeated Pray'rs* to make

At Gods high *Throne*, and no *denyal* take Luke 18. 1.
This *Parable* did our *lov'd Lord* declare,
— A *Judge* there was, no matter *when* or *where*: 2.
* Neither on *Honour* he or *Conſcience* ſtood,
Grown fat with *Bribes*, and *Orphans Tears*, and *Blood*:
A *Widow* near him h' had long ſince bereft
Of her lov'd *Lord*, and *poor* and *friendleſs* left:
Whom a vexatious *Neighbour* us'd to wrong,
No help ſhe had beſides her *Tears* and *Tongue*;
No *Oily Advocate* her *Gold* cou'd bribe
To eſpouſe her *Cauſe*, no ſubtle *ſmooth-Tongu'd Scribe*:
What ſhou'd ſhe do, *worſe miſchief* to prevent?
E'en to the *wicked Judge* himſelf ſhe went;
And with loud *Outcries* cloſe *beſieg'd* his *door*,
With *long Petitions* begs he'd help the *poor!*
There did ſhe everlaſting *Centry* keep,
Nor wou'd in *quiet* let him *eat* or *ſleep*:
In vain's the threat'n'd *Laſh*, as much in vain
His *Servants drag* her thence, ſhe comes again:
If in his *Robes* he to the *Bench* repair,
Or pays a *Viſit*, or but *takes* the *Air*
'Tis ſtill the ſame, ſhe *haunts* him ev'ry where.
Attends him like his *ſhade*, go where he will,
And worries him with *Juſtice*, *Juſtice* ſtill!
He *grieves*, he *rages*, *fumes* and *ſwears* in vain,
Sweats, *ſtamps*, and *rails*, ſhe ſtill comes on again:
What's to be done, when he by chance *got breath!*
Was ever *Judge* before thus *talk'd to death*,
T' himſelf he cries— Altho' I neither care 4.
For *Man*, nor *God* himſelf, much leſs for *her*,
Her for my *own ſake* I muſt *right*, or ſhe, 5.
As many *I have done*, will *murder* me:
Good *Woman* ſay— What is't that you *require*?
She *ask'd*, he gave her all her *hearts deſire*;
Puniſh'd her *Foe*, and then, and not before
She *rais'd* her *Siege* and left his *Lordſhips door.*
The *Moral* eaſie is, and plain in view;
If *Importunity* ſo much can do
E'en with the *worſt of men*, if that can ſway
The *Great*, and all but *Gold* it ſelf *outweigh*;

If here ſo *ſtrong*, it will no leſs avail
In Heav'ns high *Court*, not there of *anſwer* fail:
Nor that th' Almighty *Judge above* can e'er
As thoſe *below* be *tyr'd* with *mortal Pray'r*;
But tho' he's always *prone* and free to *give*,
Man is not *fit* the Bleſſing to *receive*
Till his *unweary'd Faith* to *Heav'n* aſpire,
And *help* with *ardent* humble *Vows* deſire.
7. Then will he *aid*, for he can *aid alone*
Rev. 6. 9. Thoſe injur'd *Souls* who under th' *Altar* groan;
Juſtice aloud their guiltleſs *Blood* demands;
Cloſe by th' *All-high* full charg'd his *Thunder* ſtands:
" *Vengeance* has *leaden Feet*, but *iron Hands*.
Rom. 12. 19. *Vengeance* is *Gods*, his *Wiſdom* us ſecures
It cannot but be *juſt*; be *Mercy* yours!
If you'd of *Heav'n* no ſuch *requital* have
Matt. 18. 24. As that *bad Servant* whom his *Lord* forgave.
We beg to hear 't, which thus he did relate.
A Lord of mighty *Wealth*, and vaſt *Eſtate*
Ten thouſand Talents to his *Servant* lent, *
Which either he in *Luxury* miſpent,
Or loſt by negligence — As on a day
His Lord by chance did his *Accounts* ſurvey
And found he neither Intereſt wou'd pay,
Nor *Principal*, he ſtrait the whole demands,
Nor longer will he truſt it in his *Hands*;
Speechleſs and *pale* th' *inſolvent* Servant ſtands;
Trembling with *Guilt* and *Fear*; his Lord diſpleas'd
Gives *order*, he and all his Houſe be ſeiz'd:
Low at his *Feet* the *miſerable* fell
And a ſhort reſpite begs — His *all* he'd ſell
All his *Eſtate*, and his *Friends bounty* try,
Rather than in abhorr'd *confinement* die:
Nor his *Petition unſucceſsful* prov'd
His *Words*, and *Tears* his gen'rous *Maſter* mov'd
Nor wou'd he ſeize his *Houſe*, nor him enſlave,
27. But frankly all the *mighty Sum* forgave:
Thence went th' *ungrate*, his *Fellow-ſervant* met,
A *hundred Pence* was all his trifling *Debt*:
28. *Yet graſps* him by the *Throat*, with furious *Hands*,

And

And every *mite* immediately demands:
Trembling and pale he at his *Feet* did fall,
Begs but a little *Time* he'd *pay* him all. 29.
Ev'n that deny'd he's into th' *Dungeon* thrown:
Whoſe *Fate* when to his *Fellow-ſervants* known, 30.
Themſelves *concern'd* leſt they his *Fate* ſhou'd ſhare,
They to their Lord th' *unpleaſing Tidings* bear,
For him, enrag'd, he the next *moment* ſent,
And thus, arriv'd, did his juſt *anger* vent.
—O worſt of *Wickeds*! *cruel* and *ungrate*! 32.
Did I forgive ſo *vaſt a Sum* ſo *late*
And is't ſo ſoon *forgot*? ſuch *pity* ſhewn
To thee *Diſtreſs'd*, haſt thou for *others* none? 33.
Guards! without *Pity drag* him hence, and bear,
Repriev'd no more, to th' *Executioner*. 34.
Slavry's too little now; him *ſcourge and bind*
That owns ſo much aworſe than *ſervile Mind*:
So juſtly will my *heavenly Father* do, 35.
So will ſeverely be *reveng'd* on you,
Unleſs you, as becomes my *Foll'wers*, live;
And from the *heart* your *Brother* you *forgive*.
Why can you not this *Worlds* vain *Goods* contemn?
Why are they *Lords* of *you* while *you* of *them*?
On thoſe if all your *happineſs* depend
You muſt expect the cheated *Miſers end*. Luke 12.
Who ſcarce himſelf his countleſs *Treaſures* knew, 16.
Scarce ever all his own *Demeans* did view;
On ev'ry ſide cou'd loſe his *wilder'd Eye*;
Scarce o'er one half a *panting Kite* cou'd *fly*,
But ſhort of *midway* reſt.——
His *Bags*, his *Cheſts* ſo full, they both ran o'er,
His *Barns* ſo full, long ſince they'd hold no more,
High *cloſe-pil'd Stacks*, beſides his *Granaries*
In ev'ry corner of his *Yard* he ſees.
Let the *poor curſe*! he hopes 'twill be more *dear*,
Nor will *one handful* ſell till the *next year*:
Preſs'd with thick *clay*, and ſunk in *worldly care*,
He none for his *neglected Soul* can ſpare:
Or fondly thinks, he that might always *pleaſe*
With ſordid *Wealth*, or dull *voluptuous Eaſe*:

For

For this conſiders deep what *courſe* to take,
Reſolves new *Houſes* and new *Barns* to make:
18. Pull down, ſays he, thoſe *Hovels* rais'd before;
Here's not *half-room* for my *increaſing* ſtore,
And add me *twenty Bays of building* more!
19. Let's treat the *moments* kindly while they ſtay!
I'll ev'n *enjoy* my *ſelf*, and *live* to *day*:
Sure I've *enough*, nor need a *Famine* fear,
Enough for many a *long voluptuous year!*
20. —He ſaid, when the ſame *hour* his *Fate* is ſeal'd,
Which in loud *Thunder* thus the *All-high* reveal'd:
Ah *fool*, who fondly doſt thy ſelf deceive!
Nor *one day* more is thine loſt wretch! to *live!*
Another *cheerful Sun* thou ne'r ſhalt ſee,
This very *Night* the *Fiends* ſhall *ſeize* on thee:
Then whoſe ſhall all thy *boaſted Treaſures* be?
Hence for your *Souls* be *ſtudious* whilſt you may;
Heb. 3. 13. *Intend* their ſafety while 'tis *call'd to Day!*
They'll ask your utmoſt *diligence* and *care*
To root out *Vice*, and plant each *Virtue* there:
And all this done, to ſave the Heav'n-born *Soul*
Luke 17. 10. An *humble modeſty* muſt *crown* the whole:
Pride's the moſt *dang'rous*, and the *laſt miſtake*,
Of *Saints* as well as *Angels*, *Fiends* 'twill make:
The *beſt* you do needs an *attoning Friend*;
Deſpiſe not others, nor your ſelves *commend*,
To fix his *Truth* more deeply, yet attend
And hear a *Parable!*— Two Men there were
Who to the *Temple* went one *morn* to *Pray'r*,
Luke 18. A *Phariſee* and *Publican*; the *firſt*
10. Who t'other ſcorn'd, the *proudeſt* and the *worſt*:
What doſt thou here, he cries, thy *Pray'r*'s in vain:
Touch not my *holy Robes--Stand off profane*;
With *ſtately ſteps* then to the *Altar* goes,
And thus, *erect*, tells *Heav'n* how much it *ows*:
11. —O *Iſraels* God! aloud I *praiſe* thy *Name*
For ſuch a *Life* as *Envy* cannot *blame*:
That there ſhou'd ſuch a *Gulph*, ſuch *Diff'rence* be
Betwixt th' ungodly *carnal World* and *me*:
That no man e'er I've *wrong'd* by *Force* or *Guile*,

Or

Or ever did my *Neighbor's Bed* defile:
Unblameable my *Life* by *God* or *Man*;
Not like that *reprobated Publican!*
Each *week* I *ſet apart two days* as thine, 12.
* Which almoſt *equal* makes thy *Time* and *mine.*
Nor am of thoſe whoſe wicked *boaſt* 'twou'd be
Of rightful *Tithes* to wrong thy *Prieſts* and thee;
If ought from thence they gain, *triumphing* more
Than all their leſs belov'd *Lay-Cheats* before:
Not the leaſt *Herb* which in my *Garden* grows,
Not the leaſt *Gain* which from my *Labor* flows,
Nought *Tithe-free* made by *Cuſtom* or *Deſign*:
E'er I dare ever *touch* the other *Nine*
I ſeparate the *ſacred Tenth* as thine.
Thus he, with *Voice articulate* and *clear*,
Then round him looks in hopes that *ſome* did *hear*:
While thus i'th' *outer Court* the *Publican* 13.
With *Voice* and *Eyes ſubmiſs* to *Heav'n* began.
O *ſearcher* of all *Hearts* who know'ſt me beſt!
I'm an *unworthy Sinner*, 'tis confeſt:
Father of *mercy!* *Mercy* I implore
For *Sins* are *paſt*, and *Grace* to *Sin* no more!
This humble *ſelf-condemning Penitent*
Anſwer'd and pardon'd from the *Temple* went:
The *Phariſee* returns as he came in, 14.
Or more confirm'd in *Vanity* and *Sin.*
Theſe he, and *many* more; but moſt of all
That of the poor *returning Prodigal*
Deep fix'd I ſtill retain:——
And were not *Day* well *waſted*—*Waſt* no more,
Gamaliel ſays, more *earneſt* than before
To hear the *reſt*, while *Nicodemus* cries
Thoſe only *waſt* the *Day* who loſt in *Vice*
The *ſliding Hours* profuſely miſemploy
In ſhort-liv'd *pleaſures* and *voluptuous Joy*:
Who while the *ſliding Hours* fly ſwift away
Fondly *themſelves beguile*, and not the *Day*:
But who like us their *happy moments* paſt,
'Tis they, they onl' of *Life* have a *true taſt*,
They *uſe* their *Time*, which others only *waſt*.

But

But pray proceed, those *Parables* recite
Which mix *Instruction* with so much *Delight*.
Slip not one *word* or *passage* careless o'er,
Believe we *long* to *hear* it all and more.
Then thus the *younger Son* of *Zebedee*:
Since *yet* I find I shall not *tedious* be
At large I'll every *Circumstance* relate,
In the young *Prodigal's* strange *happy Fate*:
Luke 15.11. A good old *Sire* there was, whom *Age* and *Cares*
Had blest with *Wealth* and crown'd with *silver Hairs*:
Two Sons he had, his *ages Prop* and *Pride*,
Who at his *Death* must all his *Wealth* divide:
The *Elder grave* and "*careful* of the *main*,
Enur'd to *earn* his *Bread* with *sweat* and *pain*;
Not so the *younger*, whom *profuse* and *vain* *
His careful *Father* long with anxious mind
To *Lewdness* and *ill Courses* found inclin'd:
He hated *Work*, but if a *Wake* or *Fair*
In many a *Mile*, he'd never fail b'ing there:
Above his business he, too *great* and *wise*;
Did long the sordid *Country Dirt* despise:
What car'd he tho' th' *Old man* did *chide* and *frown*,
So he for a *few Days* but saw the *Town*?
Oft he *flew out*, and prodigally spent
His own *allowance* and his *Fathers Rent*;
In vain he, *prudent*, every Method tries,
To make him quit each darling dang'rous *Vice*;
Oft begs with delug'd *Cheeks* and flowing *Eyes*,
He wou'd from what must prove his *ruin*, part;
What wou'd he *gain* to *break* a *Fathers heart*?
Inexorably lewd he stops his *Ears*
Against his *Words*, or *laughs* at what he *hears*:
And thus *ungracious* answers—If he fears
12. To *see* his *ruine*, give him but his share
He'd strait be gone, nor longer cause his *care*.
With *Hopes* he might in time grow *wise* *agen*,
If trav'ling far he *Manners* saw and *Men*,
The *Father* grants his *wish*, his *Portion* gives
Lib'ral and large, which he *o'erjoy'd* receives;
To this his *Mother* adds (her *darling*, *He*,)

Gold

Gold, which before the *Sun* did never ſee,
But ruſting cloſe *remain'd* for many *Years*;
With theſe both give their *Bleſſings* and their *Tears*;
Tho' neither did he, *Graceleſs*, much regard,
But thought th' *old Folks*, that *trouble* might have *ſpar'd*:
To bid 'em both *Farewel*, he ſcarce cou'd *ſtay*,
But to ſome *foreign Region* ſpeeds away: 13.
Thither arriv'd, rich, young, profane and gay,
Reſolves to *taſte* what e'er the *World* can give,
And to the *height* of *lawleſs Pleaſure* live:
In *Masks* and *Balls*, in *Gaming*, *Treats* and *Plays*,
In *Mirth* and *Wine*, he ſpent his *thoughtleſs Days*;
Wit, *Beauty*, *Muſick*, all the World can boaſt,
Their *Forces* joyn, and they 're a pow'rful *Hoſt*,
To *Charm* him theirs.— How did he now deſpiſe
His old, his doating *Father's* grave *advice!*
His *Brother*, who ſtill drudg'd for ſordid *Pelf!*
And how applaud his *wiſe* and *happy ſelf!*
Thus liv'd he till his *Bags*, *exhauſtleſs* thought
At firſt, to their low *deſp'rate Ebb* were brought:
And worſe, when thence the laſt ſlow *Drop* h' had *drain'd*,
O'er all thoſe *Realms* a dreadful *Famine* reign'd:
His *Trencher-Friends* now no *Relief* afford, 14.
But drive him from their *Houſes* and their *Board*:
One only who more *Kindneſs* had *profeſs'd*, *
And whom h' had more *oblig'd* than all the reſt,
Him entertains, firſt by *himſelf* did *ſeat*,
Soon after bids him with his *Servants eat*;
Till by degrees he lower did proceed,
And ſends him to the *Fields* his *Swine* to *feed*: * 15.
With them he lives, *like* them, or *worſe* he *fares*,
For his allowance *narr'wer* far than *theirs*:
On *Acorns* they, or *Wildings* richly dine, *
He ſighing ſits, and envies e'en the *Swine*;
Tho' *Hunger* gnaws, he wiſely did refuſe
To *ſteal* from *them*, leſt he his *Place* ſhou'd *loſe*: 16.
In this ſad *Poſture* when himſelf he found,
Cold, naked, hungry, fainting on the *Ground*;
Pleaſures falſe miſts from his deluded *Eyes*
Remov'd, he *views himſelf*, and inward — *Sighs*; 17.

Recals to mind how *vaſt* the *Gulf*, between
What now *he was*, and what he once *had been*:
How oft his *Father's Plenty* he deſpis'd;
When to hiſt *Luſt* his *Wealth* he *ſacrific'd*:
Then thus, his long deſpairing *Silence* broke,
With trickling *Tears*, and deep-fetch'd *Sighs*, he ſpoke:
—Ah *Wretch!* who didſt thy *Father's Houſe* deſpiſe!
Ah, hapleſs *Youth!* unwary and unwiſe!
Whilſt here for *Want*, I *periſh* in deſpair,
And only *think* of *Plenty reigning* there:
Nor dare I from his *Table* ought deſire;
17, 18, 19. That *Bread* which thoſe partake, who *ſerve* for *hire*
My utmoſt *Wiſh*, and thither gladly, I
Wou'd now return tho' at his *Feet* to *die*;
At leaſt if *mine* have *ſtrength* enough, I'll try
To bear me on— With much of *Pain* he roſe,
And by *ſhort Journies*, homeward feebly goes;
Of his unhop'd return his *Father* hears,
Up ſtarts the *rev'rend Sire* with joyful *Tears*;
20. And do's far off in *haſte* to meet him go,
Love wings his *Feet*, his *Age* no longer *ſlow*:
See how they *meet!* How *tenderly embrace!*
What different *Paſſions* reign in either's *Face!*
Here, with *Compaſſion* mixt, is painted fair,
Ibid. *Ingenuous Love*, *Ingenuous Shame* dwells *there.*
Surpriz'd he ſhou'd ſuch kind *Reception* meet,
The *Son* falls trembling at his *Father's Feet*:
21. Where thus— *O Father!* If you not *diſclaim*
That *long abus'd*, that *dear*, tho' *injur'd Name*;
If 'tis not yet too *late* my *Crimes* to *grieve*,
If either *Heav'n* or *You* can yet *forgive*:
Tho' I to a *Son's Honour* may 'nt aſpire,
That *Title loſt*, O let me *ſerve* for *Hire!*
So may I oft enjoy the *envy'd Grace*,
E'en tho' he *Frown*, to ſee a *Father's Face*:
Nothing to this, o'er-joy'd th' *old Man* replies,
Or if he *ſpeaks*, 'tis *only* with his *Eyes*:
Nothing to him, but to his *Servants* there,
Gives *Order* they his *Feſtal Robes* prepare;
Which brought, he in the *richeſt* and the *beſt*,

With

With his *own Hands*, did his lov'd *Son* inveſt:
With this his *Signet* from his *Finger* gave,
A *Mark* of *Honour*, he no more a *Slave*: *
Then bids a *plenteous Feaſt* that *Night* prepare, *
And call his *Friends*, ſo juſt a *Joy* to *ſhare*: 23.
They crowding came, and the bleſt Moments ſpent,
In *temp'rate Joy*, and harmleſs *Merriment*; 24.
In *Songs* which *Heav'n* it ſelf did erſt *inſpire*, 25.
And *Seraphs* ſing to *David's* royal *Lyre*: *
In modeſt *Dances*, no *Diſhonour* thought, *Ibid.*
When th' *Ark of God* to beauteous *Zion* brought.
The *ſober Glaſs* with *ſparkling Gaza* crown'd, *
Grateful to *God* and *Man*, walks *ſlow* and *cheerful* round: *
Mean while the *Elder* of the *Sons*, who now,
Night haſting on, came *ſweating* from the *Plough*,
Much wonder'd when, the *Houſe* approaching near,
He *Light* did ſee, and *Songs* and *Muſick* hear; * *Ibid.*
The *Cauſe* inquir'd, a *Servant* thus replies, 26.
With *haſte* at once, and *pleaſure* in his *Eyes*;
Your *Brother* whom ſo long as *loſt*, we mourn'd,
In *diſtant Lands*, this *Evening* is *return'd*: 27.
For his arrival all this *Joy*'s expreſt,
And only you are wanting at the Feaſt;
Where, with impatience you 've *expected* been—
—Enrag'd, the *Brother* wou'd not *enter* in: 28.
The *Gueſts* diſturb'd, began to *quit* their *Seats*,
The *Father* comes, and *mildly* him *intreats*:
Still *reſolute* and *fierce* without he ſtay'd,
And thus diſpleas'd did the *old Sire* upbraid.
—How many a *Year*, ſtill ſtupidly content, 29.
Have I in your *unthankful Service* ſpent?
Slaviſhly dutiful I've with you ſtay'd,
Nor ever yet *diſpleas'd* or *diſobey'd*;
Yet never cou'd I yet *preſented* be
With one ſmall *Kid* t' oblige my *Friends* and *me*:
But when your *hopeful Son*, your Darling's come 30.
From *Stews* and *Brothels*, *ſtript* and *naked* home;
For him has all this *Feaſt* and *Rev'ling* been:
Give me my *Portion* too!—*I'll not come in.*
—Agen the *Father* mildly thus replies, 31.

Son! Why this *Anger* in your *Words* and *Eyes*?
Thou know'ſt I only thee my *Heir* deſign,
Wait a few *Days*, and all th' *Eſtate* is thine!
Why art thou *angry* then, and *diſcontent*,
At this *ſmall part* upon thy *Brother* ſpent?
Why ſhou'd we not *rejoyce*, when ſince his *Birth*,
There never yet has been ſuch *cauſe* of *Mirth*?
Whom giv'n for *dead*, we ſtrangely ſee *revive*, *
Loſt and *deſpair'd*, again receive *alive*.
Scarce he the lively *Parable* did end,
When *Chuza* came, our Saviour's *grateful Friend*,
And wiſe *Gamaliel*'s both, whoſe welcom *Gueſt*,
He often was at the great *Paſchal-Feaſt*:
Enters with him the *brave Centurion* too,
Luke 7. 5. Their *Benefactor* all our *Nation* knew:
The firſt *Endearment*'s paſt, when looking round,
Th' *Apoſtles* well-known *Faces*, *Chuza* found:
More pleas'd, he *each embrac'd*, and tells 'em he,
Hop'd not to meet ſo much *good Company*:
I know, he adds, your bleſt *Employment* ſtill,
Is to *perform* and *teach* your *Maſter's Will*:
I interrupted your *Diſcourſe*, I fear,
Which none, than *me*, with greater *Joy* wou'd hear:
So much my ſelf to that *great Man* I owe,
You'll highly *oblige* me if his *Truths* you'll ſhow,
Something I *know*, but more I *wiſh* to *know*:
Forgive me that I call'd him *Man* before!
For ſure his *Godlike Actions* ſpeak him *more*;
Around his *Face* mild Rays of Goodneſs *ſhine*,
His *Life* and *Laws* confeſs him *All-divine*.
Say, you who *happy* in his *Boſom* lie,
If ought of this *tremendous Myſtery*,
Ought, which from *vulgar Ears* is yet conceal'd,
May be to us, your *Truſt* ſtill *ſafe*, reveal'd?
Yes, Sir, the *Son* of *Zebedee* reply'd;
We from the harden'd *Crowd* ſome *Truths* muſt *hide*, *
Till more *prepar'd* to hear 'em; but to *you*
Rank'd by our Lord among the *favour'd few*,
And theſe *good Men*, who tho' they much *diſcern*,
From our low *Converſe*, not *diſdain* to *learn*;

I'll

I'll ſpeak, *permitted*, what from him I heard,
What he in *Cloſet-Privacy* declar'd;
What in my *Breaſt* th' *unerring Spirit* ſeals,
And by my *acted Tongue* to you reveals.
He ſaid—But O! how vaſt a *Change* they ſpy?
What *awful Grandeur ſparkled* in his *Eye*?
So *Truth* wou'd *look*, cou'd ſhe a *Body* take,
And as like *Truth* he *look'd*, like *Truth* he *ſpake*:
Greater he ſeem'd, and ſomething *more* than *Man*;
And thus our *Saviour*'s happy *Friend* began.

The End of the Fifth Book.

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK V.

14. SOme Shepherds *to the neighb'ring Towns diſclos'd.*] As probable a way of his being known as any.

18. *At once inſtructs and cures.*] So ſays *Beda*, *Quoſcunque in corpore ſalvabat, eos pariter & in anima reformabat*, He *reform'd* their *Souls* as well as *heal'd* their *Bodies.*

20. *Till lengthening Shadows ſhew'd declining Day.*] From *Virgil's* —— *Majoreſque cadunt de montibus umbræ.*

25. *And thus* replies.] 'Tis a common Scheme of Speech both in the Evangeliſts and other holy Writers, to introduce Perſons *replying* or *anſwering*, where there's at moſt only an *involv'd* Queſtion going before. So S. *Matthew.* 11. 25. *Jeſus anſwered and ſaid, I thank thee O Father*, &c. tho we read of no preceding *Queſtion* or *Compellation*; an uſual *Hebraiſm*, as *Maldonate* on the places, the Word ענה ſignifying not only *anſwering* a Queſtion, but alſo *beginning* or *continuing* a Speech.

47. *We in an hundred different Troops divide.*] S. *Luke* 9. 15. *They ſat down by* fifties *in a Company*; an *hundred* of which *fifties* there are in *five thouſand.*

49. *By which what e'er be* pleaſe, *what e'er be* pleaſe *be makes.*] I don't think *changing Subſtance*, to be ſo great a *Wonder* as would ſhock my *Faith*, had our Saviour ever declar'd he had actually done it in the *Bleſſed Sacrament*; becauſe we've not only an example of that Nature in Sacred Story, in *Moſes's* Rod, but, if I miſtake not, Inſtances on't every day in that *Proteus-Matter.* Had our Saviour therefore been *pleas'd* to have chang'd the *Bread* into real *corporeal Fleſh*, undoubtedly he might have done it, (as God, in the former Inſtance, chang'd *Wood* into that Subſtance.) But ſtill, as a great Man of our Church obſerves, here's the *Miracle*, that after the *Change*, the thing's ſtill the ſame that ever 'twas. At which rate our Saviour might as well have perſuaded the People here, that a *Miracle* had been wrought, the *Loaves* multiplied, and their *Hunger* ſatisfied without giving 'em one *mouthful*; alas, their groſs *Senſes* were not to be believ'd, this being all Spiritual Food. *Ludolfus* here, has a very odd *Allegory*, *Myſticè*, ſays he, *per quinque Panes quinti libri Moſis intelliguntur, per duas Piſces Prophetæ & Pſalmi.* By the *five Loaves* are myſtically underſtood the *five Books* of *Moſes*, by the *two Fiſhes*, the *Prophets* and *Pſalms.*

61. *Bids us collect the Reliques of the Feaſt.*] *Grotius in loc.* obſerves, "That this "was more than *Moſes* did in the *Manna*, or *Elias* in the *Barrel of Meal.* But *Heinſius*, "That our Lord did this, according to the *uſe* of the Jews, whoſe Cuſtom "'twas to reſerve their Fragments for the Poor; whence that of Rabbi *Eleazar*, "Whoſoever

"ſoever eats without leaving any Fragments muſt not expect a Bleſſing. Tho indeed this was expreſly forbidden in the *Manna*, where nothing was to be left till the Morning, and all had enough for that Day. And it might be enjoined by *Elijah*, tho not recorded; nor is it very much difference whether our Saviour *gave* or *followed* a good *Example*.

63. *Twelve empty Baskets in the Veſſel lay,*
Wherein we Fiſh *from place to place convey.*] There are two different Words us'd for what we render *Baskets*, κόφινοι, and σπυρίδες, the former in the Miracle of the five thouſand, the latter of the four thouſand. Theſe κόφινοι, were ſo famous among the Jews, that their Nation was diſtinguiſhed by them, as *Grotius* and others: ſo *Juvenal*, —— *Quorum* Cophinus *Fœnumque Supellex*, whoſe *Basket* and *Hay* were all their Houſhold-ſtuff, and —— *Cophino Fœnoque relicto*. The Word being changed from *Greek* to *Latin*, and perhaps further, into our *Engliſh Coffin*. Theſe twelve Baskets then ſeem to be the proper Goods of the twelve Apoſtles, ſerving 'em either for the conveyance of Fiſh, or as a kind of *Sea Cheſts*, to hold all their Neceſſaries. The σπυρίδες, Dr. *Hammond* thinks, were a larger ſort of κόφινοι, ſince one of 'em was big enough to hold a Man, S. *Paul* being let down from *Damaſcus*, ἐν σπυρίδι, in a *Basket*, we render it, *Act.* 9. 26. our Word not noting a limited Capacity, but only the kind of the Veſſel.

83. *A greater Army,* —— *Than join'd at* Modin *the brave* Maccabee.] *Joſeph. Antiq. lib* 12. *cap.* 8. ſays, thoſe who join'd *Matthias* were no more at firſt than the Inhabitants of the ſmall Village of *Modin*, and even when his Son *Judas* came againſt the Army of *Antiochus*, under *Gorgias* and *Nicanor*, conſiſting of forty thouſand Foot and ſeven thouſand Horſe, he had no more than three thouſand Men, and thoſe raw and badly arm'd. *Cap.* 11. of the ſame Book.

98. *A place remote, where oft he us'd to pray,*
Wall'd on the ſides as Cuſtom is.-] I take that paſſage in S. *Luke* 6. 12. where 'tis ſaid our Lord continued all Night in *Prayer* to God, ἐν τῇ προσευχῇ τοῦ Θεοῦ, to relate to the Place even more immediately than the *Action*, according to the Notion of *Druſius*, Dr. *Hammond*, Mr. *Mede*, and other learned Men, who think this ἐν τῇ προσευχῇ τοῦ Θεοῦ, ought to be tranſlated, *in the Proſeucha*, Prayer-Houſe, *or* Oratory *of God*. The *Faſhion* of which *Oratories* Mr. *Mede* deſcribes from *Epiphanius*, after whom I have copied. His Conjecture he makes more probable by *Philo*'s ἐξεκόπησαν, the *Alexandrians* cutting down the Trees of the Jewiſh *Proſeucha*'s or *Oratories*: and the ſame is probable from that Compariſon of *David*, *I am like a green Olive-tree in the Houſe of my God*.

104. *Here ſtay'd alone till Night began to wear.*] The τετάρτη φυλακὴ or *fourth Watch* of the Night, among the Jews, was undoubtedly *near day*; but the Phraſe ὀψὲ γινομένου is here us'd, S. *Matth.* 14. 23. *When the Evening was come he was there alone.* 24. *But the Ship was toſſed.* 25. *And in the fourth Watch of the night*, &c. Now the ſame word ὀψὲ is uſed *v.* 15. *When it was Evening*. Dr. *Hammond* thus reconciles theſe Place, "That the Word ὀψὲ, is taken in different Sences, ſometimes "for the *preciſe Evening* or *Sun-ſet*, at others Synecdochically for the *whole Night*, "as *Morning* for the *Day*. So in *Moſes*, *the Evening and the Morning were the firſt Day*, a *natural Day* of twenty four Hours. Thus, in the firſt place, 'tis to be taken for the *preciſe Evening* or *Sun-ſet*, in the latter for the *whole night*: to which migh be added, (if any thing can be after Dr. *Hammond*) that the ſecond ὀψὲ may be at a great diſtance from τετάρτη φυλακὴ, ſee *v.* 23. "*When the evening was come*, our Saviour *was alone in the Mountain Praying*; which muſt take up ſome time, as it did, we know, whole Nights together: then *v.* 24. *The ſhip was in the Sea*, and not till 25. *In the fourth Watch of the night Jeſus went unto them*, &c.

111. *And now ſhrill* Cocks *foretold th' Approach of Day.*] Either ſome they had a *Ship board*, or, if not ſo well *laid in*, from the neighbouring Shores, ſince it appears on comparing the Evangeliſts, that the *other Side*, to which our Saviour ordered 'em to *row*, was only croſs a ſmall *Arm* or Creek of that *ſmall Sea*, compare St. *Matth.* 14. 22. with St. *Mark* 6. 45.

120. *Nor could two* Glaſſes *more expect to live.*] Some may object, I make the

Diſciples

Diſciples between *Seamen* than they really were, and introduce 'em talking more *Ship ſhape*, as the *Sailors* call it; but the ſame Objection lies fuller againſt *Virgil*, whoſe ambitious *Heroes* are as good at *Sea* as at *Land Service*, being grown excellent *Seamen* as ſoon as ever put a *Shipboard*; whereas my Sailors were bred to it, probably from their very *Cradles*: nay they might have *Glaſſes* too: for we read of the *fourth Watch of the Night*, and how ſhould they know one *Watch* from t'other, had they not Glaſſes to diſtinguiſh 'em, in the ſame manner with our modern *Navigators*.

162. *The* ſounding *Beach.*] I took the Epithet of *ſounding*, partly from *Homer*'s πολυφλοισβοῖο, tho indeed he uſes it of the *Sea*, not the *Beach*; partly from Obſervation, the *Sea* or *Shore*, which you pleaſe, making a great Noiſe when the Pebbles are *roll'd* or *trail'd* along by the Motion of the *Water*, eſpecially in a *Storm*.

165. *O'er ſweet* Hermon.] *Hermon* was Eaſt of *Jordan* and the Sea of *Galilee*, *Deut.* 4. 47, 48. *They poſſeſſed their land* (of *Sihon* and *Og*) *on this ſide Jordan* (the *Wilderneſs ſide*, where this Book muſt therefore be written) *toward the Sun riſing, from Aroer, which is by the Bank of the River Arnon, even unto Mount Sion,* (*or the Mount of Sihon*) *which is Hermon.*

108. *So when their way a Flight of* Locuſts *takes*
From Lubim's *wild and* Chelonidian *Lakes*;
While Mizraim's *Sons their* ſacred Ox *implore*,
And trembling ſee the Plague *which hov'ring o'er*, &c.] All Authors who write of *Africa*, obſerve, that thoſe Deſarts produce vaſt Armies of theſe deſtructive *Creatures*, a People there called the Ἀκριδοφάγοι, or *Locuſt-Eaters*, taking their Names from making *Reprizals* upon 'em, and devouring them, becauſe they have left 'em nothing elſe to *eat*. See the *Scholiaſt* or *Dionyſius*, *v.* 550, 569. *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, and ſeveral of the Ancients, (as *Ludolfus* ſince) and others quoted by *Bochart*, *Lib.* 4. *Cap.* 3. give us their Deſcription and Hiſtory; that learned Man deriving one of their *Arabian* Names, *Alhabſan*, from *Habyſſinia*, a part of *Afric*, which they ſeldom fail to viſit, being brought thither, by Winds, from thoſe vaſt ſandy Tracts of Ground that lie South and Weſt, in which are the *Chelonidian* Fenns, *Chelonides Paludes*, in the Geographer, by a continual Stream diſcharging themſelves into the *Niger*. Now the ſame South or Weſt Winds which brought them from the *Wilderneſs*, might carry 'em on to *Egypt*; *Bochart* being of Opinion, the *Egyptian* Locuſts came from this Country: tho I rather believe they took not ſo long a Journey, being born from the Happy *Arabia*, Eaſt of *Egypt*; and where enough of 'em are often found to ſupply all their *Neighbours*, the *Arabians* being but too well acquainted with them, and their Writers giving a more particular deſcription of them than any others. It may not be unpleaſant to inſtance but in one, becauſe of his odd Eaſterly-way of Expreſſion, who complains of their moleſting 'em at their very *Tables*; he is quoted by *Bochart*, in his *Locuſta*, in theſe Words, "Said *Algeſen* the Son of *Aly*, we were ſitting at the Table, I and my Bro-"ther *Mahumed* the Son of *Alchanaſia*, and the Sons of my Uncle *Abdalla*, and "*Kethem*, and *Alphidal*, the Sons *Alibas*, and a *Locuſt* lit upon the Table in "the middle of us, *&c.* However tho *Bochart*'s Conjecture mayn't here hold, becauſe it is ſaid 'twas a רוח קדים, an *Eaſt-Wind* that brought theſe *Locuſts*, for which reaſon they muſt rather come from *Arabia* which lies *Eaſt*, than *Ethiopia* which is *South* from *Egypt*; yet they may be, and are frequently carry'd thither from *Abyſſinia*, by thoſe South and Weſt Winds, which often bring 'em from the Cape, or the Deſarts of *Mount Atlas*. For that Expreſſion, *The Plague wide hovering*.] 'Tis agreeable to what Hiſtorians deliver of the vaſt flights of theſe *Locuſts*, which ſometimes *obſcure* the Sun, and *darken* large Tracts of Ground, two of their Names, חגב and זלזל being deriv'd, by *Bochart*, from ſuch Roots as imply *Veiling* and *Darkneſs*; further affirming out of *Cadamaſtus*, that they ſometimes reach for *twelve Miles* together. And *Surius* ſays, "That even in *Poland*, *Anno* 1541. "a Cloud of 'em appear'd *two Miles* in length, and hindred the *Light* of the Sun "from all that Tract of Ground, over which they flew.

383. *So when the Weſt Wind clears their Reedy Shore*, &c.] *Exod.* 10. 19. *The Lord turn'd*

turn'd a mighty ſtrong Weſt Wind, which took away the Locuſts, and caſt them into the Red Sea. I call it *Reedy Shore*, becauſe that Sea is ſtil'd in the *Hebrew*, *Jam Zuph*, the *reedy*, *ſedgy*, or *flaggy Sea*; from the Multitudes of Flags and Weeds which grow *in it*, as well as on its *Bank*; "Tho never ſo many *ill Weeds* there, ſays *Fuller* after his way, "as when the *Egyptians* were drown'd in it.

185. *Precipitating in th'* Arabian Deep.] The *Red Sea*, of which ſee more *Lib.* 6. is alſo called by *Dionyſius* and others, Κόλπος Ἀραβικὸς, the *Arabian Gulf*, (now *Mare de Mecca*) from its waſhing the Shores of *Arabia*. This is the uſual end of thoſe Creatures, as *Pliny*, S. *Jerome*, and others; I'le only inſtance in *Sigebert*, even in our own Countrey, who tells us in his Chronicle, "That after a parcel of theſe *Tar-* "*tarian* Travellers had made a ſtragling Viſit into *Europe*, and put all *France* un- "der Contribution (or rather Military Execution) they were at laſt all carried away "by a *Blaſt* of *Wind*, and drown'd in the *Britiſh Ocean*, in ſuch vaſt numbers, that "being thrown up again on the Shores, their putrified Bodies infected the Air, "and brought a terrible *Peſtilence*, which deſtroyed an *incredible number* of Men.

191. *Under a gentle Gale their* Oars *they ply'd — The Wind veer'd round to Weſt.*] The Gale muſt be *gentle*, otherwiſe they could not have us'd their *Oars*. It muſt be to Weſt, or ſomewhere in that *point*, for convenient and ſpeedy Paſſage over to the Eaſt or North Eaſt ſide of the Lake, to *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, whither our Saviour went after his *Landing*, it being the Place of his uſual Abode, *vid.* St. *John* 6. 24. Tho they might well be ſurpriz'd to find him there ſo ſoon in the Morning, knowing his *Diſciples* went away without him, it being at leaſt fourteen or fifteen Miles from the *Mountain of Miracles*, ſuppoſing it to be South of *Bethſaida*, where 'tis generally plac'd, round to *Capernaum*; the *Sea* being, according to *Joſephus*, fourteen or fifteen Miles long, and ſix or ſeven broad, and this Journey containing about half the Length, and all the Breadth of it, beſides the Loſs of Way by *Creeks* and *Turnings*. I lay *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, becauſe they lie near together, being joined together by a Bridge, in *Fuller's* Maps, like *Southwark* and *London*; both of which Places, according to our Saviour's Prophecy, now lie buried in *Duſt* and *Ruins*; the Pilgrim, who ſaw 'em, telling us, that even *Capernaum* it ſelf is now nothing but three or four little *Fiſhing-Cabins* near the Lake.

221. *For Angels Food they long.*] It ſeems the Jews deſired our lord to give 'em *Manna*, which they *tacitly* beg, St. *John* 6. 31. and more plainly *v.* 34.

263. Joſeph *the* Carpenter *has oft work'd here.*] I know the Word τέκτων, as well as *Faber* in the Latin, has a larger ſignification than our Engliſh *Carpenter*, and ſome of the Fathers were of Opinion, that *Joſeph* was *Faber Ferrarius*, a *Blackſmith*, as he's called in the *Hebrew Goſpel* of St. *Matthew*; but the greater ſtream of Writers goes the other way, ſuppoſing him a *Carpenter*: thus *Juſtin-Martyr*, who affirms that our Lord himſelf did make *Ploughs* and *Yokes*, and indeed he is called τέκτων, St. *Mark* 6. 3. and therefore, it may be preſumed, actually wrought at his Father's Trade. And to the ſame purpoſe the famous Anſwer of the Chriſtian to the *ſcoffing Heathen*. As for *Joſeph's working at Capernaum*, I confeſs 'tis my own Addition, tho probable enough; for if he were a *Good Workman*, as I know not why I may n't ſuppoſe him, he might be ſent for from *Nazareth* thither, not above ſome twelve Miles diſtant.

264. *His Mother* Mary, *his* Relations *near.*] Theſe Relations of our Lord, call'd his *Brethren* in Holy-Writ, according to the Jewiſh way of ſpeech, ſeem to be no more but his *Couſin Germans*, or ſons of his *Mother's Siſter*; for ſhe that's called the Mother of *James* and *Joſes*, St. *Mark* 15. *ult.* and 16. 1. is ſtiled *Mary* the Wife of *Cleophas* and *Jeſus's* Mother's Siſter, St. *John* 19. 25. For which reaſons there's no need of taking the famous ἐως ἂν in that ſame ſence with *Helvidius* and his Followers: not but that I think full as bad Arguments are made uſe of, even by ſome of the Fathers, and by *Walker*, and other Moderns, to prove the *perpetual Virginity*. To inſtance in that *Ezek.* 44. 2. *This Gate ſhall be ſhut, it ſhall not be opened*, &c. tho they might as well have prov'd it from *Gideon's Fleece*, or the *Buſh* in *Horeb*, both of which *Vida* makes Types of the Bleſſed Virgin, *Hæc Virgo eſt rubus ille*, &c. and it's a wonder none of her zealous *Idolizers* ha'nt all this while found out that

Text in the following *Ezek.* 46. 3. to enforce her *Adoration, The People of the land ſhall worſhip at the door of this Gate before the Lord*; the ſame *Eaſt-Gate*, as appears on comparing the places. This, I ſay, might, in my judgment, be as *properly* and *decently* urg'd for her *worſhip*, as the other for the purpoſe to which 'tis brought. The beſt on't is, this *Matter of Fact* can be no Article of Faith, either of one ſide or t'other, ſince nothing's ſaid on't in Scripture. For which reaſon it ſhould ſeem 'twas only a peice of *Monkiſh Zeal* that made *Helvidius's* miſtaken Opinion a *downright Heriſie*: an Extremity thoſe *ill natur'd* Hermits were driven upon out of an abundant Caution for their *darling Doctrine* of *Abſtinence* in thoſe matters, in which many of 'em ſeem more than *half-Gnoſticks*, or *Priſcilianiſts*, if not akin to thoſe mad Hereticks, the *Valeſii* and *Severiani*, of whom *Euſebius*, *Eccl. Hiſt. lib.* 4. *cap.* 27. and *Epiphanius*, *Hereſ.* 58.

287. *An hidden ſecret Sence my Words imply.*] S. *John* 6. 63. *It is the Spirit that quickneth, the Words that I ſpeak unto you they are Spirit*, &c.

289. *Nor this can their falſe Prejudice prevent.*] It ſeems plain, that the Jews underſtood our Saviour's Words, *I am the Bread of life*, in a groſs, carnal, literal Sence, ſounding to *Tranſubſtantiation*; which Miſtake our Saviour endeavours to rectifie, but they continued obſtinate, and would not give him leave to underſtand his own Words.

307. *I know the Wretch who will his Lord betray.*] *v.* 64. *Jeſus knew from the beginning who ſhould betray him.* This being a wonderful Inſtance of his *Humiliation* and *Submiſſion* to the *Divine Will*, that in obedience unto it, he choſe ſuch a Perſon for one of his Family, as he knew from the very firſt wou'd prove a Traitor.

310. *Soon will he with baſe Slanders me accuſe, —— Soon will the Fiend*, &c.] I take the Word διάβολος here, *one of you*, namely *Judas*, *is a Devil*, in the largeſt ſence, as 'tis uſed in the Sacred Writings, anſwerable to the Hebrew, שָׂטָן, which ſignifies, as Dr. *Hammond* and *Grotius*, among other things, an *Adverſary in Foro*, a Delator, an Informer, an Accuſer, eſpecially a falſe Accuſer; ſo here, διάβολος, ſays one, is as much as *qui deferet me apud Principes*, One that will *accuſe me to the Elders.* But I underſtand it in a yet *ſtronger Sence. He is a Devil*, that is, our Saviour ſaw he was already given up to the Power of the *Evil Spirit*, who would, at the *laſt Supper*, enter into him, tempting him to betray his Maſter; and indeed, without ſome ſuch Diabolical Inſtigator, 'tis hard to ſuppoſe any thing humane could be capable of ſuch a piece of *Villany*

315. *What in thought —— I ſcarce could track, each mighty* Wonder *wrought*] Agreable to St. *John*'s Hyperbole, St. *John* 21. 25. *And many other things did Jeſus, which if they ſhould be written every one, I ſuppoſe the World would not be able to contain the Books that ſhould be written.*

327. *A rich and powerful Lord,* Chuza *his Name.*] *Lightfoot*, *Walker*, and others, think that the *Nobleman*, St. *John* 4. 46. whoſe Son was ſick at *Capernaum*, was no other than that *Chuza* the Husband of *Joanna*, who miniſtred to our Saviour and his Apoſtles, St. *Luke* 8. 3. which Opinion I follow, for reaſons which will be plain in *Lib.* IV.

370. *He ſaw, and lov'd, and won her for his Bride.*] The Courtſhip, I confeſs, ſhoul'd, in decency, have taken up more time; but that I've greater Buſineſs on my hands, and muſt therefore omit that Formality.

391. *That through the* Galilean *Coaſts, —— Our Lord was ſeen returning.*] S. *John* 4. 43. *After two days, he departed thence*, (from the Coaſts of *Samaria*) *and went into Galilee.*

398. *When near ſmall* Jiphthael's *Streams, our Lord he'd found.*] A Brook of that name in *Galilee*, the ſame, I think, with *Shibor-Libanus.*

453. *To bridle hot* Capernaum's *Youth.*] The *Centurion* being fixed in this place, there ſeems little doubt, but that 'twas a *Station* of the *Romans*, of whom there was need enough in that factious Country of *Galilee*, whereof *Capernaum* was one of the moſt conſiderable Places, if not the *Metropolis.*

472. *Near where* Callirrhoe's *Streams*, &c.] *Joſephus* deſcribes theſe *Waters*, both in his *Antiq. lib.* 8. *cap.* 17. and in *Bell. Jud. lib.* 7. *cap.* 25. He ſays, "They ariſe about *Machærus*,

" *Machærus*, from two Springs of contrary Natures, one hot and ſweet, the other " cold and bitter; which meeting together, have many excellent Virtues, giving " Help, both by drinking and bathing, for ſeveral Diſeaſes: tho' *Herod the Great* try'd 'em in vain, by the Advice of his Phyſicians, they being like to kill inſtead of curing him. Theſe Waters are ſo plentiful, that they not only run off, but make a fair Current, or *River*, on whoſe Banks ſtood the ancient City *Laſha*, afterwards *Callirrhoe*, whence the Baths themſelves are named, being ſtiled by *Joſephus*, the Baths of *Callirrhoe*, as our *Tunbridge-Waters* take their Name from the Town, tho' 'tis ſome *Miles* diſtant from them.

488. *With ill directed Prayers, devoutly made.*] From *Cowley's*, *With good and pious Prayers directed ill.*

490. *Vows he'd* a Cock.] A noted Sacrifice to *Æſculapius*; I ſuppoſe, becauſe while a *Mortal Quack*, the Good Women us'd to preſent him with a *Pullet* or *Cockrill*, now and then for a *Fee*.

492. *But the poor Marble Idol*, &c.] *Æſculapius* his firſt Seat was at *Epidaurus*, thence, in a great Plague, his Godſhip was ſent for to *Rome*, or the *Devil* in his ſtead; for *Ovid* ſays, a great Serpent appear'd in the Ship that was ſent to fetch him thither. But above all their fooliſh Gods, I wonder what good Wife firſt deified the Son of this *Æſculapius*, I mean *Machaon*, who, it ſeems, got a Lift among the Stars for nothing leſs than inventing the moſt *excellent Art of Tooth-drawing*.

513. Jairus *for him and other Friends implore.*] St. *Luke* 7. the Centurion ſent the Elders of the *Jews*; the *Rulers* of their Synagogues were choſen out of theſe Elders; one of theſe Rulers was *Jairus*, with whom undoubtedly the Centurion was *intimate*, ſince he himſelf had built the *Jews* a *Synagogue*.

565. *Or at the lovely* Balſam Gardens *nigh.*] For which the *Jews* quarrelled with the *Romans*, vid. *Joſeph.*

584. *Soon did th' Old Man the joyful Tydings know.*] In the Hiſtory thus, *Be of good comfort, for behold he calls thee.*

597. *A thick and churliſh Skin.*] I ſuppoſe it a ſort of a *Catarract*.

608. *Nor ever ſaw, till then, the chearful Light.*] He was *born Blind*, and therefore his Cure ſuch a Miracle, as *Grotius* obſerves, as was unanſwerable, after all the Cavils of the *Jews*.

625. *Whence them he ſelf-condemn'd and bluſhing ſent.*] St. *John* 8. 9. *Being convicted by their own Conſciences, they went out*, &c.

629. *'Twas at the famous Pool, well known to all*——Jeruſalem.] 'Tis hardly to be ſuppoſed ſo Remarkable a Thing could be unknown to any about *Jeruſalem*, any more than that St. *John*, who was an *Eyewitneſs* of all, would invent ſuch a Story, had it not been true. Our *Lightfoot*, I think, gives the moſt probable Reaſon for the Silence of the *Jewiſh Writers* in this matter; namely, " That the " wonderful Virtue of theſe Waters, might be reckon'd as a Sign of the *Meſſiah's* " Coming; *Miracles* being expected as a Token of his *Reign*; for which Reaſon, he thinks, the *Rabbies* never mention it.

635. *You know from Heav'n ſome courteous Angel brings.*] That 'twas a real *Angel*, not the *Prieſt's Boy*, which wrought theſe Miracles, *Grotius* brings theſe following Arguments: " 1. 'Twas done at a certain *ſet time*. 2. *All Diſeaſes* were *cured*. " 3. The Waters were firſt to be *moved*, whereas in *natural* Cures they muſt be " *calm*. As for the firſt and laſt of theſe Arguments, the odd *Hypotheſis* which a very excellent Perſon *ſtumbled upon*, in relation to this matter, abſolutely precludes them; but the ſecond, I think, is unanſwerable; he endeavours indeed to avoid it, explaining *all* Diſeaſes by *ſome*, the Word *whatſoever* there denoting, as he thinks, a *limited Univerſality*, referring to the Diſeaſes after-mentioned, the *Blind*, *Halt*, *Wither'd*, &c. But neither will this do; for tho' there may be a kind of a Virtue, in the *Remedies* he mentions, againſt *Lameneſs*, I believe 'tis a new Diſcovery that they're good againſt *Blindneſs* too.

668. *Nor does the old* Traditions *blame, but where*, &c.] He bids his Diſciples,

Whatever the Phariſees commanded, that to obſerve and do; that is, undoubtedly, in Caſes *indifferent*, ſince he was very ſevere againſt 'em, as in the Buſineſs of *Corban*, where they made God's *Word* of none effect by their own *Traditions*.

673. *And a good Life, true Faith's unfailing* Teſt.] From that of our Saviour, *Ye are my Friends, if ye do whatever I command you.*

677. *Now in ſome lively Parable —— As ancient Seers us'd.*] Thoſe who would know the difference between the παραβολαι and παροιμιαι of the Ancients, wherein conſiſted all their *Wiſdom*; and the Parts of the παραβολη, the πρότασις and ἀντιπόδοσις, may conſult *Grotius* on St. *Matth.* 13. Theſe Parables, Apologues, Similitudes, or Fables, were much uſed by the Eaſtern Nations, eſpecially the *Syrians*, and thoſe of *Paleſtine*; who, as St. *Jerome* obſerves, ſeem to have a particular *Genius* for them.

694. *Neither on* Honour *he, or* Conſcience *ſtood.*] The ſame with, *He feared not God, nor regarded Man.*

750. *Ten thouſand Talents to his Servant lent.*] Which, unleſs I'm out in my Calculation, ſuppoſing the Talent but Silver, is, three Millions ſeven Hundred and fifty Thouſand Pound.

843. *Touch not my Holy Robes.*] His *Fringes* and *Phylacteries*, and ſome wore a huge *flapping Hat* beſides.

855. *Which almoſt equal makes thy time and mine.*] The *Jews* faſted *Mondays* and *Thurſdays*; from a Tradition among them, as *Druſius* has it, that *Moſes* went up to Mount *Sinai* on a *Monday*, and came down on a *Thurſday*.

905. *Not ſo the Younger, who profuſe and vain.*] *Grotius* juſtly obſerves, that among all our Saviour's Parables, this ſeems to be the moſt excellent, adorn'd with the fineſt Colours, and full of the livelieſt Paſſions, " *appoſitum*, ſays he, *in Juniore* " *ponitur Exemplum depravati Ingenii*, Youth having generally leſs *Wiſdom*, and more *Paſſion* than other Ages.

Ibid. *Not ſo the Younger, who profuſe and vain.*] By *profuſe* I would expreſs the ζῶν ἀσώτως, living prodigally, lewdly, vainly, or *naughtily*, *nequiter*, which *Grotius* thinks exactly hits the *Greek* ἀσώτως, after which, *v.* 14. 'tis ſaid, *He began to be in Want*, ὑστερεῖσθαι, which, methinks, from the notation of the Word, ſhould be tranſlated to *run behind hand*, or *run out*, as we uſually ſay.

1004. *One only who more Kindneſs had profeſs'd.*] I confeſs, I thought this might have been ſome good Subſtantial *Citizen*, of his former *Acquaintance*; but *Ludolfus*, on thoſe Words, *Civi ſe adjunxit*, (ἐκολλήθη, was a ſort of a *Hanger on*) tells us, " by this Citizen was meant the *Devil*, the Inhabitant of the Kingdom of Dark- " neſs, and the Shadow of Death.

1008. *And ſends him to the Fields, his Swine to feed.*] *Quo nullum vilius Miniſterium*, ſays *Bochart de Porcis*; who alſo tells us, out of *Donatus*, that there were three ſorts of *Paſtors* among the Ancients, *Bubulci*, our *Cowherds*, from whence the *Bucolics*, now the Name for all *Paſtoral*; the *Opiliones*, our proper *Shepherds*, the chiefeſt Subjects of our *Engliſh Paſtoral*, tho' I think leaſt of the *Greek*; the *Caprarii*, or *Goatherds*, famous with the *Grecians*. But of *Swinherds* there's no mention, either in *Theocritus* or *Virgil*; tho' what's greater, Grandſire *Homer* has made *Eumæus* immortal who was *Swinherd* to *Ulyſſes*, vid. *Odyſſ. Lib.* 22.

1111. *On Acorns they or Wildings.*] There's much diſpute what's meant by theſe κεράτια, which we render *Husks*, the Latin *Siliquas*. Some think 'em the Shells or Husks of Beans, Peaſe, or ſuch Pulſe, which pleaſes not *Bochart*, becauſe he ſays, out of *Theophraſtus*, thoſe are not called κεράτια, but λόβοι. Others make them the Fruit of the *Caroub*, or *Wild Fig-tree*. But leaving the Learned to agree among themſelves, I take a new way of my own, feeding 'em with *Acorns* and *Crabs*, as probable in it ſelf as either of the other.

1061. *A mark of Honour, he no more a Slave.*] A *Ring* was a mark of *Liberty* and *Ingenuity* with the *Romans*, and *Wealth* and *Honour* in the *Eaſtern Nations*, vid. *Gen.* 41. 41. and St. *James* 2. 2.

1062. *Then bids a noble Feaſt, that Night provide.*] The μόσχος σιτευτός, the *fatted Calf*, may be put, in the πρότασις of this Parable, for all ſorts of *Dainties*, in the

the ἀπόδοσις, *Maldonat* ſays, all Interpreters agree, that our *Saviour* is thereby intended.

1067. *And* Seraphs *ſing to* David's *Royal Lyre.*] *David*'s Pſalms were ſung in the Temple, where the Angels were preſent.

1070. *The Sober Glaſs, with ſparkling* Gaza *crown'd.*] We are not to ſuppoſe they made a *Dry-Feaſt*; but that when they had *Muſick* and *Dancing*, they had a Glaſs of *Wine* too; which ſure was *innocent*, if a *ſober* one: as honeſt *Theognis* ſays bluntly,

Οἴνου τοι πίνειν πολὺν, κακόν, εἰ δέ τις αὐτὸν
Πίνῃ ἐπισταμένως, οὐ κακὸς, ἀλλ' ἀγαθός.

1071. *Grateful to God and Man.*] To God in Sacrifices, *Judg.* 9. 13. and *Num.* 28. 14.

1075. *He Lights did ſee.*] Coming from Work, it muſt be now in the Evening, and Lights in the Houſe, tho', I ſuppoſe, not like our *Illuminations*.

Ibid. *And Songs and Muſick heard.*] We read, *Muſick and Dancing*, in the Original, Συμφωνίας καὶ χορῶν. *Camero*, *exultantem Cœtum*, or *concinentis Cœtus Carmina*.

1108. *Whom given for* dead.] Thoſe are called νεκροὶ, *dead*, in the Holy Scriptures, who are loſt in Vice, or *dead* in Treſpaſſes and Sins. So *Philo* defines the Death of the Soul, the Deſtruction of Vertue; and *Pythagoras*, as *Hammond* on the Place, was wont to erect *Cenotaphs*, or *empty Tombs*, for thoſe that left him.

1136. *We from the hardned Crowd ſome Truths muſt hide.*] *Jeſus ſpake in Parables for the Hardneſs of their Hearts.* vid. *Hammond* on St. *Matth.* 8. *Not.* b.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Sixth BOOK.

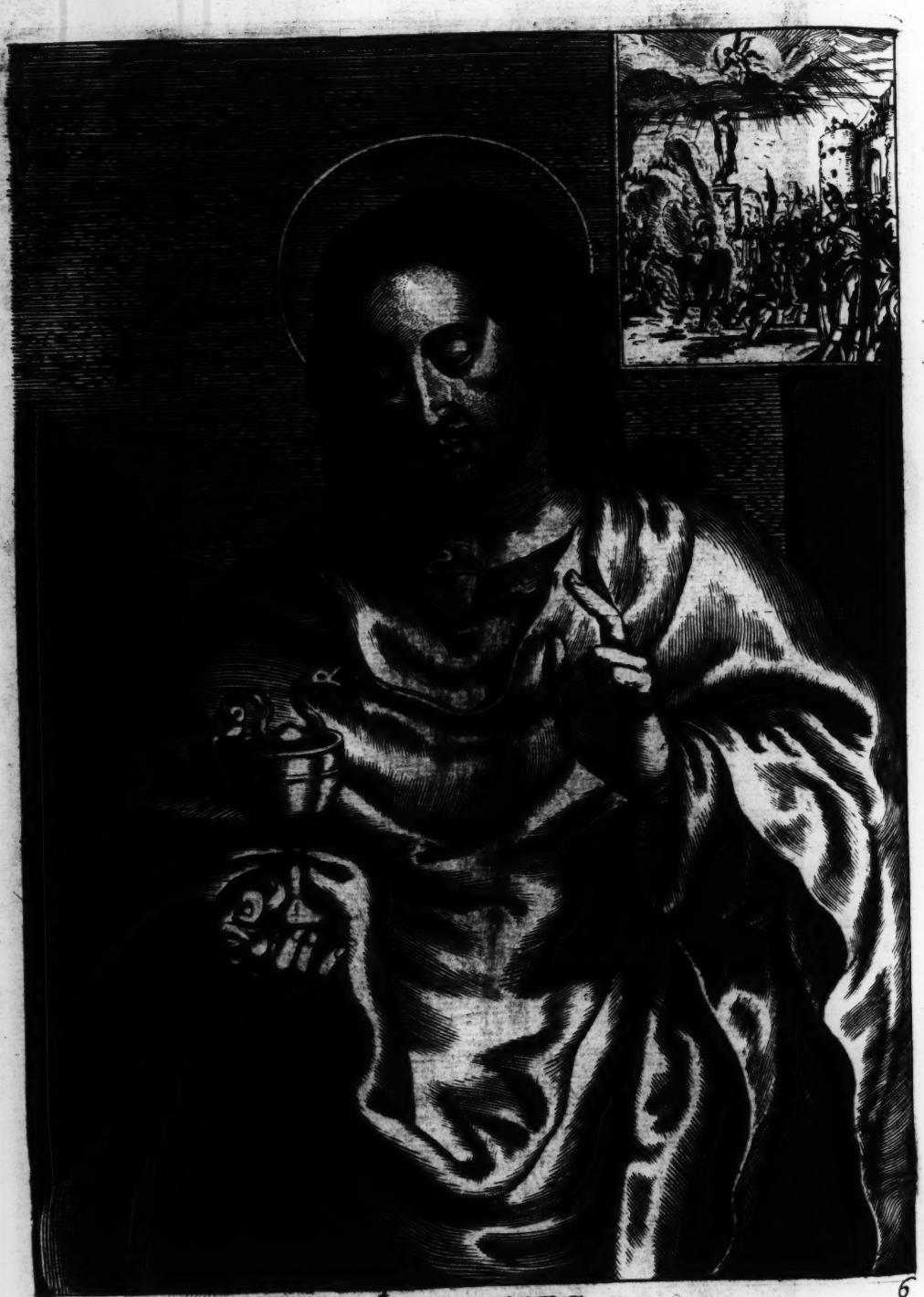
ST. John, *in a Pindarique Ode, aſſerts the Divinity and Eternity our Saviour, as he has done in his Goſpel and Epiſtles; deſcribing the* Trinity *in the greateſt part of the three firſt Stanza's; the* Creation *of the World by the* Son *in the fourth; the* Fall *and* Reſtitution *in the fifth and ſixth; Proving our Saviour's* Exiſtence *before his* Birth, *by his appearing to, and converſing with, the Patriarchs in* humane Form, *in the ſeventh; and like an* Angel *with the* Iſraelites *in the eighth; further, in the ninth, proving him to be* God *by* Iſaiah's *Viſion and Prophecy; and that he, ſome way or other, enlightens all Men, in the tenth; as he is the* Divine Word, *and* Eternal Eſſential Reaſon.

The Centurion appears ſurpriz'd at his Diſcourſe, thinking he had been deeply read in the Platonic Philoſophy, *the* Sibyls, *&c. and wondring to find ſo much* Learning *among the* Jews, *whereas they were repreſented, both by* Grecian *and* Roman *Hiſtorians, as a mean*

mean and ignorant People: Gamaliel *ſets him right, and tells him, that though 'twas true, what the Diſciples knew, was miraculous; yet the* Jews, *not only had all parts of* Philoſophy *amongſt them, but that they were alſo the firſt* Learned Men *in the World, and both the* Grecian *and* Roman *Antiquities originally came from them. Of which the* Roman *appearing very diffident,* Gamaliel *inſtances more particularly, and proves the* Heathens *had their very* Gods, *their* Hiſtory *and* Poetry, *and other* Learning *from the* Eaſtern Nations, *as they from the* Jews; *beginning his Diſcourſe on that Subject with a Diſquiſition concerning the firſt* Riſe of Idolatry, *and ending it with Praiſes of the Antient* Poetry, *which* Linus *and* Orpheus *firſt brought from* Phœnicia *into* Greece; *adding, that even as far down as their own* Ovid, *their Poets borrowed their* Matter *from the* Hebrew *Prophecies and Hiſtories. The* Centurion *owns himſelf convinc'd with the Reaſonableneſs of his* Aſſertions, *and Clearneſs of his* Evidence, *only thinks he is too ſevere againſt all the* World *beſides his own* Nation, *on the account of their* Image-Worſhip; *which, tho' himſelf had left, he had yet more* Charity *for thoſe that us'd it, pleading, the* very Images *were not worſhip'd, but the* ſupreme God *by them, and urging all the common Shifts, made uſe of on that Topick. All which* Gamaliel *anſwers, and cloſes his Argument with the* ſecond Command, *wherein all ſuch Worſhip was expreſly, and unanſwerably condemn'd. The* Roman *rejoins, that it's not fair to bring* Scripture *againſt them, when they themſelves wo'nt abide by it, as the* perfect *and only Rule of* Faith *and* Life, *the* Phariſees *not only equalling their* Traditions *with it, but exalting 'em againſt it. To this* Gamaliel *replies, He'll diſpute no further on that Head, but if they deſired to hear what could be ſaid in defence of Traditions, he had a Pupil eager enough for 'em, and learned above his Age, and, if 'twere poſſible to be done, able to defend them, and whom he'd call in for that Purpoſe. On their agreeing to his Propoſal, and St.* James's *undertaking to manage the Diſpute,* Paul *of* Tarſus *enters, warmly urging the Common Arguments for* Tradition *and* Infallibility, *againſt the Scriptures, and Judgment of Diſcretion or Private Reaſon, which St.* James *anſwers, and withal propheſies, that he himſelf ſhall become as* ſtrenuous a Defender, *as now he was a forward* Oppoſer *of the* Chriſtian Faith. *After he has left the Room in a Rage,* Chuza, *being pleas'd with the Diſcourſes he has already heard, and finding ſome of the* Sadducees *Opinions and Arguments, which he could not yet well anſwer, deſires Liberty to propoſe them, in order to his intire ſatisfaction in thoſe Matters: and, Leave obtain'd, produces their received Tenets and Arguments againſt* immaterial Subſtances, *the* Reſurrection, *and future* Puniſhments *and* Rewards; *to which* Joſeph *of* Arimathea, *and* Gamaliel, *return him ſatisfactory Anſwers. After which St.* Peter *ſubjoins other Proofs, taken from our Saviour's Miracles and Diſcourſes, and that they had not only heard him aſſert there were* Evil Spirits, *but had ſeen him caſt them out; concluding with the Parable of* Dives *and* Lazarus. *Which ended, the Company breaks up, and the three Diſciples return to our Saviour.*

THE





6

S. IOANNES.

Book: 9: pag: 183.

N.° 38

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK VI.

I.

* LOE! th' *Eternal Word* I ſing, John 1.
Whoſe *great Spirit* my *Breaſt* in-
ſpire!
Whilſt I touch the ſounding *ſtring*,
Tune, ſome *Angel!* Tune my
Lyre!
Riſe, my *Eagle-Soul!* ariſe!
Mount and *mean* thy *Native Skies*,
And view th' *eternal Sun* with thy *ambitious Eyes!*
(If once *direct* his *Glories* on me *ſhin'd*,
How gladly wou'd I be for *ever Blind?*)
Let thy firſt bold *Eſſay* be,

What

What wou'd employ *Eternity*,
To ſing the *Father* of the *World* and *Thee*:
—In the *beginning* of his *endleſs now*,
Before this beauteous *World* was *made*,
Before the *Earths* Foundations laid,
Before th' *officious Angels* round his *Throne* did *bow*;
He *was*, he ever *is*, we know not *how*.
No mean *Succeſſion* his *Duration* knows, *
That *Spring* of *Being* neither *ebbs* nor *flows*:
No *Point* can mortal *Thought* aſſign,
In his *interminable Line*,
Nor our ſhort *Compaſs* meet the *Circle All-divine*.

II.

Whatever *was*, was *God*, e'er *Time* or *Place*; *
Endleſs *Duration* he, and boundleſs *Space*:
Fill'd with himſelf, wherever *Thought* can pierce
He *fill'd*, himſelf alone the *Univerſe*.
One undiſſolv'd, nor ceaſes to be *One*, *
Tho' *with him* ever reigns th' eternal *Son*.
In his eternal *Mind* conceiv'd,
Not to be *argu'd*, but *believ'd*. *
Down goes my *Reaſon*, if it dares *Rebel*,
As the ambitious *Angels* ſunk to *Hell*.
Ineffable the *way*, for who
Th' *Almighty* to *Perfection* ever knew?
But he himſelf has *ſaid* it, and it *muſt* be *true*.
The *Fathers Image* he, as *great*, as *bright*,
Cloth'd in the ſame *unſufferable Light*;
More *cloſely* joyn'd, more *intimately one*
With his *great Father*, than the *Light* and *Sun*. *
Equal in *Goodneſs*, and in *Might*,
True *God* of *God*, and *Light* of *Light*:
Him, *with* the *Father* we *adore*;
There is no *After*, or *Before*. *
Equal in their *Exiſtence* have they been,
Nor ever did the *Son* begin;
No room for one ſhort *Moment*, or bold *Thought* between.

III. The

III.

The *Father lov'd* the *Son*, the *Spirit* came
From their conſpiring mutual *Flame*,
From *both proceeding*, yet with *both* the *ſame*.
Equal to th' *Father* and th' *eternal Word*,
The *eternal God*, th' *eternal Lord*,
With *equal Reverence* his *Great Name* ador'd.
One God, for what's *ſupreme* can be but *one*:
* *Three* more then *names*, the *Father*, *Spirit*, and *Son*.
Triad and *Monad* both, where *Faith* may find
What ſtrikes *Philoſophy* and *Nature* blind,
* *Three* Great *ſelf-conſcious Perſons*, *One* ſelf-concious *Mind*.
Who *made* the *World* is *God*, and he
Who made all *Time* muſt needs *Eternal* be.
* This by the *Spirit* did the *Son*,
The Fathers *Will* by *both* was done,
* As was reſolv'd i'th' *Conſult* of the great *Three-One*;
High on his *Throne* with dazling *Glory* crown'd
State the *All-good*, *All-wiſe*,
And with his *piercing Eyes*
Surveys wide *Fields* of *nothing* round,
Privations airy *Realms*, and *Waſt* profound.
To his lov'd *Son* ay-reigning by his ſide,
With *equal Glory* dignify'd,
Let's make a *World* he cry'd!
* Thoſe fair *Idea*'s be expreſs'd
Retain'd in our *Almighty Breaſt*.
This, mild, no ſooner ſaid
His ready *Son*, his *lov'd Commands* obey'd.

IV.

And firſt the *Heav'ns* he built; Gen. 1.
Not thoſe above we ſee
So gaily deckt in glitt'ring Bravery,
* With *Luna*'s *ſilver Waves* and *Sol*'s fierce Beauties *gilt*.
Far more *refin'd*, far more *remov'd* than they,
Their *Light* wou'd ſoon put out *Sol*'s twinkling *Ray*,

Their *Light* is *Gods* high *Throne*, ſcatt'ring *eternal day*.
The *Angels* next he made, *
In *Love* and *Flame* array'd
The *new born* Angels, chearfully adore
Their *Maker* and their *Lord* unſeen before:
Job 38. 7. Their *new-born Voice* and *Lyre* they try
In ſweet Celeſtial *Poeſy*,
In lofty *Hymns*, and Heav'nly *Harmony*.
The *Refuſe* of their *World* did ours compoſe,
Which yet's ſo *beautiful* and *bright*
Each ſcatter'd *ſpark* of Heav'nly *Light*
Falling from thence ſome *Sun* or *Planet* grows.
But firſt on the dark *Void* the gentle *Spirit* deſcends,
Firſt, *Matter wills*, then *Form* to *Matter* lends, * [*Friends*.
Firſt different *Somethings* makes, then makes thoſe *Somethings*
No longer with wild *Ferment* now they ſtrove,
O'er *Matters Waves* the *gentle Spirit* did move,
And all around was *Light*, and all around was *Love*. *

V.

After the *glorious Orbs* above were made
And *Earth*, and *Sea*, and *Air* were fram'd,
Th' *All-high* with *Pleaſure* all his *Works* ſurvey'd,
And *Man* the *King* of all his Works he nam'd:
But ah! how *ſhort* his *Reign!*
How ſoon by God who plac'd him on the *Throne*
When *Lawleſs* he and *Arbitrary* grown,
By God who had the *Pow'r* alone, *
Dethron'd again.
Ill Councellors his *Fall*, he did receive
Into his *Cabinet* the *Devil* and *Eve*.
Th' *All-high* as much as what's *Divine* can grieve
Reſents his *Fate*, and fain wou'd ſave
Both him and that fair *World* he for his *Palace* gave,
But firſt he muſt his *Juſtice* ſhow
Before he *Mercy* cou'd beſtow.
If any, asks, wou'd ſatisfie *
His *Wrath*, that *Adam* might not *dye*?
Archangels trembl'd, no bright *Warriors* there

To

To undertake the vaſt *Adventure* dare:
Rather all *Earth* and *Heav'n* they'd chuſe to bear
Than the *Creator's Wrath*, ſad Notes they ſing;
Each *Cherub* ſeems to *flag* his beauteous *Wing*;
Thoſe gentle Spirits ſoft Signs of *Pity* gave,
And mourn'd the *Loſs* of *Man* they cou'd not *ſave*.

VI.

When forth th' *Eternal Son* undaunted ſtood;
(How *vaſt*, how *infinite* his *Love*?
How deeply him did our *ſad Ruins* move?)
The dang'rous *Enterprize* to prove,
To God, to reconcile us by his *Blood*.
A *Body* he did for *himſelf prepare*;
To ſave the *World* by ſuffering there.
Nor like an *Angels*, form'd of *Air*,
Which when their *Work* on *Earth* is done,
Is the next moment into *Atomes* flown,
But *true* and *ſolid* like our own,
In all but *Sin*, like *Man*—With *Goodneſs* mild
On his lov'd *Son* the *Father* ſmil'd,
Accepts his *offer* and declares
For him the guilty *World* he *ſpares*.
Whilſt th' *accurſed Spirits* below
Trembling fear a greater *Blow*:
While the gentle *Spirits* above,
Who *Mankind protect* and *love*,
The Great *Redeemer's Glory* raiſe
In lofty *Notes* of Godlike *Praiſe*.

VII.

'Twas he who oft in *humane Form* attir'd,
Stoop'd to our *World* below.
As he our *State* would better know,
Or *Company* deſir'd.
Now *ſhorter* he, now longer *Viſits* made,
And once in *Royal Robes* array'd,
At *ſacred Salem* ſtay'd.

To him their *Gifts* obedient *Nations* bring
At once a wondrous *Prophet*, *Prieſt*, and *King*.
He *frequent*, with the Holy *Patriarchs* walkt,
With him they *eat*, with him they *talkt*.
At hoſpitable *Father Abraham's* Feaſt
He, with *two menial Angels*, once a *gueſt*,
Where the old *Sire* his Kindneſs did requite
When coming faint and weary from the *Fight*,
He him t' his *frugal Board* did call:
There *Abraham ſaw* his *Day* and did rejoyce, *
To *Heav'n* he rais'd his grateful *Eyes* and *Voice*,
And gave him *Tithes* of *All*.

VIII.

'Twas he who did the *wand'ring Jacob* guide; *
'Twas he, who met by *Jabbock's* ſide
That valiant Shepherd try'd;
His more than *holy Boldneſs* did diſlike,
And him with *gentle Lameneſs* ſtrike.
Gen. 32.25. 'Twas he to whom th' *expiring Father* pray'd,
When on his *Grandſons Head* his *Hands* he *laid*,
And begs he *them* as well as *him* wou'd *aid*.
Thus *uncreated Angel* he, *
Whom *Moſes* in the *Buſh* did ſee
When it with *lambent Lightning* flam'd,
What *Angel* elſe thoſe *Titles* durſt have claim'd,
In every *ſacred Page Adonai* nam'd.
Him *Royal Eſay* ſaw, whoſe lofty *Vein* *
Excels bold *Pindar's* Dithyrambic ſtrain,
Him *ſaw* and *lov'd*, and learnt his *Will*,
Iſaiah 6. Whoſe *Glory* did the *Temple* fill,
Officious Seraphs waited round,
And Holy! Holy! Holy! ſound.
And when with Sacred *Fire* they touch'd his *Tongue*,
Almoſt as *loud* as them he thus their *Maſter ſung*.

IX.

Iſai. 9.6,&c. " Sad *Iſrael*! *Weep* no more!
" Dry thoſe vain *Tears*, thoſe *Sighs* give o'er!

" Thy

" Thy God will thee *encreaſe*, and thee *reſtore* !
" He comes, he comes! Welcome as the ſweet *Morn*
" That follows tedious Night, the *lovely Boy* is born ;
* " The *lovely Boy*, in whoſe *auſpicious Face*
" Already opens each *majeſtic Grace.*
" With *Virtues equal* to ſo vaſt a *care*,
" *Unmov'd*, the Frame of *Heav'n* and *Earth* he'll *bear.*
" But who, alas! who can *proclaim*
" All his high *Titles*, and his *awful Name* ?
" Proclaim his *Titles* far abroad ?
" *Stupendous Wiſdom* ! O *all-pow'rful God* !
" *Eternal Father* ! for he's *one*
" With his *Eternal Son.*
" O *Salem's Prince* ! with *ſpeed* thy *Empire* gain,
" And o'er the *peaceful Nations* ever *reign* !

X.

—Tho', us, who from the World a diff'rence boaſt,
He with more *large Effuſions* does inſpire,
Not the poor *Gentiles* are entirely *loſt*,
Their *Reaſon* is a *ſpark* of his Celeſtial *Fire*:
His *Beams*, than *Sol* himſelf more *ſtrong* and *fair*,
* Enlight'ning *all*, and *every where.*
They *Life* and *Light* at once *impart*,
Thro' *Error's* ſcattering *Miſts* like *Thunder* dart
Direct the *Head*, and warm the *Heart* ;
Altho' alas ! to moſt they *uſeleſs* be,
Who, *ſtupid*, cloſe their *Eyes*, and *will* not *ſee* ;
Uſeleſs to thoſe who in the *Twilight* ſtay
When *Revelation* brings the *Day*,
Too *ſhort*, too *dim* to ſhew to *Heav'n* the *Way*,
Yet ſtill there were a *wiſer few*
Improv'd and *practis'd* what they *knew*,
Devout and *pious*, *chaſt* and *juſt*,
* And did in their *unknown Creator* truſt ;
Theſe ſhall *Acceptance* find wheree'er they *live* ;
Who well improve their *narrow ſtore*,
Kind Heaven will ſoon *indulge* 'em more,

And

And *greater Talents* give.
That *faint*, that *glim'ring Light*
Which *pierces* thro' the *Clouds*, and *ſhines* in ſpight
Of *Errors* and of *Vice's Night*,
If *follow'd* cloſe, will to ſuch *Beams* convey
Such *orient Luſtre*, ſo divine a *Ray*
As ſhall *increaſe* to *perfect* and *eternal Day*;
That this is *God*, the *Argument* ſtands fair.
It can do *all things*, and is every where,
Or *God himſelf*, or at leaſt muſt be
Some *Emanation* of the *Deity*.
The *Word Divine*, tho' not b' his own receiv'd,
Expected by the *Fathers*, and *believ'd*.
In the *Meſſia* this muſt *center'd* be,
And if conjoyn'd the *Baptiſt*, *Heav'n*, and *we*
Can ought of *Faith* deſerve, our *Lord* is *He*.

Surpriz'd a while were all the *Audience by*,
With ſuch myſterious *Truths*, *auguſt* and high,
Poeta loquitur. Beyond the reach of narrow *Natures* Rules,
Or *Roman Eloquence*, or *Grecian Schools*:
Tho' ſomething not unlike in *Greece* which you
Vid. *infra.* From antient ſacred *Hebrew* Fountains drew,
Your pleaſant *Walks divineſt Plato* knew:
Hence the vain *Heathen World*, and vainer *Tribe*
Of *Atheiſtic Fools* to thee aſcribe
Many a noble *Truth* and *Myſtery*,
More ancient than the *Grecian Name*, or *Thee*,
From all the *blinded World* before conceal'd,
And only to the *choſen Jews* reveal'd,
Nay, e'en by them kept *ſecret*, and alone
To the few *wiſe* and *good* amongſt 'em known,
To all his *Followers* by our *Saviour* ſhewn.
Hence even the *learned Doctors* they outdo,
Who *wonder'd* whence ſuch *wond'rous things* they knew:
So thoſe who here—But freer than the reſt,
Thus the *Centurion* his *Surprize* expreſt.
—That you're *good Men* is eaſily *diſcern'd*,
But I confeſs I never thought you *learn'd*:
And are the *Grecian Arts* too hither ſpread?

For

* For I perceive, Sir! you have *Plato* read!
* Nay e'en our *Virgil*, or I gueſs amiſs,
For many *Strokes* of *yours* reſemble *his*.
* Our *Sybils* too, who mingling *falſe* with *true*,
I nought believ'd till 'twas *confirm'd* by *you*.
I find our *Roman Writers*, to be free,
Unjuſtly brand you with *Barbarity*.
To whom *Gamaliel* thus *reply'd*, and *ſmil'd*:
Learning which is at *Greece* and *Rome* a *Child*,
Has been ſo long amongſt the *Hebrews* known,
'Tis at *full Age*, if not *decrepid* grown.
Egypt from us, from us the *Grecians* drew
Their *Arts*, and as their *own* they *lent* 'em you,
Who *borrow* all you *think* of us you *know*,
* From *fabling Greece*, and falſer *Manetho*,
Who by *Abuſes* cunningly provide
Their antient *Thefts* from all the *World* to hide.
What have they that's not *ours*, had all their due,
'Twere eaſie to convince you this is true.
That who the *Jews* as *barbarous* contemn,
Have *borrow'd* all from *us*, we none from *them*,
Their very *Gods*, their *antient Hiſtory*,
Their *Shipping*, and their boaſted *Poetry*.
Letters and *Laws*——Half this if you cou'd prove
Replies the *Roman*, you'd my *Wonder* move,
Till then, excuſe my *Smiles*, for Truth to tell
Yet, Doctor! I'm a very *Infidel*.
I ask no *Favour*, no *Opponent* fear
Replies the *Sage*—Lend an *impartial Ear*,
And firſt their *Gods*, with which when wand'ring wide,
Phenicia all the *Heathen World* ſupply'd.
To us their *Gods Phenice* and *Egypt* owe,
We only their true *Origin* can ſhow.
* Their antient mighty *Jao* was the ſame
With our conceal'd, *unutterable Name*,
Their falſe *Jove* from our true—*Adonai* came.
And he to whom you did a *Temple* rear,
* Was only the *Phenician Thunderer*.
Tho' skulking in as many diff'rent *Shapes*,
As when employ'd below in *Thefts* and *Rapes*.

Now

Now *Hammon* him from antient *Cham* you call,
Now *Belus* name him from our *injur'd Baal*; *
Your *Juno* has the ſame *Original*,
Howe'er *diſguis'd*, as when ſhe once did rove
O'er all the *Earth* in queſt of wand'ring *Jove*.
Whether by *Sydon* nam'd, *Baaltis* ſhe, *
Beliſama, or fair *Aſtarte* be:
Where is not great *Aſtarte* known? the ſame
Th' *Egyptians Iſis*, you *Diana* name, *
Whom when your *Matrons fruitful Pangs* invade
They loud invoking cry, *Lucina aid!* *
Now *Berecynthia*, *Mother* of the *Gods*, *
A *Huntreſs* ſhe in *Ida's ſacred Woods*;
Rhea the ſame, the ſame with both the *Moon*, *
Whoſe beauteous *ſilver Rays* make *Nights* pale *Noon*.
Thus track 'em to the *Spring* and ſtill you're *poor*,
Your *Gods* but *few* amidſt your boaſted *ſtore*,
In vain you *one poor Idol* oft *divide*,
He's ſtill the *ſame* however *multiply'd*;
The ſame in vain's in different *figures thrown*,
All your *Three hundred Joves* are ſcarcely *one*; *
From *Phenice* firſt he round the *World* did rove,
Old *Saturn*, *Moloch*, *Phœbus*, all but *Jove*.
Roundly you all *aſſert*, but Sir, I fear
The *Roman* urg'd, we little *proof* ſhall *hear*.
Sol, *Saturn*, *Jove*—You *young* and *old* confound,
In *Errors endleſs Circle* wand'ring round.
Aſtarte, *Iſis*, *Juno*—How the ſame?
What *likeneſs* in their *Worſhip* or their *Name*?
How from *Phenicians* we, and they from you
Derive their *Gods*? and if th' *Aſſertion's* true
How you'll avoid the *ſhame* of *Idols* too.
To your *Objections* freely I'll reply,
And doubt not but I them ſhall *ſatisfie*,
Rejoyns *Gamaliel*—You muſt with me bear
While firſt the *riſe* of *Idols* I *declare*.
When *Man* forgot his *God*, he ſoon began
Himſelf t' *adore*, and make a *God* of *Man*:
With God's true *Knowledge* all *good Arts* beſide,
In a few *Centuries* decay'd and dy'd:

The

The *wicked World* grew *barbarous* agen,
* As e'er the *Flood*, and *monstrous Beasts* and *Men*
Rang'd o'er the *Plains*, the *Strong* the *Weaker* awe,
Love then was only *Lust*, and *Force* was *Law*:
Amongst the rest some few *bright Spirits* arose
Who *Shield* the *Weak*, and *Force* with *Force* oppose;
Incense as well as *Praise* the *Vulgar* bring,
Nor was't enough to make a *Heroe*, *King*;
But of their *Benefactors* they devise
Prodigious *Tales*, and numerous grateful *Lies*:
A *Centaur* then who e'er a *Horse* bestrod,
And he that *kill'd* a *Bear* was made a God.
Of some departed *Father*, *Friend* or *Lord*
They first an *Image form'd*, and then *ador'd*;
While others, who above the *rest* cou'd boast
Their skill and *knowledge* of the *heavenly Host*,
How all things by the *Sun's* kind *Influence* grow,
* And *Seas*, as *Luna* bids them, *ebb* and *flow*;
What friendly *Influences* fill the *Skies*,
When o'er th' *Horizon* the sweet *Pleiads* rise,
* Or mighty *Mazzeroth*, thro' silent *Night* Job.
Scatters profuse his *Donatives* of *Light*;
These scorn'd their *Adoration* there to give,
From whence they cou'd no *Benefit* receive,
While to the glorious *Bodies* plac'd above,
* Which some thought *living*, for they saw 'em *move*;
Which chearful *Heat* and *Light* to all dispense,
* And as they *dream*, some secret *Influence*,
Which as they pleas'd, *unblest* or happy make,
To these, by a too incident mistake
To *human Minds*, they thing they *all things* owe,
Which from the first Great *Cause of Causes* flow:
These they *adore*, not *him* did them *create*,
Their kindly *properties* they celebrate.
Hence came the antient *Mythologic Tribe*,
Who secret *venerable Names* ascribe
To what they *worship'd*, tho' as *Time* roll'd on,
The *Reason* of the *Name* perhaps unknown,
Yet *Footsteps* of our *Language* still remain,
In spite of *Time* and *Ignorance* so plain,
They their first *Origin* wou'd hide in vain.

Sometimes their *Heroes* they, and *Stars* wou'd join,
And *both* t' *oblige*, they make 'em *both Divine*:
At others, they *import*, *afraid*, and *loth*
To *diſoblige* 'em, *Gods* of *Foreign* growth:
Fiſh, *Fowl* and *Beaſts* and *Man* their *Gods* they call,
Nay to make all things ſure, the *Fiends* and all. *
They'd need ſome kind of *Pantheon* now provide,
So much at laſt the *Race* is *multiply'd*,
Which neither they nor we can *Marſhal* right,
For *Truth* is *one*, but *Error infinite*:
How e'r we've yet ſome *glimm'ring Tracks* of *Light*,
Some *Marks* in moſt, which not unlikely ſhow,
From whence at firſt they *came*, where e'er they *go*.
Moſt of *Phenician growth* and *Language* be,
The *ſame* we now in fruitful *Egypt* ſee,
Firſt founded on our *Tongue*, or *Hiſtory*.
Of *Jove*, if more there need, I'll prov't agen,
Father by you eſteem'd of *Gods* and *Men*,
Now him *Baalſamen*, the *Phenicians* call
Great *Lord of Heav'n*, now *Eliun*, *Belus*, *Baal*, *
'Tis plain they only mean the *Sun*, by all.
Moloch and *Belus* is with them the ſame, *
Saturn with both, the diff'rence but in *name*; *
Theſe *one Inſcription* oft together *ties*, *
Alike their *Form*, alike their *Sacrifice*. *
To both the *Nations* their *Bœtylia* raiſe, *
And both far more for *Fear*, than *Love* they *praiſe*. *
Agen, that *Iſis*, *Io*, *Juno*, are
The *ſame*, your own *bleſt Writers* oft declare. *
The ſame their *way* of *Life*, all giv'n to *rove*, *
And *all*, (but *one* indeed,) the *Wife* of *Jove*. *
All *horn'd* alike their *Images* we ſee, *
Whence *Jove* himſelf too in the *mode* muſt be,
For *Iſis*, e'er to *Libyan Waſts* he fled,
With her own *double Crown* adorn'd his *Head*. *
But what's more plain than that ſo odd a *Dreſs*
In *Hieroglyphicks* did the *Moon* expreſs? *
Tho' ſomethiug *further* too was their intent,
Their *ſacred Ox* did *Joſeph* repreſent; *
Him then t' a *Star* they join'd, and long before

Your

Your *Rome* was *Rome*, his *Creſt* their Idols wore;
E'en their *Aſtronomy* by us was *taught*,
* By *Father Abraham* firſt from *Chaldee* brought,
* Whether from *Seth's eternal Pillars* learn'd,
Or by *Traditions* glimm'ring *Light* diſcern'd.
* To them the *uſe* of *Letters* long unknown,
* Their boaſted *Hermes* ours, and not their *own*,
* Nay e'en the old *Chaldeans ſacred Fire*,
Which *Delphos*, *you*, and all the *World* admire,
Your *Veſta*, *Perſia's Mitra*, are but *one*,
The ſame with *Moloch*, *Ammon*, and the *Sun*.
With as much *eaſe* I ſhall convince you ſoon
Aſtarte's Juno, *Iſis*, and the *Moon*:
Th' *Egyptian Iſis*, *Queen* of *Heav'n* you name
* Your *Juno*, our *Aſtarte* is the *ſame*,
* And all the *Moon*, in *Venus* all agen
You find, great *Mother* ſhe of *Gods* and *Men*.
See then whence your *Divinities* do flow!
Or *Sun* and *Moon* above, or *Men* below.
Your *Vulgar* e'en their *Images* implore,
And the leſs ſtupid *ſacred Blocks* adore;
From place to place where e'er they trav'lling come
Officious, *carry*, or they'd ſtay'd at home;
For whatſoever their *falſe Prieſts* declare,
That *Gods* meet *Gods*, fierce-juſtling in the *Air*,
Further than them their *Votaries* did *bear*,
They never *ſtirr'd* — Thus came *Aſtarte* o'er
* To *Cyprus* firſt, from the *Sidonion* ſhore,
Cypria, and *Paphia* call'd, and thence went on
* From *Iſle* to *Iſle*, and paſt *Icaria* gone
* At *Samos* touch'd, where they her *Temple* rais'd,
* And by the *Grecian Name* of *Juno* prais'd:
Whence Men the *neighb'ring Land Ionia* ſtile,
And *Samos* bears the name of *Juno's* Iſle:
* Nor far remov'd *other Erythians* live,
To whom the *neighb'ring Goddeſs Name* did give,
Fair *Erycina* call'd, when wafted o'er
By *Cytheron* to rich *Trinacria's* ſhore,
* *Melita* paſt, thence her the *Tyrians* bore.

By her *old Name* to thoſe *new Walls* they *found* *
Your *Rival Carthage* — *Weſt* to utmoſt ground;
They next proceed, *where no more World is found*;
To *Gades*, and the rich *Terteſſian ſtrand*
Arriv'd, and fierce *Geryon*'s fertile Land,
Whom their brave *Captain* ſlew in manful *Fight*,
And ſeizes his *rich Iſle* by *Conqueſt*'s *right*;
Its *Name* it *changes*, and it *chang'd* its *Lord*,
Erythia call'd, from *Venus* there ador'd; *
Now *Aphrodiſia* it the Antient's ſtile, *
Aſtarte now, now *Juno*'s ſacred *Iſle*. *
Nay, thro' *Herculean ſtraits* ne'er paſt before *
To that *new World without* their *Gods* they bore, *
Whoſe fair *white Rocks* oppoſe the *Celtic* ſhore *
Where *Cæſar* late, for *Life*, not *Honour* fought, *
And at ſo *dear* a *Price* their Conqueſt bought,
Bell and *Aſtarte known* and *worſhipp'd* there, *
And *Taramis*, the *dreaded Thunderer*. *
If back agen to *Eaſt* you turn your *Eye*,
In the *Red Sea* a little *Iſle* you'll ſpy
Which *Erythra*, the name pronouncing falſe, *
The Fabling *Grecian* for *Erythia* calls:
To *Venus* here a *Fane* the Tyrians *found*,
And gave her the whole *Iſle* as *ſacred Ground*.
From her *Aſtarte* term'd — Still further on, *
Paſt e'en the *Ethiopian Floods* they're gone,
There *early* and *undreſt* ſurpriz'd the *Sun*:
Where he *retir'd*, leſt *Mortals* ſhou'd behold,
By Heav'nly *Art* turns the bleſt *Earth* to *Gold*. *
Where *Gomer*'s *Land* thruſts out its *double head* *
To *Weſt* of *Ganges-Gulf*, e'en there they ſpread
Their *Idols* praiſe, tho' by a *different* Name,
Colias, is *Venus* call'd, tho' ſtill the ſame. *
Next more to *Eaſt*, threat'ning the *Seas* and *Skies*,
Out-ſtretch'd the *Corean Promontory* lies; *
Near where a *Town* the Natives *Cory* ſtile,
In *Taproban*, that antient *Indian Iſle*;
Which eaſily, I think may be believ'd
From *Chora*, *Juno*'s Name, their own receiv'd: *
Nor more than her has *Jove* himſelf ſtood ſtill,

First

First born to *Crete*, and then to *Ida's Hill.*
Now you at fam'd *Olympus* him might view;
Then wand'ring with the *Corybantic Crew*,
The *Thracian Samos* him did entertain,
* Where he did with the *ſad Cabiri* reign.
Thus far we 're then advanc'd, and you I've ſhown
That *Iſis*, *Juno*, *Venus* are but *one*;
As *Moloch*, *Saturn*, *Hammon* and the *Sun*,
That thoſe *choice Gods* were from *Phenicia* born
From utmoſt *Weſt*, to utmoſt *riſing-morn*:
What yet *remains* as eaſie 'tis to clear,
That they'd their very *Names* and *Language* here,
As *Greece* and *you* from them, and yet that we
Cannot be blam'd for their *Idolatry*,
Beelſamen, *Aſhteroth*, *Baaltis Baal*,
Howe'er ſince chang'd from their *Original*,
Muſt at the firſt be own'd *pure Hebrew* all.
Some Names of *God*, which the vain *Mimic Tribe*
Of *Idol-ſlaves* to their *falſe Gods* aſcribe;
(Thoſe with ſo *high an Honour* cannot *boaſt*,
At leaſt claim Kindred with the *Heav'nly Hoſt*:)
If *hard enough*, they well contented be,
For then there's ſomething in't of *myſtery*:
Like our *unutterable Name* 'twill ſhow,
Tho' not their *Prieſts* themſelves the *meaning* know.
From *Hebrew Hiſtories ill-underſtood*,
They ſometimes borrow; hence with *humane Blood*,
Barbarous, *Heav'ns angry King* they ſtrive t' *attone*,
With *Virtue* and with *Mercy* pleas'd alone.
* Hence *Moloch's cruel Food* to antient *Tyre*
Where *precious Victims* fed their *ſacred Fire*,
* Thence did the *Savage Rites* to *Carthage* come,
And thence, if I'm not miſ-inform'd, to *Rome*;
Where oft your braveſt *Youth devoted* dies,
Or them, to ſave the *Herd* you *ſacrifice*.
* The ſame *curſt Offerings* are in *Albion* made,
When of their dreadful *painted Foes* afraid.
From *Iſaac* all, whoſe *Father's Faith* to try
His *Friend* his *Son* requir'd, but wou'd not let him *dye*.
Ill Apes of what they think from us they learn,

Or

Or by Traditions *glimm'ring Beams* diſcern
Thoſe *two great Lights* our Books deſcribe, which *ſway* *
By their ſucceſſive motion *night* and *day*;
Hence by thoſe *Lights* the ſtupid *Gentiles* pray,
Now *ſeveral Hero's* they in *one* compriſe,
To ancient *Truths* new *Dreams* and *Tales* deviſe,
And oft they know not whom they *Idolize*;
Now mighty *Nimrod* they their *Bacchus* make,
Then our *great Moſes* for the *ſame* miſtake; *
Who ſometimes muſt the fam'd *Taautes* be,
The *German* and *Egyptian Mercury*.
That *Letters* did from us, and *Learning* flow
The *Elements* themſelves, conſulted, ſhow.
From us had yours their *Order*, *Names* and *Pow'rs*,
Their very *Form* not much *eſtrang'd* from *ours*.
Cadmus who taught the *Grecians* firſt to *write*, *
What was he but a *Coward Cadmonite*?
Who long in *Rocks* and *Holes* was skulking laid,
Of *God*'s and *Joſhua*'s vengeful *Sword* afraid,
Whence their old Stories, mingling falſe with true,
Make him at laſt a *Serpent*'s *Form* indue: *
Nor only this, the *Letters Colour* too
Where *large* and *great*, their *Origin* confeſs,
Their *riſe* in glorious *Tyrian ſtains* expreſs.
Thoſe *Letters* firſt to the *Phenicians* came, *
From *Grandſire Sem*, and *Father Abraham*,
Whoſe mighty *Pray'rs*, nor leſs prevailing *Hand*
Incredible! with his ſmall faithful *Band*,
Gen. 14.15. From *four invading Kings* ſet free their grateful *Land*:
Then, *Arts* and *Piety* amongſt 'em brought,
Which *Abraham Sem*, *Sem* holy *Noah* taught;
Whoſe *ſtory* learnt, like *his* they *Veſſels* wrought, *
And *coaſting*, travers'd many a diſtant *ſhore*,
E'er *Rome* was *Rome*, or *Grecia* handled *Oar*.
This he whoſe *Birth-place Samos* boaſts well knew, *
Whom *Fame* of *Hebrew Knowledge* hither drew,
Nor thought his *Blood* too dear a price, to *learn*
Thoſe *ſacred Truths* which only we *diſcern*;
Theſe once obtain'd, the *precious Treaſure* bore
To *Croton*'s Walls, and your *Calabrian* ſhore,

This

* This learn'd *Hermippus* owns, who with delight
And diligence his *Maſter's Life* did write;
This *Plato's* ſelf had done, whoſe piercing *Eyes*
Unveil'd, beheld our deepeſt *Myſteries*,
* Had that *great Man* but been as *Juſt* as *Wiſe*.
His *own* and *many* he from us *receiv'd*,
And our myſterious *Triad* he believ'd:
* His *Pſyche*, *Logos*, *En*, what can they be,
But *Elohim's* great *undivided Three*?
Who e'er his *Works* with curious *Eyes* ſurvey'd,
Wou'd there perceive a *World* of *Nothing made*,
By the *firſt Cauſe*; the *Angels*, and the *Fall*,
And *ſtrokes* of our *great Moſes* in them all.
* Whom the *firſt Legiſlator* you muſt own,
The *Founder* he of *written Laws* alone.
Nor was this *uſeful Art* by him conceal'd,
By *God* to *him*, by him to us reveal'd,
* Before *Troy's War*, as from our *Books* appears,
By many *rolling Centuries* of years.
Hence *Grecian Lawgivers* their *Pandects* drew,
Who when they of ſo *rich* a *Treaſure* knew,
* Did to our *neighb'ring* Iſles from *Greece* retire,
And ſteal ſome *ſparks* of our *Celeſtial Fire*.
* To us the *Attic Laws*, eſteem'd ſo wiſe,
* To them your old *Twelve Tables* owe their *Riſe*.
For *Poetry*, which you your ſelves *confeſs*
* An *Heav'nly Art*, and we believe no leſs;
Long e'er 'twas *ape'd* in *Greece*, we had it *here*,
And can aſſign the *Century*, the *Year*,
When our beſt *Authors flouriſh'd*, yet we ſhow
Their *Works*, which *true* and *genuine* all we know,
Within our *ſacred Archives* kept with *care*,
* Each *Line*, each *Word*, each *Letter* number'd there.
Then *Poetry* was *pure*, a *Veſtal* then,
The *Acts* of *God* ſhe ſung, and *God-like Men*;
By the *Great Sacred Spirit* himſelf inſpir'd,
And not by *Wine*, or *Gain*, or *Paſſion* fir'd:
Poet and *Prophet* then *indeed* the *ſame*,
Their *Inſpiration*, not an *empty Name*.

Paſt,

Paſt, future, preſent at one *glance* they ſee,
Gen. 49. *Fathers* their *Children bleſt* in *Poetry.*
When righteous *Heav'n* ſome monſtrous *Tyrants* crimes
Exod. 15. Aveng'd, his *Fall* they ſung in *ſacred Rhimes*;
How on the Clouds *great El'him* conq'ring rod,
And all the ancient *glorious Wars of God*;
Nor did ſuch *God-like Men* forget to praiſe,
Whom for thoſe *arduous Works* he pleas'd to *raiſe*;
Good Princes, which by *ſuffering bad*, we know
The *beſt good thing* Heav'n can on *Man* beſtow;
For *Love* they *praiſe*, not ſordid *Hopes* of *Gain*,
Reward enough to ſhare their *peaceful Reign.*
To *wicked Nations* they juſt *Plagues* fore-tel,
But *promiſe* to the *virtuous All things well*;
And *Heav'n* with *Signs* atteſts their *Oracle.*
This ſaw th' *Arch-Fiend*, and better to beguile
The *Nations*, ſtrove to *ape* the *ſacred Style.* *
But *ill* at firſt ſucceeded the *deſign*,
His Prieſts *invoking* him, and all the *nine*,
With much of *pain* wrung out one *doggrel Line.* *
Rough and *deform'd* with eaſe their *Author* known,
Ev'n *Envies* ſelf wou'd think 'em *Satan's own.*
Ah! had he *ſuch* a *Poet* ſtill *remain'd*,
He ne'r had thus the cheated *World enchain'd*:
Some *Renegadoes* to his ſide he drew,
Who ſomething of our *ſacred Learning* knew;
Old *Linus*, firſt enticing croſs the *Seas* *
The *Maſter* of the *Tyrian Hercules*;
Fam'd *Orpheus* next, whoſe hot *unnat'ral Blood* *
Stain'd the wild *Thracian Fields*, and *Hebrus Flood*;
His *Prieſts* and *Poets* they, his *rites* attend,
File his rough *Verſe*, his *frightful Style* they mend;
And that they might not him *ungrateful* call,
He to requite 'em, made 'em *Laureats* all.
Aided by them his *Idol-worſhip* ſpread,
And all the World ador'd the *Stars* or *Dead*:
Yet all by *Rote* they *ſung*, the *Prince* of *Night*
Yet had not taught his *Votaries* to *write*:
Nor he himſelf, who next ſucceeded theſe
The *Grecian Bard*, old *Meleſigenes*

His

His *Works* e'er ſaw to *written Rolls* conſign'd
Worſe than the *Sibyls*, wand'ring in the *Wind*,
* But *leaning* on a *Staff*, (the *Bard* was *blind*)
T' his *Harp* he ſung, his *Follow'rs* do the ſame,
Thence *Rhapſodies* his ſcatter'd *Fragments* name.
But to whatever *diſtant Fields* they've gone,
Our *Siloam* firſt ſupply'd their *Helicon*.
Something of the firſt *Taſt* there ſtill remains,
Tho' *ting'd* with paſſing thro' ſuch *various Veins*.
* Hence his fam'd *Chaos*, drew th' *Aſcræan Sage*,
And many a *God* that fills his antic *Page*.
Hence ev'n your *Ovid* his, and if y' admire
Whence we our *Learning*; we more juſtly enquire,
Whence he the *Old World's Flood*, the *New's laſt fated Fire*.
He ſaid, and paus'd — The *Roman*, — I muſt own
Far more than I could e'er believe you've ſhown,
Evincing clear to an *impartial View*
That all the *World* has been at *School* with you;
And there's ſome *reaſon* for the *Nation's Pride*,
Whom we unjuſt, as *barbarous* deride,
Far more our ſelves — But might I, Sir, be free,
For thoſe I've left, I've yet ſome *Charity*;
And in my Judgment, you *Idolatry*
Unjuſtly on 'em charge; for *Images*,
* They only make the *Properties* t'expreſs,
Of that *Great Jove* who fills the *Thund'rers Throne*,
Whom *King* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* we all muſt own.
Nor ſcarce the ſtupid *Vulgars ſelves* believe
Thoſe *Images relief* or *aid* can give;
Only deſign'd to fix the *Thoughts* and *Eye*,
And ſince at *once* we ſcarce can *mount* ſo *high*,
Or apprehend *Heav'ns boundleſs Majeſty*,
What fits frail *Mortals* ſhorter *ſteps* they take,
The *Mediums* theſe of their *Devotions* make:
This better ſtill t'attain, for this beſide
They all their *Train* of *leſſer Joves* provide;
In theſe their *Weakneſs* and their *Maker's State*
Conſult, betwixt 'em both they *mediate*,
For ſince when here, they *Mortals* ne'er did fail,
Much more the *Heroes* will, when *Gods*, prevail,

If this the *vulgar Gods*, much rather than
The *mighty Mother* both of *Gods* and *Men*,
The glorious *Queen of Heav'n* that reigns above,
The *pow'rful Mother* of our *mortal Jove*. *
Isis her ſelf, who may her *Son command*,
And ſtop the *Thunder* in his lifted *Hand*.
The faireſt *Plea* that *is*, or e'er can be,
Reply'd the *Sage*, for their *Idolatry*
You've now produc'd, and if I that *confute*,
I've then for ever *ſilenc'd* this *Diſpute*.
For what you've urg'd, and oft has been before,
That they the *very Image* don't *adore*,
I muſt *diſſent*, ſince evident we ſee
In numerous Inſtances the contrary.
From theſe all *good* they ask, all *bad* they fear,
Theſe they from *conquer'd Cities* with them *bear*; *
They to the *very Image* lift their *Eyes*,
To that pay *Incenſe*, *Pray'rs*, and *Sacrifice*;
If then their *Incenſe*, *Vows*, and *Truſt*, and *Pray'r*,
Not *proper Acts* of *Adoration* are,
We fain wou'd know *what 'tis* they ſuch *believe*?
What have they more to *Jove himſelf* to give?
Beſides, if them they *Mediums* only made,
Why ſhould not all alike *Devotion aid*?
Why glutted *this* with *Pray'r* and *Sacrifice*,
While *that* forſaken and neglected lies?
Where *foul* and *old* he, *ſour* and *wayward* grown,
Half *ſtarv'd to Death* ſits *gloomy* on his *Throne*.
Whilſt o'er his *Mouth* their *Nets* the *Spiders* ſpread,
And *Owls* and *Bats* perch on his *Godſhips* Head.
Why they the *great Diana* magnifie,
Acts 19.35. That *dropt* from *Heav'n*—Unleſs her *Prieſts* do *lye*?
To all her *Siſter Idols* her prefer,
Tho' as well made *ſubſtantial Blocks* as her?
Thoſe whom they chuſe for *greater Eaſe* and *State*,
Betwixt their *Jove* and *them* to *mediate*,
Whom they their *Demy-Gods* or *Heroes* call
Were now the *worſt* of *Men*, now *none* at all, *
Meer *fabled Names*; now *Death's* and *Hell's ſad Lord*
In *Satyr's* or in *human Form* ador'd. *

But

But grant 'em *good*, yet wou'd it, think you, be
A *Teſtimony* of your *Loyalty*
To ſnatch your *Prince's Scepter* from his *Hand*,
And contrary to his expreſs *Command*
That and his *Crown* to ſome great *Courtier* bring,
And ſeated on his *Throne*, ſalute him *King*?
Agen, if we this *baffled Plea* ſhou'd take,
That *Stocks* and *Men* they only *Mediums* make;
E'en this, if *God* himſelf a *Judg* may be,
Reaſon or *God*, is ſtill *Idolatry*.
For *Reaſon's* ſelf declares, the *Deity*
A *Spirit unbodied*, *boundleſs*, *ſimple*, *pure*,
And thence can no baſe *mimic Form* endure.
This e'en your antient *Law-givers* confeſs,
* Old *Numa's Temples* knew no *Images*.
Our *ſacred Books* in every *Page* declare,
God's *Glory* he with others *ſcorns* to *ſhare*.
All *Images forbid* in that *Command*
Spoke by th' *Almighty's Voice*, writ by th' *Almighty's Hand*,
So plain expreſt, 'twill no *Excuſe* admit,
No vain *perverſe Eſſay* of humane *Wit*.
Nor yet, replies the *Roman*, muſt I *yield*,
Once more I'll *charge* before I quit the *Field*.
No *ſolid Reaſon* e'er I yet could ſee
Why that *Command* you urge *confin'd* muſt be
To ſuch a *Senſe*, ſince God by whom 'twas *writ*
More *largely* ſeems himſelf t' *interpret* it:
Did not that *Moſes* whom you all *admire*
When *God* he *met* in *Sinai's Smoak* and *Fire*,
Obſerve his *Laws*, and his *Direction* take,
* By that, exact, your *moving Temple* make?
And did not he, as your *own Books* declare,
Place glorious *Forms* with *Wings* extended there?
Beſides, if you a *final end* of *Strife*,
A *Rule exact* and ſure, of *Faith* and *Life*,
Thoſe *ſacred Books* affirm, the *World* contemn,
How comes it you your ſelves *appeal* from *them*!
* Your *Corban* you'd unwillingly decide
By that, but take *Tradition* as your *Guide*.

The *Rabbi* thus — The *Cherubin* we *own*,
By which the *Form* of *God* was never ſhown,
But of thoſe *bright Attendance* round his *Throne*,
Theſe there by his expreſs *Command* were *wrought*,
Tho' of their *Worſhip* yet we never thought.
Not *viſible*, how can they *Idols* be,
Or *Images ador'd* we never ſee?
Vide Joſeph. *contra Appion.* None e'en o'th' *Prieſts* themſelves might *enter there*,
None but great *Aaron's mitred Succeſſor*,
And he himſelf no more but *once* a *Year*.
For what you further *argue*, to be free,
Other *Opponents* you muſt ſeek than *me*:
Corban for *Corban's* ſelf muſt *plead*, I fear,
But if their *uſual Arguments* you'd hear,
A Youth there is at ancient *Tarſus* bred,
Of *Hebrew Race*, whoſe *Father* lately dead
Him to my Charge *committed*, deeply read
In all that *Rome* or *Athens* yet have known, *
In boaſted *Grecian Learning*, and our *own*;
Deeply in all our *Principles* imbu'd,
Altho' too hot his *Zeal*, too warm his *Blood*:
In him, or I miſtake, if you're *inclin'd*
His *Force* to try——
You'll no *contemptible Opponent* find.
Gladly, *rejoyns* the *Roman*, wou'd I hear
Their utmoſt *ſtrength*, but ſince my *own* I fear,
Leſt a *good Cauſe*, and *this* I'm ſure is ſo, *
Diſgrace by an *ill Champion* undergo,
The *Argument* I gladly wou'd *tranſmit*
To theſe *good Men*, who oft have handl'd it:
Oft have they heard, with *Eloquence Divine*
This *Topic* manag'd by their *Lord* and *mine*:
(For ſince for me ſuch *mighty Works* h' has ſhown,
'Twere *baſe*, if I his *Service* ſhou'd diſown:)
Whom both at *Feaſts*, and *Synagogues* I've heard
As of *Traditions* he his *Senſe* declar'd,
And e'en your *Sect* who *teach* 'em, nothing ſpar'd.
The fair *Propoſal*, *James*, deſir'd by all
Accepts, when ſpeedy, at *Gamaliel's* call
His *Pulpit* enters, who no ſooner knows

The

The *Cauſe*, but glad his *Art* and *Zeal* he ſhows;
Thus, eager, all *Opponents* did prevent,
Full of *himſelf*, and the lov'd *Argument*.
Still were thoſe *wholſom Laws* our *Fathers* made
In *force*, nor thus *deſpis'd*, and *diſobey'd*;
Who their *Traditions* break, condemn'd, t' *expire*
* Midſt *ſhow'rs* of *Stones*, or *ſheets* of *deadly Fire*,
That wou'd the *curſt Tranſgreſſors* beſt confute,
For ever *ſilence* the *abhorr'd Diſpute*:
* But ſince our *antient Diſcipline* is broke,
Our *Shoulders* worn beneath the *Conq'rers* Yoke,
With *Reaſon's Sword* we now content muſt be;
With that alone extirpate *Hereſie*:
* Whoſe *Patrons*, ſacred *oral Truths* deny,
And to the *Scripture* ſtill for *ſhelter* fly:
* " For *Hereſies* have all the ſame pretence,
" And quote the *Scripture* in their own defence:
Thus I *demonſtrate* then from *Reaſon's School*,
* The *Word* is neither *clear*, nor *perfect Rule*.
Not *clear*—It can't the *doubtful Senſe* declare,
" When *Piles* meet *Piles*, contending in the *Air*,
" *Squadrons* of *Texts* drawn out on *either ſide*,
How ſhall the controverted *Truth* be try'd,
Without a *laſt Appeal* to ſome *unfailing Guide*?
And where ſhou'd *that*, ſearch all the *World* around,
But in th' *High Prieſt* and *Sanhedrim* be found?
Not *perfect* is the *Word*, ſince much is *loſt*
Of what the ancient *Hebrew Church* cou'd boaſt;
And *Moſes* ſelf did to the *Guides* commit
Many a ſacred *Truth* that ne'er was *writ*:
Thoſe *Cabala*, the *Fathers* did receive,
To the *great Synagogue* and *Ezra* leave,
As they to us, theſe all *Diſputes* decide,
By theſe the *doubtful Word* it ſelf is *try'd*,
They our *unerring Rule*, the *Church* our *Guide*.
" Thus ev'ry *Age* does on another move,
" And *truſts* no farther than the *next* above.
" Our *good old Doctors* always took this way,
" Each asks but what he heard his *Father* ſay,
All *doom'd* to *Death* who dar'd their Sentence *diſobey*.

Thus

Thus he, with *zealous Fury* in his *Eyes*,
To whom thus, *temperate*, the *Saint* replies.
With thoſe who are to your *ſage Sect* inclin'd,
Beyond *groſs Senſe* and *Reaſon* too refin'd,
The ſureſt way to *ſee* is to be *blind*;
That thus, their *Eyes* ſubdu'd, and *mortifi'd*,
They, with *Tradition*'s broken *Reed* ſupply'd,
May *grope* about for ſome *unerring Guide*.
That *Criminal* muſt have a *deſperate Cauſe*,
Whoſe only Plea's t' object againſt the *Laws*:
The *Statute's clear*, but thoſe it won't *acquit*
May well uſe all their *Skill* to *darken* it.
Caſt by plain *Texts*, you to your *ſelves appeal*,
By your *own Votes* declar'd *infallible*.
Reaſon and *Scripture* both alike cry down, *
Since they defend not you, you them *diſown*.
You urge not *Reaſon*, you, but its *pretence*,
Not *Scripture*, but *falſe Gloſſes* drawn from thence,
Reject — But is it not the ſame if you,
Muſt the *ſole Judges* be of *falſe* and *true*?
Reaſon you plead, if you it ſeems t' *acquit*,
But if condemn'd, its *Vote* you won't admit.
But ſtill, if *private Reaſon* you pretend
Muſt be the *Judg*, *Diſputes* will never end:
Were this *ſuppos'd*, you could but thence infer,
That *Men* muſt ſtill be *Men*, and ſtill may *err*.
Nor ſhall they that, if they with *Minds prepar'd*,
A *higher Guide* than *Reaſon*'s *ſelf* regard,
Attending, free from *Prejudice* and *Sin*,
The *Word* without, th' unfailing *Spirit* within.
Still you complain the *Scriptures* are not *clear*,
And you the *Spirits* muſt *try* before you *hear*:
Your meaning is, you fairly both *reject*,
For both *Tradition* and the *Church* erect:
But what can *eaſier* be to underſtand
Than God's own *Word*, his own expreſs *Command*?
Or what's more *plain* than that on no pretence
Deut. 13. 32. You ought muſt *add*, or ought *diminiſh* thence?
Pſal. 119. That this bleſt *Law* all *perfect* is, and *pure*,
Nor can *Tradition*'s baſe *Alloy* endure.

Perfect

Perfect as well as *clear*, approv'd and try'd,
In every part of *Life* a *Rule* and *Guide*.
In *Faith* and *Life* the *Scriptures* both avail,
Nor can you give *one Inſtance* where they *fail*.
The *juſteſt Notions* they, of *God*, impart,
And teach to *ſerve* him with an *humble Heart*,
Deſcribe the *Terms* of *Happineſs*, and more,
That wond'rous *Prince* who ſhall the *World* reſtore,
* That *Chriſt*, that *true Meſſia* we adore:
By whom, if ought from *Ages paſt* conceal'd,
The *Father*'s *Will*'s entirely now reveal'd.
If then ſome *Books* are *loſt*, (which if they are,
Where's the *High Prieſts* and *Elders* boaſted *Care*?)
This not *affects* the *reſt*, ſince ſtill we find
A *clear* and *perfect Rule* is left behind.
Much of the *Cabala*, ſo highly priz'd
* Are *Trifles* by the *Learned World* deſpis'd;
* Your *Sephiroth* are *Truths* i'th' *Scriptures* plain,
But *darken'd* whilſt you them *unfold* in vain.
Ezra and the *great Synagogue* you boaſt,
Whoſe *Doctrine* both and *Piety* you've loſt:
Much *younger* thoſe *Traditions* you embrace
Beſide the *Word*; for them in vain you'd *trace*
* One ſtep beyond the *Haſmonæan Race*.
Fallacious all thoſe *Arguments* you uſe,
And for *Infallibility* produce:
Tho' manag'd they with all your *Art* and *Care*,
They ſtill againſt plain *Fact* expreſly *bear*;
For tho' *High Prieſt* and *Sanhedrim* you ſay
Can without *Error* ſhew to Heav'n the *way*,
'Tis plain to *Senſe*, you this unjuſtly boaſt,
Themſelves in *Error* oft, or *Vices* loſt:
* Sometimes th' *High Prieſts*, as you muſt own, embrace
Th' abhorr'd Opinions of curſt *Sadoc*'s *Race*;
* The *Elders* too, as *ſacred Writ* avers,
Have *Iſrael*'s *God* deny'd, and turn'd *Idolaters*:
And can *two crooked Lines* compoſe *one right*?
Two *Finites* ever make an *Infinite*?
But what the *Fathers* told, you muſt *believe*,
Since ſuch *good Men* nor *cou'd*, nor *wou'd* deceive,

Since

Since ev'ry Age does on the other move,
" And truſts no farther than the next above:
—But the blind *Heathen* take the ſelf ſame way,
" Each *asks* but what he heard his *Father* ſay,
He *errs*, they *follow*, and ſtupidly obey.
While thoſe no *falſe* nor *dang'rous ſteps* ſhall make,
Who *Reaſon's* and the *Word's* ſafe *conduct* take;
Which them, if from their *Paths* they never ſtray,
To our *great Prophet* will at laſt convey,
Whoſe *Divine Spirit* ſhall with reſiſtleſs *might*
Soon fill the *dazled World* with Heav'nly *Light*:
Gentile and *Jew* ſhall his bleſt *Law* receive,
Vain *Idols*, and as vain *Traditions* leave:
Ev'n *you* your ſelf—Unleſs amiſs I ſee
In the *unerring Glaſs* of *Propheſie*,
You, who ſo fiercely now our *Law* oppoſe,
And think us *Gods* at once, and *Ceſar's Foes*,
Struck to the *Earth* by a kind *dazling Flame*,
Your *Conqueror* ſhall to *Gentile Worlds* proclaim, [*Name*.
And round the ſpacious Globe ſhall ſpread the *Chriſtian*
He ſaid, th' young *Diſputant* ſhot furious thence
Too *weak*, and much *enrag'd* to make *defence*.
When *Chuza* thus—You ſo *ſucceſsful* prove
In this, my *Doubts* I hope you'll too *remove*:
From a *looſe Court* to *Sadok's Sect* inclin'd, *
Some *Notions* I imbib'd which yet *diſturb* my *Mind*,
Theſe in their *uſual Words* I'll urge, nor fear *
To find a *juſt* and *candid Anſwer* here.
You know that *Sect* all *future Life* decry,
All *immaterial Subſtances* deny:
A *Spirit* they'll not *believe*, unleſs they *ſee*,
What they've no *Notion* of can never *be*,
No *Pains* for th' *ill*, or *Joys* for thoſe *live well*;
They laugh, as idle *Tales*, at *Heav'n* and *Hell*.
Thoſe diſtant *Hopes* and *Fears* alike deſpiſe,
Impoſſible to them the *Dead* ſhould *riſe*;
Much leſs, ſhou'd they an *after-ſtate* receive,
Cou'd ought therein of *endleſs Pains* believe,
Since *finite Sin* is *diſproportion'd* quite,
They think to *Puniſhment* that's *infinite*.

And



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And hard, for *Thoughts* or *wand'ring* or *impure*,
We ſhou'd t' *eternal Ages pains* endure.
This is the ſum of what they *Reas'ning* call,
The reſt *Scurrility*, and *Nonſenſe* all.
Thus, *modeſt* he *objects*, thus *calm* and wiſe,
He who of *antient Rama* nam'd, replies.
That *immaterial Subſtance* cannot be,
Becauſe *ſome* can't *conceive* 't, and *none* can *ſee*,
With eaſe is anſwer'd—*Brutiſh Atheiſts* own
They can't *conceive* a *God*, but *is* there *none*?
Ask the *received Senſe* of all *Mankind*!
Is there no *Sun* becauſe the *Beetle's blind*?
* Their *Breath*, the *Air*, their *Thoughts* they cannot *ſee*,
Yet ſtill they *Breathing*, *Thinking Creatures* be.
That *God's* a *Subſtance* 'tis confeſt by all,
Whom, but *Blaſphemers*, none *material* call:
* Matter's *extended*, *paſſive*, *finite* own'd;
If *God* be *ſuch*, he's from his *Heav'n* dethron'd,
Equal with that *vile Man* of *Duſt* he made,
Nay *lower* yet, and nearer *Nothing* laid.
He muſt have *Parts*, *Mutation* muſt prevail
O'er his weak *Frame*, " and what may *change* may *fail*.
Angelick minds who ever reign above,
Ay *hymning* the Great *Spring* of *Joy* and *Love*;
Theſe are *all Spirits*, for they, tho' *young* and *fair*
They ſeem to *Men*, dreſt in light *robes* of *Air*;
Their buſineſs done their *ſhort-liv'd Bodies* leave,
Their *elemented Form* the *Winds* receive.
Looſe from dull *matters Laws* no longer ſtay,
But the next moment *think* themſelves *away*;
Preventing ev'n th' amaz'd *Spectators Eyes*,
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *Earth* to *Paradiſe*;
And from the *Altar* oft to *Heav'n* aſpire
In *Clouds* of curling *Smoak*, and *Globes* of *Fire*.
Can you ſuch *Pow'rs* as theſe in *Matter* find?
Can ought do this, unleſs *abſtracted Mind*?
There is a *Spirit* in *Man*, th' *Almighty's Breath*;
Something *Divine*, that muſt *ſurvive* his *Death*.
Who can with *Patience* think he *all* muſt *die*,
And in dark *Nothing's* Chaos floating lye,
Who wou'd not rather wiſh a *bleſt Eternity*?

If *Man*, as *Sadoc dreams*, *all matter* were,
How cou'd he *apprehend*, *compound*, *infer*?
How *Univerſals* form, *Reflect*, or *Will*,
And on thoſe *Acts* make new *Reflections* ſtill?
How *Sciences* invent, or *Arts* deviſe,
And ev'n by *Folly* and *Miſtakes* grow *wiſe*?
How *everlaſting Poems*, *Works divine*,
Which to compoſe both *Earth* and *Heav'n* muſt join;
How theſe produce, how *weave* each *Notion* there,
And give each *ſtubborn Thought* its *Turn* and *Air*?
As ſoon wild *Atoms* into *Whirlpools* hurl'd,
Might make this beauteous *Poem* of the *World*.
A *heap* of *Letters* in a *Mirror* ſeen,
As ſoon might form great *Maro*'s *Works* therein.
If *all* were *Matter*, *Sadoc* argues well,
Wou'd no *Hereafter* be, no *Heav'n* or *Hell*?
All wou'd be *Fate*, and *Man* as juſtly then
Might *puniſh Stones*, as *God* cou'd *puniſh Men*.
But ſhan't the Judge of *all Men juſtly* do?
Shall not eternal *Truth* it ſelf be *true*?
That here things *equally* he don't *diſpenſe*,
Ev'n *Sadoc*'s *Sons* muſt own, who argue thence
Againſt his *Juſtice* and his *Providence*:
Tho' we more fairly a *future World* conclude
To *plague* th' Unjuſt, and *recompence* the Good;
Which by th' *inſpir'd* of old in every *Age*
Was fair in[illegible]b'd on many a *ſacred Page*;
Dan.12.2,3. Tho' far more *legibly* than all the reſt,
By him of *Heav'n* and *Earth belov'd*, expreſt.
Nor this *laſt Refuge* to th' *unjuſt* remains,
This *glimm'ring Hope*, that *Time* ſhall *end* their *pains*:
As ſoon the *Fiends* may break their *Iron Chains*,
As *wretched Souls* from their *ſad Priſons* riſe,
From thoſe *eternal Shades*, regain the *lightſom Skies*.
Habits of *Vice* are *Hell*, that *World* of *Woe*,
They needs muſt with 'em *bear*, *where e'er they go*:
The *loſs* of *Heav'n* is *Hell*, who baniſh'd thence,
Their *pain* of *Loſs* equals their *pain* of *Senſe*;
And cou'd they to that *bliſsful Place* repair,
Yet what, ah! what cou'd *vicious Souls* do *there*?

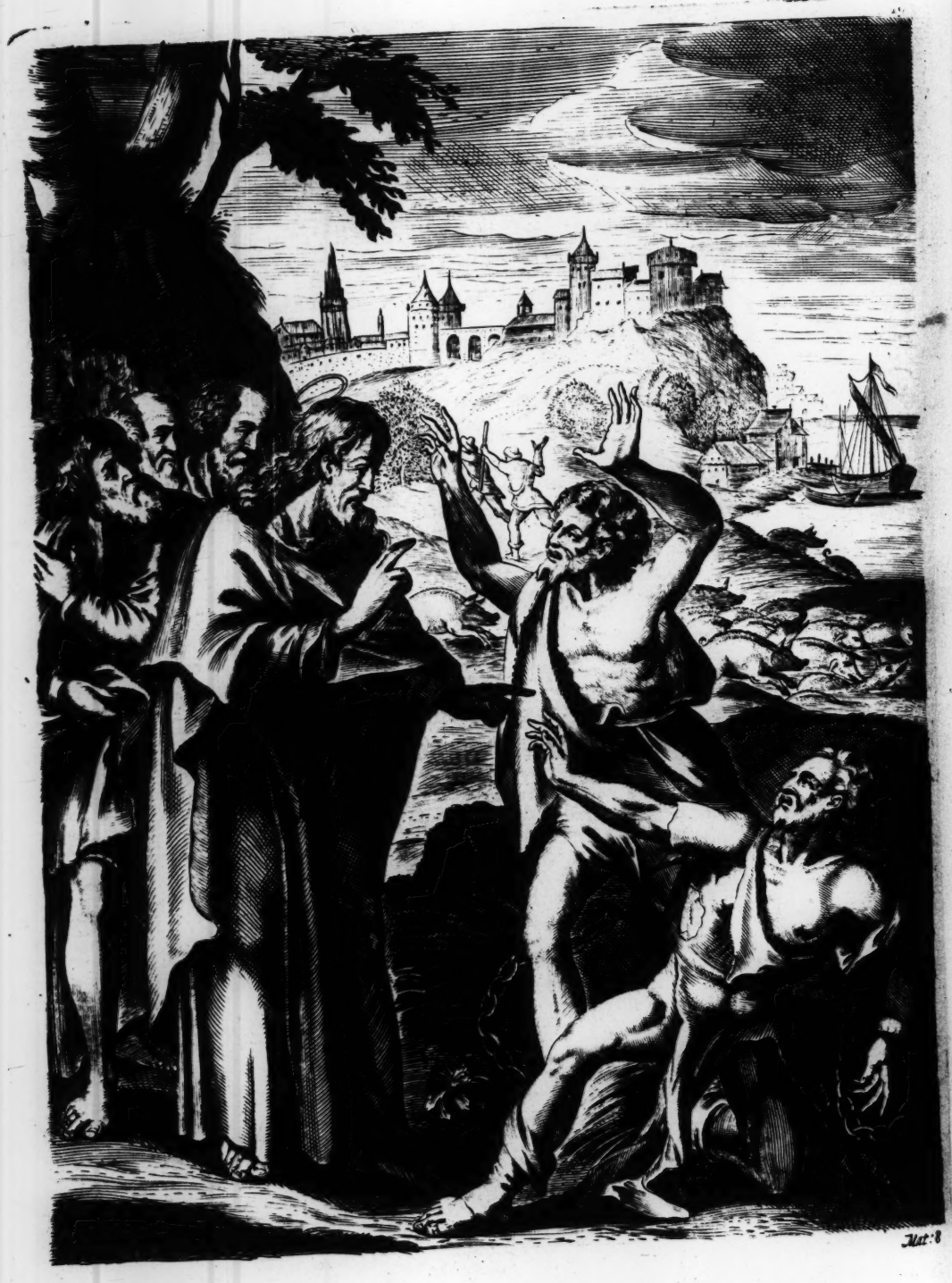
Who

Who *Life* and *Death* propos'd, the *latter* chuſe,
And a fair *Option* granted, Heav'n refuſe.
Thus he — When *Chuza* — Eaſily we learn
Thoſe *Truths* we might from *Natures ſelf* diſcern,
And you my *Faith* with ſmall Reluctance gain
T' *unmatter'd Minds*, and endleſs *Joy* and *Pain*:
But that which ſhocks *Philoſophy* and *Senſe*,
And *croſſes* all our *Notions* drawn from thence,
Is your Aſſertion that the *Dead* ſhall *riſe*,
Our *mouldring Duſt* agen enjoy the *Skies*;
Thoſe *Seeds* of things thro' *Air* and *Water* toſt,
Thro' *Earth* and *Fire*, *Bodies* in *Bodies* loſt;
That theſe ſhall be in their *old Form* rejoin'd,
Each *Atom* ſhall its *brother Atom* find:
If then there's ought your *ſacred Books* contain,
If ought in *Reaſons School* can this explain,
The uſeful *Knowledge* candidly impart,
And evermore command a *grateful Heart*.
Gamaliel thus — Who *erring minds* regain,
Their *Pleaſure* richly does reward their *Pain*;
And *Reaſons* ſelf no worſe *Succeſs* ſecures
* In thoſe ſo well *prepar'd* for *Truth* as yours.
Not that from *Nature* you clear Proofs can ſee
Of what's a ſupernat'ral *Myſtery*.
But firſt we'll prove 't, tho' from the *World* conceal'd,
By God's *unerring Spirit* to us *reveal'd*,
Then to our *Faith* the aid of *Reaſon* bring,
And prove no *Contradiction* in the *Thing*.
* The *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Pſalms*, contain
This *Truth* the *Sadducee* denies in vain.
When Fate the *Soul's* and *Body's link* unties,
* The *Spirit* ſays, Man rather *ſleeps* than *dies*:
Expreſs great *Eſay* writes the *Dead* ſhall *riſe*; Iſa. 26. 19.
When the *laſt Trump* the joyous News ſhall bring,
That thoſe who dwell in *Duſt* ſhall *riſe* and *ſing*.
Tho' this ſeems ſtrange to our *ſhort ſights* who dwell
In *mortal Clay*, with God 'tis *poſſible*.
His *Pow'r* can do what *Nature's* never can,
And *reproduce* the ſame *numeric Man*;
From various things that *Body* can reſtore

Which his dread *Word* from *Nothing made* before.
Thoſe *Seeds* of things too fine for *humane Sight*,
Tho' granted *num'rous*, can't be *infinite*;
But were they, the *Almighty* is the *ſame*,
And *knows* 'em all who calls the *Stars* by *Name*;
Each *Atom* can t' his *proper place* return,
And raiſe a *Phenix* from a duſty *Urn*.
Tho' ſhou'd he *different parts* of *matter* take,
With the *ſame Soul* he the ſame *Man* wou'd make:
The *Soul*'s the *Form*, by this *dull matter* lives,
And th' *individuating Seal* it gives;
That ſtill *ſurvives*, for what can that *deſtroy*?
The Body's *Harbinger* in *Pain* or *Joy*.
While Body's ſtill in *Flux*, ſtill looſe it flies,
Ev'n join'd to *Soul*, each *Day* 'tis *born* and *dies*, *
And when Fate calls, it thence *divided*, muſt
Scatter in *Air* or moulder into *Duſt*.
He ſaid and paus'd, all pleas'd with what he ſpoke,
When *zealous Cephas* thus his ſilence broke.
Well have you *reaſon'd*, *Fathers!* and as well
For *Truth* have urg'd *Truths* ſacred *Oracle*;
Yet *Reaſon* ſome evade by *Sophiſtry*,
Some *Scriptures* wreſt, but none can *Senſe* deny.
To this our Lord by *Miracles* appeals,
In all thoſe *Truths* which he from Heav'n *reveals*,
By *Miracles* him his Great Father *ſeals*;
Which *thouſands* can as well as we *atteſt*,
By *Friends* admir'd, by *Enemies* confeſt:
Who can by his *own Pow'r both Worlds* command,
And raiſe the *Dead* by his dread *Voice* or *Hand*;
Whom *Heav'n* and *Earth* obey, all muſt *believe*,
His *Teſtimony* all the World receive.
But never Man like him theſe *Truths* e'er taught,
He *Immortality* to *Light* has brought;
That *Heav'n* the *Good* with *endleſs Joy* ſhall gain,
The *Wicked* mourn in *Hell* with *endleſs Pain*.
As little, *immaterial Subſtance*, we
Can doubt, ſo much we've *heard*, ſo much we *ſee*.
Legions of *Fiends* we ſee our Lord obey,
Who *ſpightful* him *confeſs*, and haſt away; *

Whether





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Mat:8

Whether to their own *dark Abyss* confin'd,
Or them he in the *howling Deſart* bind;
Whether before they haunt ſome *lonely Tomb*,
Or bolder into *Towns* and *Cities* come,
And ſtrike afflicted Mortals *blind* or *dumb*.
This have *Capernaum*'s *Walls* with *wonder* ſeen,
* This from his *Hills* th' *affrighted Gadarene*,
Where to their *Saviour* they their *Swine* preferr'd,
Where *Beaſts* and *Fiends* obſcene in *Legions* herd.
Were our *Eyes falſe*, we've ſtronger *Evidence*,
And *Proof* ev'n more infallible than *Senſe*.
Theſe *Truths* did *Truth* it ſelf to us *reveal*,
Or *plain*, or in ſome lively *Parable*:
One I among the reſt *remember* yet,
And think I hardly ever *can forget*;
Still are, methinks the *Scene*'s before my *Eyes*
The *pains* of *Hell*, the *joys* of *Paradiſe*;
And were not *Day* well waſted — *Waſt!* no more
Gamaliel ſays, more earneſt than before
To hear the whole: while *Nicodemus* cries,
Thoſe only *waſt* the *Day* who, loſt in *Vice*,
The *ſliding Hours* profuſely miſemploy
In ſhort-liv'd *Pleaſures* and voluptuous *Joy*,
Who while the *ſliding Hours* fly ſwift away,
Fondly *themſelves beguile*, and not the *Day*:
But who like us their happy Sands have paſt,
'Tis they, and they alone, *Life* truly *taſt*,
They *uſe* their *Time* which others only *waſt*.
But pray proceed, ſlip not one *paſſage* o'er,
Believe we long to hear it *all* and *more*.
He thus — I'll every *Circumſtance* relate;
Thus was the *Poor-Rich-Man*'s tremendous *Fate*,
— See his luxurious Body cover'd o'er
With Royal *Purple*, fetch'd from *Tyre*'s proud *Shore*.
* The ſofteſt *Linnen* next his tender Skin,
Richly perfum'd (and need) to hide within
A loathſome *Load* of *Vanity* and *Sin*:
Arabia's choiceſt *Odors*, purchas'd thence
With the *exacteſt Care* and vaſt *Expence*;
Rich *Nard*, *Amomum*, ſacred Frankincenſe:

All

All theſe profuſely ſmoaking fill'd the Air,
As if the *Land* of *Spices* had been there,
Where nothing elſe they *burn*; the choiceſt *Fare* *
His *Tables* load, the panting *Servants* come
Half cruſh'd with their *pil'd weight* into the room:
Thoſe *Birds* with which wiſe Heav'n our *Fathers* fed,
And thought the fitteſt *Meat* with *Angels Bread*, *
As coarſer *Fare*, deſpis'd, he'd ſcarce afford
A room at th' *end* of his *luxurious Board*:
The beauteous Fowl by diſtant *Phaſis* bred, *
Almoſt as richly as their *Maſter* fed;
Both *fatted* for *Deſtruction*, ſcarce he'd deign
To taſte, almoſt untouch'd born off again;
And cou'd the fancy'd *Phenix* ſelf been caught,
The Diſh he at a *Kingdom's price* had bought.
While in a ſtately *Gallery* hard by,
Adorn'd with *Babylonian Tapiſtry*,
His *Honours Muſick* ſate, and as they bring
Each *Courſe*, anew they ſweep the ſounding *ſtring*;
At once to charm his *Conſcience* and his *Cares*,
Lull his *looſe Soul* with melting *Lydian Airs*,
Or ſoft *Anacreon's* Words from *Greece* they bring,
Which *Eunuchs* bought from *Rome* or *Egypt* ſing;
No Words e'er better *choſen* to excite
His *ſated*, yet his *furious* Appetite,
And urge to *lawleſs Loves*, and vain *Delight*;
Thus on his yielding *Couch reclin'd* he lay,
Thus he, Luxurious, paſt the ſcorching *Day*
Till cooler *Evening* come, he bids prepare
His ſtately *Chariot*—He muſt take the *Air*:
At his *broad Gates* arriv'd he caſts his *Eye*,
And ſees a *miſerable Object* lye
With *Sores* all cover'd—Strait with *cruel Pride*
He turns his *Head* and haughty *Eyes* aſide,
Then frowning, thus t' his *crouching Servants* near,
Take hence this *Dirt* he cries, what makes he here?
Drag him to th' *Dunghil*, that's the fitteſt *place*;
Let him *rot* there, and not theſe *Walks* diſgrace:
Too ſoon they obey, and *ſpurning* bid him riſe
And get him thence—He lifts his *fainting Eyes*,

With

With much of *Pain* he lifts his heavy *head*,
Which ſoon fell down agen, and ſighing ſaid,
With a *loud Voice* — What *hurt* or *injury*
Will't be, if here you let me *faint* and *die*;
Tho' while I might have *liv'd*, you'd not afford,
'Twas all I ask'd, the Fragments of your Board
Which e'en the *Dogs* had left — The Wretch dares prate,
Replies the *Lord* — Here *trail* him from the *Gate!*
They did, acroſs the more relenting *Stones*,
Scarce cou'd he *ſpeak*, but juſt expiring *groans*;
The kinder *Hounds*, who as it chanc'd were there,
Soon *ſcented* him, where half expos'd and bare,
His *feſt'ring nauſeous Sores* infect the *Air*;
Scarcely one part from *head* to *foot* was ſound,
One frightful *Ulcer* he, all o'er a *Wound*:
Around him the poor *Curs* with pity wait,
And as they cou'd ſeem'd to *bemoan* his *Fate*;
They of their *Maſters Cruelty* complain;
With *heads* thrown up they deeply *howl* — In vain
The *Huntſman rates* 'em off, they ne'er the more
* Will from him ſtir, but gently *lick'd* his Sore.
Some *Eaſe* he found e'en in the *pangs* of *death*,
Tho' *whence* he knew not; with his *parting Breath*,
Too late's your *Aid*, whoe'er you be, he cry'd,
Requite you *Heav'n!* — With all his *ſtrength* he try'd,
A little *rais'd* his *Head*, then *ſunk* and *dy'd!*
— His active *Spirit* no ſooner wing'd away
From her untenantable *Houſe* of *Clay*,
But ſtrait fair *Angels* from the *Clouds* deſcend,
And thitherward their *Courſe* directly bend;
His ſhiv'ring *Soul* wide wand'ring in the *Air*,
On their warm *purple Wings* to Bliſs they bear;
Safe to the Realms of endleſs *Peace* convey'd,
And in great *Abraham's boſom* ſoftly laid;
There all the *glorious Orders* round him ſhine,
* " And calm the *Relicks* of his Grief with *Hymns Divine*.
When now *Sol's Beams* almoſt had left the *Air*,
Back did the Miſerably-rich repair;
Who near his houſe, the lifeleſs *Carcaſs* there
Did at firſt glance a little *ſtartled* ſee,

But

But ſoon himſelf recalls—What *is't to me*,
If he be *dead*, he did inſulting cry?
That *Wretch* had nothing elſe to do but die.
For me, I better can my time employ,
And many an *unexhauſted Year* of Joy:
Shou'd *Fate* and *Death* be ſawcy and pretend
To ruſh into my *Preſence* ere I for 'em ſend;
Rich *Cordials* ſoon ſhou'd make 'em *quit* their *hold*,
I'd *bribe 'em* thence with *ſhow'rs* of *liquid Gold*,
—Now let 'em keep their *diſtance*—When *I'm old*,
With *Virtue* and the *Palſie* bedrid lie,
Return, I may have *leiſure* then to *die*.
—He ſaid, and a new *Banquet* bids prepare,
Rich *Syrian Unguents* crown his flowing *Hair*;
Reſolv'd that *Night* in all the *Joys* to live
That *Wit* or *Wine*, or *flatt'ring Vice* cou'd give;
A few choice *Friends*, as *great*, as *lewd* as he,
Sate round, t' *augment* and *ſhare* his *Jollity*;
At length the *Tables* clear'd, the *Banquet* o'er,
Profuſely plentiful as that before,
He a huge *golden Goblet* rais'd on high,
And *ſwears* to all their *Healths* he'd *drink* it *dry*,
Then brought t' his *Head*, when on the ſudden fall,
His *Lips* ſcarce touch'd, he, *Goblet*, *Wine* and all;
The *Servants* ſhreeking overturn the *Board*,
And run to th' *aid* of their expiring *Lord*;
Rich *Cordials* fetch'd, they *force* 'em down in vain,
His *hand* upon his *heart*, there, there his *Pain*;
Death-ſtruck, he fell, hard comes his *rattling breath*,
His jolly *Face* now *pale* and *cold* as *Death*;
Atheiſt no more, *believes a God* too late,
Trembling with *Horror* of approaching *Fate*:
All *Art's* in vain, with wild *diſtorted* Eyes
He deſp'rate in their *Arms* reluctant dies;
So ſoon his *Carcaſs*, black and horrid grown,
Corrupts, it longer cou'd be born by none;
But as the *time* permitted, they *inter*,
With *State*, in his *Parental Sepulchre*; *
Proud *Hatchments* o'er, perhaps ſome *praiſe him* too
For twenty *Virtues* that he never knew;

Their

Their *Flatt'ries* help him not, nor *reach* him, where
His *Soul*, by th' ugly *Dæmons* of the Air
Is seiz'd their own, their *Mark* they on him found,
Which in firm *Adamantine Fetters* bound,
To *Ætna's Gulf*, or further on, they bear
To the sad *Northern World* thro' *mirksom Air*,
O'er *utmost Thule*, thence thro' *Hecla* steep, *
Sink with him down *headlong* to the boundless *Deep*.
Amidst the *dreadful Pains* of that sad *State*,
Which for all those who now *despise* 'em, *wait*;
Where long he *Tortur'd* lay, he lift his *Eyes*
Unto the now almost *forgotten Skies*;
The *Earth* to him, *Diaphanous* as Air,
With ease look'd thro', for *Souls* see every where;
Beyond *Heav'ns* mighty *Gulf* he saw as well,
Tho' vast as that, from th' *under-World* to *Hell*; *
Within whose shining *Borders* soon he found
Sweet *Paradise*, that blest, that happy Ground
Where *Father Abraham* sits, the *Patriarchs* round,
And *holy Souls*, ay reign in boundless *Light*,
Expecting greater *Bliss* than *Infinite*; *
Among the rest when *Lazarus* he spy'd,
With a loud *lamentable Voice* he cry'd,
O Father *Abraham!* Tho' so far from thee
Remov'd, O *Father* hear, and *pity* me!
To live in yon blest *Realms* I must despair,
What wou'd, alas! my guilty *Soul* do there?
All the small *Boon* I ask, O that I might
Obtain 't! Is but less *Pain* than *infinite*;
Since I in this *dire Place* must ever dwell,
O give but a more *tolerable Hell!*
If this too much, one *Moments respite* give,
What's that t' a *Wretch* must here for *ever* live?
Still less than that, yet let me, let me gain
Some small *alleviation* of my *Pain*:
The *happy Lazarus!*—O what a *Change*,
(But sure the *Blest* above knew no *Revenge*,)
Betwixt his *Fate* and mine! Let him descend,
And with one *drop* of *Water* me befriend,
Tortur'd in quenchless *Flames* e'er since I fell,

And *Thirſt*, next *Guilt*, the greateſt *Plague* of *Hell*.
Ah *miſcall'd Son*, Abraham *ſevere* replies,
With *unrelenting Juſtice* in his *Eyes*,
The time of *Mercy's* now for ever o'er,
No more thy *Friend*, thy *Father* now no more:
Then, then thou ſhou'dſt have *ſu'd*, when long in vain,
God did a *Pardon* offer, you diſdain;
Nay dar'd, ungrate, his *Providence* arraign:
E'en from his *Goodneſs*, wou'd no *God believe*,
Becauſe he ſuffer'd ſuch a *Wretch* to live: *
Then thou in *Wealth* and *Opulence* didſt flow;
Two are too much, thou hadſt *one Heav'n* below,
Where *Lazarus* his *Hell*; now all things *weigh'd*
In a juſt *Ballance*, *Retribution's* made;
He lives in endleſs *Joy*, who then did *mourn*;
Thou in unpity'd *Flames* muſt ever *burn*.
Beſides, th' *interminable Gulf's* ſo wide,
That does 'twixt your ſad *Realms* and ours divide;
Yours cannot *hope* a *Change*, nor ours can *fear*,
You muſt be ever *there*, we always *here*.
If then my *Pain* I muſt *uneas'd* deplore,
O let it not (but can it?) e'er be more,
The hopeleſs *Wretch* returns; for even here
In *Hell* it ſelf I've ſomething *worſe* to fear:
I'th' lightſom *World* above I call to mind,
I yet have Five dear *Brethren* left behind,
Them my falſe *Rhet'rick* did too oft *entice*,
My bad *Example* them inclin'd to *Vice*:
I fear leſt their *Damnation* mine enhance,
Their added *Sums* my vaſt *Account* advance:
If he ſo long a *Journey* muſt not go,
Or make a *Viſit* to our *Worlds* of *Woe*;
At leaſt *half-way* let *Lazarus* deſcend,
Rowze 'em from *Vice*, and warn of my ſad *End*;
This, this wou'd ſtrike their *Souls* with pious *Fear*,
Sure they'd the *Dead*, tho' not the *Living* hear.
Nor e'en can that be granted, *Abraham* ſays,
If they neglect Lifes fix'd and *ſtated* ways,
What the great *Moſes* their *Forefathers* told,
Thunder'd from *Heav'n*, what all th' *Inſpir'd* of old;

If

If they the *Law* and *Prophets* not receive,
Nor wou'd they the returning *Dead* believe.
—He ſaid, the *Fiends* about their *Priſ'ner* came,
And ſink him *deep* in liquid *Worlds* of *Flame*;
While *Lazarus* forgets thoſe *Miſeries*,
By which he thinks too cheap his *Crown* he buys,
And learns triumphant *Hymns* in *Paradiſe*.
The Apoſtle breaths, the *Story* all commend;
Hence Fathers! See, reply'd our *Saviour's Friend*,
Our *Maſter* came not, as the envious ſay,
The *Sanction* of our *Laws* to take away,
Or mighty *Moſes* teach to *diſobey*;
Perpetual Doctor of the Churches, where
His Truths of *moral Obligation* are,
Nay even thoſe who ſit in *Moſes's Chair*,
He bids *obey* in all that's *juſt* and *right*,
Suffer or *do*, nor muſt his *Servants fight*.
Gamaliel thus—Since you ſo much have ſhown,
I've now far *other Thoughts*, I frankly own,
Of your *great Maſters Doctrine*, than before,
And muſt th' *Iniquity* o'th' *Age* deplore
That him rejects, our *Rulers Spite* and *Hate*
The *Cauſe*, he worthy a far *better Fate*.
But chance what may, avert my boding *Fear*,
Kind Heav'n! You ever ſhall be *welcom* here.
And now the *Sun* behind the *Mountains* fell,
Gilding, with parting Beams, fair *Siloam's Well*; *
The *Gueſts* ariſe, *Gamaliel* with 'em roſe,
Since they'll no longer ſtay, he forward goes,
Conducts 'em to the *Gate*, and parting there,
Back the *Diſciples* to our *Lord* repair.

The End of the Sixth Book.

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK VI.

1. LO! *Th'* Eternal Word *I ſing*, &c.] I choſe *Pindaric* here, being moſt ſuitable to the *Loftineſs* of the Subject: And for my *Excuſe* in uſing it, deſire no better than Mr. *Cowley's Example.* For the *Matter* of the *Ode*, it includes, for the main, little more than what's *expreſs'd* or *hinted* in the *Firſt* Chap. and other places of St. *John's* Goſpel.

5. *Riſe my* Eagle-Soul! *Ariſe.*] That *Epithet* may be more proper to St. *John*, becauſe he's generally thought repreſented by the *Eagle*, among the four living Creatures in the *Revelation*; which is accordingly pictur'd near him.

18. *No mean* Succeſſion *bis* Duration *knows.*] I am not ignorant that our famous *Parker*, and the Men of *New Notions*, are generally of another mind. But this has not only been the Opinion of all *Antiquity*, who thought *Succeſſion* diſagreeable to the *Nature* of God, but of the beſt and moſt Learned of the Moderns in our own Nation. See Biſhop of *Worceſter's* Sermon on the *Myſteries* of the *Chriſtian Faith*; Mr. *Bently*, and others; and among Poets, Mr. *Cowley.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing paſt,
But an Eternal now *does always laſt.*

23. *Whatever* was, *was God, e'er* Time *or* Place.] *Vida's: Quicquid erat Deus illud erat.*

27. *One, undiſſolv'd.*] The *neareſt* word I could find to *undivided.*

30. *Not to be* argu'd, *but* believ'd.] As to the *Modus*, I mean, the *Manner* of the *Eternal Generation*; as I explain it in the following Verſe, —*ineffable the way*, &c.

39. ——— *more intimately one*
With his great Father, *than the* Light *and* Sun.] This uſually is given as an *Illuſtration* of the Trinity, and particularly the Proceſſion of the *Son* from the *Father*; tho it muſt come *ſhort*, or elſe it would not be a *Similitude*, but the ſame thing All that is pretended to be proved by ſuch Inſtances as theſe, being that ſuch things are no *Contradiction* in *Nature.*

43. *There is no* after *or* before.] From that in the *Athanaſian* Creed. In this Trinity none is *before* or *after* an other; that is, *all* the *Divine Perſons* were *coexiſtent* from all Eternity, and do now *equally* partake of the *Divine Eſſence* and *Perfections.*

46. *No room for one ſhort* Moment, *or bold* Thought *between.*] The *Arians*, who had much more to ſay for their Hereſie than their modern Kindred, did grant, in ſome of their *Confeſſions* of *Faith*, that the Son was from all Eternity by ſuch an

an *Emanation* from the Father, as that whereby the *Light* proceeds from the *Sun*, but yet contended for a *Moments* difference between their *Existence*; the *Son* receiving his, as they think, from the *Father*; whereby they unavoidably fell into the ſame Abſurdity which other Pretenders to Reaſon ſince have done: That I mean of a *made God*, or a *ſubordinate Supreme*. To which, if they can, let 'em find one that's *equal* in the whole *Athanaſian* Creed.

47. *The Father lov'd the Son*, &c.] Thus ſome endeavour to *ſolve*, or rather *illuſtrate* the Doctrine of the Divine Proceſſions.

54. *Three* more *than* Names, *the Father, Spirit, and Son.*] 'Twas the Hereſie of *Sabellius*, that the three Perſons in the Trinity were only *three Names* for *one Perſon*, as well as *one eſſence*. Which ſome have charged on Dr. *Cudworth*, tho, I think, with more *ill Nature* than *Juſtice*. Nor ſeems there need of many Arguments to confute it. *Names* can't *act*. *Names* are not *diſtinguiſh'd* by *Perſonal Pronouns*; one *Name* can't *ſend* or *ſatisfie*, or *atteſt* another. But there are in the *Divine Eſſence different Agents*, different *Actions* being attributed unto it, and thoſe who perform 'em are diſtinguiſh'd by different, Perſonal *Pronouns* in the Sacred Scripture. Of the *Father* and *Son* there's no doubt: Of the Holy *Spirit* 'tis ſaid, *He ſhall teach you all things*. The Father is ſaid to *ſend*, the Son to be *ſent* the Holy Spirit to *witneſs*. Therefore they are more than *Names*, and I think *Perſons* is the *Plaineſt Word* we have whereby to expreſs them.

57. —— *one ſelf concious Mind.*] With all *Submiſſion* and *Reſpect* to that Reverend Perſon, who, if I miſtake not his meaning, aſſerts *three diſtinct* Minds in the *undivided Trinity*, I muſt acknowledg I can't be of his Opinion for theſe ſhort Reaſons, if three *holy Minds*, then *three Holy Ghoſts*: But ſays the Creed, *One Holy Ghoſt, not three Holy Ghoſts*. Again, if *three Minds*, then I ſee not how to avoid *three individual Eſſences*, as much as of *three Men*: Therefore not *one individual Eſſence*, tho this all Catholic Chriſtians acknowledg.

60. *This by the* Spirit *did the Son.*] *Gen.* 1. The *Spirit* of *God* moved upon the Face of the Waters: Which could not be a *Wind*, the *Earth* not being yet made to ſend out any *Exhalation*, or ſo much as any *Air* to be mov'd, without one of which, *Wind* could not be produced.

62. *As was reſolv'd i'th* Conſult *of the* great Three-One.] That our Church thinks all the Trinity *conſulted* or *agreed* together in the *Creation of the World*, and underſtands that Expreſſion, *Gen.* 1. 26. *Let us make Man*; in that Sence, appears, I think, plain enough from her ordering that Chapter to be read on *Trinity-Sunday*.

71. *Thoſe fair* Idea's *he expreſs'd*, &c.] According to that Notion ſo much talk'd of by ſome, of an *Ideal World*; tho thus much is certain, that the *infinite Mind*, had before *all time*, and therefore from *Eternity*, *fore-ſeen* and *decreed*, what were then only *poſſible Eſſences*, ſhould be *in time* reduced into Exiſtence or actual Being.

78. *With* Luna's Silver-Waves, *&c.*] Alluding to the New *Notion of Light*; that 'tis performed by repeated *Undulations*.

82. *The* Angels *next* he made.] So in *Coloſſ.* 16. *By him were all things created in Heaven and Earth, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers*: And in the Old Teſtament, "The *Morning-Stars* ſang together, and all the Sons of God, ſhouted for "Joy, when the *Son*, the eternal, eſſential *Wiſdom* of God, as the Fathers inter"pret it, laid the Foundation of the Earth; and if he *made* the *Angels*, he could not be himſelf an *Angel* in a *proper Sence*, tho he's call'd by *Accommodation* or *Compariſon*, the *Angel* of the *Covenant*; and by *Jacob* the Angel that preſery'd him from all Evil. Of which ſee more below.

92. *Falling from thence, ſome* Sun *or* Planet *grows.*] Alluding to *Galileo's* Notion, "That every Globe of the Univerſe was created at a *diſtance* from the *Place* wherein it was to *move*, and thence let fall to the place of its *deſigned Reſidence*.

94. *Firſt*, Matter *wills, then* Form to Matter *lends*;
Firſt different Somethings *makes*, &c.] Matter, the *Heaven* and the *Earth*, *Gen.* 1. 1.

Gen. 1. 1. which muſt relate to the *Matter* of them only, the whole being at firſt ἀόρατον and ἀκατασκεύαστον, *inform* and *void*, till 'twas in three *Revolutions* of the *firſt created Light*, and three more of the *Sun*, reduced into that beautiful and lovely *Order*, which denominates it a *World*; all the *jarring Elements* being ſeparated and diſpoſed into their *proper Places*.

98. *And all around was Light*, &c.] *Gen.* 1. 3. *God ſaid let there be light, and there was light*; immediately after the *Spirit*'s moving upon the *Face* of the *Waters*.

106. *By* God, *who had the* Pow'r *alone.*] This *certainly* held them, whatever ſome may think it does *ſince*.

115. *If any ask, can ſatisfie.* —— *His* Wrath] This *Thought* has been *labour'd* at by ſome of the greateſt Genius's the World has e'er produced, *Milton*, *Dryden*, and others, after whom I ſhould ſcarce have dared to attempt it, had it not been almoſt *neceſſary* to the *Subject*.

131. *Nor like an* Angel's, *only form'd of* Air.] 'Twas the Opinion of ſome wild Hereticks in former Ages, that our Saviour's Bleſſed Body was only *fantaſtical* not *real*; whom 'tis not worth the while to *confute*.

150. *And once in Royal Robes array'd,--at ſacred* Salem *ſtay'd.*] Many Learned Men have been of Opinion that *Melchizedeck* was our Saviour, who, as well might appear *like a Man* as an *Angel*; and as well *ſtay ſome time* as *juſt* appear. They think that 'tis a harſh Interpretation of ἀνδρὸς ἀμήτορος, *without Father without Mother*: to ſay, that it only meant his *Father* and *Mother* were not *known*, or not *recorded*, eſpecially conſidering what follows, that he had neither *beginning* of *Days* nor *end* of *Life*; for further Chriſt is ſaid in the Pſalms to be *Sacerdos in æternum*, a Prieſt for *ever*, after the order of *Melchiſedeck*: Whence it ſhould ſeem that he himſelf was a Prieſt for *ever*, eternal, and therefore no other than the Son of God; as it ſeems implyed in the Apoſtle's words, of whom 'tis witneſſed that he liveth, *Heb.* 7. 8. made after the Power of an *endleſs Life*, *v.* 18. as in the *third*, without *Deſcent*, ἀγενεαλόγητος. (Who ſhall declare his Generation?) And, he abideth a Prieſt continually. And when that's objected, made *like* to the Son of God, therefore not the ſame; they anſwer, that he may be the *ſame* with him, tho ſaid to be *like* him, and produce that Inſtance where Chriſt is ſaid to be ἐν ὁμοιώματι ἀνθρώπων γενόμενος, *Philip.* 2. *Made in the likeneſs of Men*: and yet more plainly and unexceptionably, *Revel.* 1. 13. *One like unto the Son if man*: Whom yet all here grant to be Chriſt. Other ſtrong Probabilities might be added, but theſe I think are ſufficient to defend my making uſe of that *Opinion*.

157. *He, with* two menial Angels, *once a Gueſt.*] *Gen.* 18. 1. *The* Lord *appeared to him*; as *Cap.* 17. *The* Lord *appeared to* Abraham, *and ſaid I am the* Almighty God: which could not be an *Angel*, could not be the *Father*, muſt be the *Son*. *v.* 22. *God* went up *from* Abraham; therefore muſt have taken a *bodily Shape*, which the *Father* ne'er did. And in the following *Chap.* when the *two Men*, or *two Angels*, went to deſtroy *Sodom*, they tell *Lot*, *The Lord had ſent them to deſtroy it*; that *Lord* whom they left talking with *Abraham*: And that Paſſage, "The "*Lord* rained Fire and Brimſtone on *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* from the *Lord* out of "Heaven; the very *Arians* underſtood of the *Father* and the *Son*; as we find in ſome of their Confeſſions of Faith in *Euſebius*.

161. *Then* Abraham *ſaw his* Day, *and did* rejoyce.] A *not improbable Sence* of our Saviour's Words, *John* 8. 56.

164. *'Twas he who did the* wandring Jacob *guide*, —— *'Twas he whom met by* Jabbok's *ſide*, &c.] That the Angel who *deliver'd* Jacob *from all Evil*, and whom he prayed to bleſs his *Grand Children*, was the *uncreated Angel*, our Bleſſed Saviour, has been the Sence of *Antiquity*, as *Petavius* obſerves, tho he ſeems not willing to believe it, leſt the Church of *Rome* ſhould thereby loſe one main Argument for *worſhiping Angels*. But without him we are ſure *he was God*: For *Gen.* 48. 15. *The* God *of* Abraham *and* Iſaac *which fed him all his Life long*, is call'd, *v.* 16. the *Angel* that redeem'd him, *&c.* tho no doubt but 'twas the ſame who *redeem'd* and *fed* him. Again, *Exod.* 3. 2. *The angel of the Lord appeared in a flame of fire out of the midſt of the Buſh*: But *v.* 4. *God called to him out of the midſt of the Buſh*:

Buſh: And *v.* 6. *I am the God* of Abraham, Iſaac, *and* Jacob. The ſame alſo who wreſtled with *Jacob* at *Peniel*, Gen 32. who tho call'd a *Man*, *v.* 24. becauſe appearing in the *Form* of *Man*, yet was really *God*, *v.* 28. *As a Prince haſt thou power with God:* And ſo it ſeems *Jacob* himſelf thought; for he call'd the Place *Peniel*; for, ſays he, I have ſeen *God face to face.*

175. *What Angel elſe thoſe* Titles *durſt have claim'd?* —— *In every ſacred Page* Adonia *nam'd.*] 'Tis not proper to make a *Jew* pronounce the Name *Jehova*, which was, I ſuppoſe, long before this eſteemed *unutterable*, for which was uſed *Adonai* or *Elohim*. Now that the *Angel* which went before *Iſrael*, which appeared often to the *Patriarchs*, was call'd *Jehova*, is plain in twenty Inſtances: See *Exod.* 23. 20. *Behold I will ſend an Angel before thee:* And 21. *My Name is in him*: Now the *Name* by which God revealed himſelf to *Moſes* and the Children of *Iſrael*, when he brought them out of *Egypt*, was *Jehova*: *Exod.* 6. 3. *By my Name* Jehova *was I not called*: And ſay to the Children of *Iſrael*, *I am* hath ſent me unto thee. But God will not give his *Glory*, *Iſai.* 42 8. His *Incommunicable Attributes*, and *eſſential Glory* to any other *Being*: Therefore whoever has this *Glory*, muſt be *God*; and this *God* the *Son*, whom the *Jews* tempted in the *Wilderneſs*, as the Apoſtle ſays, 1 *Cor.* 10. 9. and of whom all the *Fathers* interpret it: Nay, the very *Jews* themſelves do the ſame, as I find in the Notes on *Grotius de Verit. Relig. Chriſtian.* p. 368. Out of *Moſes Ben Nachmen*, as quoted by *Maſius*; *Iſte Angelus, &c.* "That *Angel*, if we might ſpeak the very Truth, is the *Angel the Redeemer*, of "whom it is written, my *Name* is in him. The *Angel* who ſaid to *Jacob*, I am the "*God of Bethel*: He of whom 'tis ſaid, God called to *Moſes* out of the midſt of the "*Buſh*. He's called an Angel, becauſe he governs the *World*: For 'tis writ, "*Jehova* brought us out of *Egypt*. And again, he ſent his *Angel*, and brought "us out of *Egypt*. Again it is written, The Angel of his *Preſence* (of his *Face*) "ſaved them, to wit, that Angel who is the *Preſence* or *Face* of *God*; and of whom "'tis ſaid, my *Face* or *Preſence* ſhall go with thee, and I will give thee *reſt*. "Laſtly, that Angel of whom the Prophet, The Lord whom you ſeek, ſhall ſud-"denly come to his *Temple*; the *Angel* of the *Covenant* whom you deſire. Again, "The *Face* or *Preſence* of *God* ſignifies *God*, as all Interpreters agree; but none "can underſtand this, unleſs he's acquainted with the *Myſteries* of the *Law*.

177. *Royal* Iſaia *him.*] He's generally reckoned of *Noble*, or *Royal* Off-Spring. The Glory he ſaw in the Temple when the Seraphim cry'd *Holy, Holy, Holy*, *Iſai.* 6. was the *Glory of our Bleſſed Saviour*: For ſo ſays this Evangeliſt in his Life, *John* 12. 41. *Theſe things ſaid* Iſaia, *when he ſaw his Glory and ſpake of him.*

109. *The lovely Boy, in whoſe auſpicious Face.*] This is borrow'd from Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of *Virgil's Sicelides Muſæ.*

207. *Their* Reaſon *is a Spark of his celeſtial Fire.*] God the *Son*, who made *Man*, and breath'd into him the *Breath* of *Life*, gave him alſo *Soul* and *Reaſon*, forming him in this, as well as *Piety*, after his own Image, who is the eternal Λογος, of firſt *Eſſential Reaſon.*

251. *And only to the* choſen Jews *reveal'd*] *Vid. Joſeph*'s Speech, in *Lib.* VIII.

262. *For you, Sir, I perceive, have* Plato *read.*] As the Heathen ſaid of St. *John*, when he read the beginning of his *Goſpel.*

275. *Who borrow all you think of us you know,* —— *From* Fabling Greece *and falſer* Manetho. See this prov'd at large by *Joſephus* and *Appion.*

295. *Their Antient mighty* Jao *was the ſame*, &c.] This *Jao*, or as St. *Jerom*, *Jaho*, was very famous among the moſt ancient of the *Heathens*: Him the Devils themſelves were forc'd to acknowledg to be the true *Supreme God*. So the Oracle of *Apollo Clarius*, φεύγετε τὸν πάντων ἄναξ υἱὸν Ἴαὼ Ἴαω. He was the ſame with *Jehova*, and as well as *Jove*, deflected from it. That this was the God of the *Jews*, we learn from *Diodorus*, who ſpeaks as much of 'em as moſt of the *Heathen Writers*. "*Moſes*, "ſays he, inſcrib'd his laws to the God *Jao*: And *Sanchoniathon* tells us, he re-"ceived much of his Hiſtory from the *Priest* of the God *Jao*, by which Name, as "*Irenæus* tells us, the *Gnoſtics*, who affected *Antiquity*, were us'd to call *God*.

298. *And him to whom you did a Temple rear,* —— *Was only the* Phenician *Thunderer.*]

The

The *Saxon Thor*, and *Scythian Taramis* are concluded by learned Men to be the *same*, both ſignifying *Jupiter* the *Thunderer*; the Name of the latter, as *Bochart* thinks, deriv'd from a Root, which both in the *Britiſh* and *Phenician* Language ſignifies to *thunder*. And to the ſame God did *Auguſtus* erect a *Temple*, I ſuppoſe after ſome great *Thunder*, that probably which *Horace* alludes to, in his *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem*.

302. *Now* Hammon *him from ancient* Cham *you call*,
Now Belus *name him from your injur'd* Baal.] There can't be a more natural or eaſie Derivation of *Jupiter Hammon*, than from *Cham* or *Ham* as we write it. And that *Belus* is the ſame with *Baal*, and *Baal* with *Jupiter*, and yet a true name of God, *Hoſ.* 2. 16. I think all learned men are agreed. See more below, where alſo of *Beliſama*, *Aſtarte*, *Iſis*, &c.

312. Lucina *aid*; —— *Old* Berecynthia *Mother of the Gods*, &c.] *Lucina* is the ſame with the *Moon*. *Berecynthia* ſeems a compound from Βερ which is either *Venus* or *Juno*, and *Cynthia* the *Moon*, both the ſame with *Rhea*, ſo call'd from ῥέω, *fluo*, from an obvious reaſon. *Berecynthia* was *Mother* of the Gods, ſo *Iſis*, *Cybele*, *Rhea*.

322. *All your three hundred* Joves.] A fair Company of them, for ſo many *Varro* reckons, tho moſt of them different Names for the ſame *Perſon*, nay often only *Fable* at the bottom.

354. *Of ſome departed* Father, Friend *or* Lord
They firſt an Image made, and then ador'd.] This has been look'd upon both by Antients and Moderns as the firſt riſe of Idolatry, generally thought to have been begun by the Worſhippers of *Belus*, though this the *Egyptians* were probably guilty of as ſoon as any others, becauſe they had not only the Images of their Relations and Friends, but their very *Bodies*, as they have to this day preſerv'd amongſt them; and when they are reduced to ſtraits did really often get help from 'em, by pawning their *Father* or *Grandfather* to the *rich*; whom they thought it a great piece of *Impiety* not to *redeem* again as ſoon as able.

359. *And Seas*, *as* Luna *bids 'em*, ebb *and* flow.] I'm not concern'd, whether 'tis the *Moon's Influence*, the Motion of the Earth, or whatever other Cauſe, to which the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the Seas are owing; 'tis enough that what I aſſign has been *believ'd* as moſt probable by Antiquity, which Mr. *Cowley* follows in his "*Undiſturb'd by Moons*, &c.

362. *Or mighty* Mazzaroth] I confeſs I can give no better Reaſon for calling him *mighty*, than becauſe he has a very *hard Name*: But what's the true meaning on't, after all the Gueſſes of the Critic, perhaps he only knows who calls all the *Stars* by their *Names*; however *Gamaliel* might then know what it was.

367. *Which ſome thought* living, *for they ſaw 'em* move.] They believ'd 'em *intelligent Beings*, ſays Mr. *Bently* out of *More Nevochim*; and the ſame appears from *Plato*, *Diodorus*, eſpecially *Euſebius*, *Demonſtr. Evang.* Lib. 1. Cap. 6. φυσικῶς τοιγαροῦν ὁ Αἰγυπτίων σοφὸς ἀνδρῶν κατέχει λόγος ἥλιον καὶ σελήνην, καὶ ἄστρων ὅσοι ὑπερῴαιοι. The *Egyptians* and *Phenicians* firſt worſhip'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, as Gods.

388. *Nay to make all things ſure*, *the* Fiends *and all.*] Which *Porphyry* fairly acknowledges, owning that *Belzebub* and *Seraphis* were the ſame.

402. *Lord of Heaven.*] *Beelſamen* ſignifies no more, as *Beliſama*, *Queen* of *Heaven*, two Idols of the *Phenicians* the ſame with *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

404 Moloch *and* Belus *is with theſe the ſame.*] *Moloch* ſignifies *King*, or Lord; *Belus*, or *Baal* is much of the ſame Signification. That *Jupiter* is the ſame with *Belus* I think few queſtion. That the *Sun* had the ſame name appears from the Grecian Ηλιος, derived of the Phenician *Elioun*, of whom *Sanchoniathon*; and we learn from *Damaſc.* in *Phot.* that the *Phenicians* confound *Hel* and *Bel*, as our *Britiſh* learn'd to do from them, the Father of our *Caſſibelaunus* (rather *Caſſibelinus*) being call'd in ſome of our old Writers *Hel* or *Heli*, in others *Bel*. And in *Gruter's* Inſcriptions we find one at *Aquileia*, *Apollini Beleno*; and the Herb *Apollinaris* was call'd by the ancient *Gauls*, *Belinuntia*; to which add that *Macrobius* in *Saturn. ult.* affirms *Jupiter* and the *Sun* to be the ſame.

405. Saturn

405. Saturn *with both.*] *Thallus*, an old Hiſtorian commended by *Lactantius*, *Tertullian* and *Minutius*, mentions *Belus* and *Cronus* as the *ſame* ‘ ἔνιοι μὲν σέβονται ‘ τὸν Κρόνον ; ſome, ſays he, pay divine Honours to *Cronus*, and name him *Baal*, ‘ or *Bel* ; the *Romans* call him *Saturn*, and ſome ſay, that *Linus* firſt introduc'd ‘ his *Worſhip*. So *Apollinaris* in *Catena* on *Pſalm.* 106. 28. Ἕλληνες δὲ τὸν Βάαλ Βῆλ ἱστοροῦσιν ὃν φασὶν εἶναι τὸν Κρόνον. ‘ The *Grecians* call *Baal* Bel, who they ſay is the ‘ *ſame* with *Time* or *Saturn*. *Scaliger* thinks this *Baalpeor*, Διὰ Βεγγαῖον, *Taramis* the Thunderer, *Voſſius* the Sun, S. *Jerom Priapus*, ; and I ſuppoſe are all three in the right.

406. *The* ſame Inſcription *both*, &c] That famous one, ΑΓΑΙΒΕΛΩι ΜΑΛΕΧ. ΒΕΛΩι mention'd in *Bochart*.

407. *Alike their* Form, *alike their* Sacrifice.] Their *Form*, a King with a Scepter in his hand ; their *Sacrifice* humane, as is notorious, both to *Saturn*, *Baal*, and *Moloch*.

408. *To* both *the Nations their* Bætylia *raiſe.*] Theſe were very ancient Idols, *Name* and *Thing*, as the Learned conjecture, corrupted from *Bethel*, where *Jacob* anointed a *Pillar*, and dedicated it to God, whence the *Phenicians* his Neighbours might do the ſame to their Idols. Theſe *Bætylia* were dedicated to *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and others, being found formerly in great numbers near Mount *Libanus*, particularly at *Heliopolis*, the City of *Hel*, or *Bel* the Son of *Jupiter* ; as *Photius* from *Damaſcius*, which latter ſays he ſaw one of them himſelf ſuſtain'd and *moving* in the *Air*, ſometimes *bigger*, ſometimes *leſs*. That they had ſome *Motion*, and a ſort of Life, we learn from *Sanchoniathon*, who calls theſe Βαιτύλια, λίθους ἐμψύχους. Their Form was different, ſometimes like a *Pillar* ; whence *Cowley*, ‘ *Baal*'s *ſpired Stone* to Duſt was ground : Which I ſuppoſe was the proper στήλη, which the *Jews* were ſo often forbidden to make ; at others, *round* and white, like an *exact Globe*. This Stone is alſo called *Abaddir*, as *Gale* from *Priſcian*, whence perhaps the Devil's Name *Abaddon* in the Revelations : All of them I'm inclin'd to believe the ſame with that *Jupiter Lapis* or *Terminus* of the *Romans*, whom *Lactantius* mentions, who was ſo ſtubborn he'd not yield an Inch to *Jupiter Latialis* himſelf, but kept his ground in the *Capitol*, when all the other *Gods* were afraid of the *Thunderer*.

409. *That* Iſis, Io, *angry* Juno *are*
The ſame, your own beſt Writers oft declare.] *Euripides*, as quoted by *Bochart*, ſays, the *Phenicians* and *Thebans* thought *Iſis* the ſame with the *common Mother*. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe*, as I find him quoted in *Gale*, ſays, the *Image* of *Iſis* was of the *ſame Form* with the *Grecian Io*. Now further, that *Iſis* was *Juno* is plain, becauſe *Plutarch* ſays in *Craſſus*, that the Hieropolitan Goddeſs, who was this *Iſis*, is alſo called Ἥρα or *Juno*. And the ſame *Iſis* is called by *Julian* in his Oration, *De matre Deorum*, ἡ μήτηρ τῶν θεῶν, &c ‘ Mother of the Gods, and *Wife* of *Jove* ; and again, Διὸς σύνδουλος καὶ σύνδεσμος, which could agree to none but *Juno*.

411. *The* ſame *their* way of Life.] See *Herodotus*, who deſcribes *Iſis* as πεντετέα τὴν οἰκουμένην, running to and fro on the *Earth*. So *Plutarch*, *Apuleius*, *Sanchoniathon*, *Lucian*, and others ; and the ſame is true of *Io*, and *Juno* rambling after her *Jupiter*.

413. *And all*——*The Wife of Jove.*] Of *Iſis* 'tis prov'd, of *Juno* not doubted ; nor can it be of *Io*, if the ſame with *Juno*, as ſhe was by *Ovid*'s leave, only a Contraction of it, tho' he only makes her a *Concubine of Jupiter*.

414. *All horn'd alike.*] So ſays *Herodotus* of *Iſis* and *Io*, βουκέρων ἐστι, therefore true of *Juno*. See more below in *Aſtarte*.

416. *Hence* Iſis, *e'er to* Libyan *Waſts he fled*,—— *With her own double Crown*, &c.] *Libyan Waſt*, where the Temple of *Ammon* is deſcrib'd by *Dionyſius*, καὶ Ἄμμωνος Διὸς Λιβυκοῖο θεοῦ λαμαθῷ ὑπὸ πολλῇ. Where the Scholiaſt thus : Ἡρόδοτος λέγει ὅτι πεποιημένον τὸ τοῦ Διὸς ἦν αὐτόθι ἄγαλμα, Ἄμμωνι γὰρ Αἰγύπτιοι τὸν Δία καλοῦσι. That *Herodotus* ſays, that this Image of *Jupiter* had *Horns* like a *Ram* ; whence the Fable of *Jupiter*'s *turning* himſelf into a *Ram* when he fled from the Giants into *Egypt* ; and ſome think

think *Aſteroth*, or *Aſtarte*, was worſhipped in the form of a *Sheep*, as we learn from the Rabbies.

421. *Their ſacred* Ox *did* Joſeph *repreſent.*] So *Voſſius*, and moſt other learned Men; which is made more probable by the Etymology of *Serapis*, which ſignifies, as ſome think, *Ox Father*. *Joſeph* was, as he himſelf ſays, a Father to *Pharaoh*. The *Ox*, a laborious Creature, is the Emblem of Plenty and Induſtry: Further, the Image of *Serapis* had a *Buſhel* on its head, as *Suidas* deſcribes it, in memory of his providing Corn for the People: And *Sandford* tells us, that *Minutius*, the Prefect of Proviſions at *Rome*, was honoured with the Statue of a *golden Ox* for much the ſame Reaſon.

425. *By Father* Abram *firſt from* Chaldee *brought.*] That the *Chaldeans* were the moſt ancient Philoſophers, there is but little doubt, any more than that *Abraham* was a *Chaldean*. *Philo* aſcribes the Invention of Letters to *Abraham*, tho' *Eupolemus*, *Artapan*, and others, to *Moſes*. *Abraham* might teach them to the *Phenicians*, as they, we know, did by *Cadmus* to the *Grecians*, and *Moſes* to the *Egyptians*; who tho' they might teach him their own Learning, there's no neceſſity they ſhould *teach* him his *Letters*. But that the *Egyptians* learned 'em from a *Stranger*, their own Writers acknowledge, and we find in *Plato*.

426. *Whether from* Seth's eternal Pillars *learn'd.*] As *Joſephus* aſſerts, and ſpeaks of one of them as remaining in *Syria* to his time; which one would think he'd ſcarce have done, had there been no foundation for ſuch a thing: Nor is there any Contradiction or Abſurdity in it.

429. *Their boaſted* Hermes *ours, and not their own.*] *Hermes* is ſaid to have *invented Letters*, or at leaſt brought 'em into *Egypt*. This *Moſes* is concluded to have done, therefore he muſt be that *Hermes*.

430. *Nay even the old* Chaldeans *ſacred Fire,*
Which Delphos, *you, and all the World admire,*
Your Veſta, Perſia's Mitra, *are but one*
The ſame with Moloch, Ammon, *and the Sun.*] The old *Chaldeans* were the firſt who worſhipped the Fire, which ſome attribute to *Nimrod*; this, 'tis thought, was done at *Ur*, which the Vulgar render *Fire*. The ſame ſacred Fire or Symbol of the Sun, was alſo ador'd at *Delphos*, and almoſt every where elſe, eſpecially by the *Romans*, under the Name of *Veſta*; the *Perſians* worſhip'd it under the Name of *Mitra*, and at other times they call'd it *Amanus*, why not from *Ammon*? who had alſo his *ſacred Fire* perpetually preſerv'd; of which, ſee *Plutarch* in his Diſcourſe of Oracles.

436. *The* Egyptian Iſis, Queen of Heav'n, *you name*
Your Juno, *our* Aſtarte *is the ſame,*
And both the Moon, *in* Venus *all agen*
Agree, great Mother ſhe of Gods and Men.] *Julian* begins his Prayer thus to *Iſis*, the ſame, as he thinks, with *Dea*, *Rhea*, and *Demeter* or *Ceres*, Ὦ θεὰ καὶ ἀνθρώπων μήτηρ. 'O thou Mother of Gods and Men! And juſt after, σύνθρονε Διός, 'Partner of 'the *Throne* of *Jove*. That *Juno* is *Queen* of *Heaven* among the *Heathens*, is granted. That *Aſtarte* is the ſame with *Juno*, and both with the *Moon*, will appear from the Deſcription we have of her in *Sanchoniathon*, and others. She wore upon her own Head, ſays he, that of a *Bull*, juſt as *Juno* is before deſcrib'd, repreſenting a *Creſcent* or *Half Moon*. She's agreed to be the ſame with *Aſhteroth* the Goddeſs of the *Sidonians*, whom the *Jews* worſhip'd in *Samuel*'s time, and *Solomon* afterward. The ſame with that ἡ Βάαλ in the *Acts*, which has ſo puzzl'd Interpreters, of whom the Writer of *Tobit*, quoted by Mr. *Cowley*, ἔθυον τῇ Βάαλ τῇ Δαμάλει, 'they 'ſacrificed to *Baal* the *Heifer*; the ſame with *Baaltis*, or *Belis*, or *Beliſama*, which laſt ſignifies exactly the *Queen*, as *Beelſamen* the *King*, of *Heaven*; by whom the *Moon* is thought to be intended, and call'd by that Title in the *Holy Scriptures*. That this *Aſtarte* is the *Moon*, further appears from *Lucian*'s *Dea Syria*, Ἀστάρτην δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σελήνην εἶναι, 'I eſteem *Aſtarte* to be the *Moon*. Further, that *Juno*, and *Venus*, and the *Moon*, are all one, is *Voſſius*'s Opinion. It has been already prov'd

of

of *Juno*, and the *Moon*, and is as clear of *Venus*, from that forementioned Paſſage of *Plutarch*, where he ſays, the *Hieropolitan* Goddeſs was call'd by ſome *Juno*, by others *Venus*, and by others the Goddeſs which takes care of the *Principles* and *Seeds* of things. I have only to prove, that *Aſtarte* is *Venus*, which *Tully* expreſly affirms *De natura Deorum*: "*Venus Syria Tyroque concepta, quæ Aſtarte vocatur.* And yet more plainly, the Iſle *Erythia* near *Spain*, which, as *Bochart* ſays, was called *Aſhtoreth* or *Aſtarta* by the *Phenicians*, was alſo nam'd by ſome Ἀφροδίτας, by others Ἥρης νῆσον, the Iſle of *Venus* and *Juno*. This *Venus* had alſo many other Names; the *Aſſyrians*, as *Herodotus*, call'd *Venus Mylitta*, the *Arabians Alytta*, (from a Compoſition of both which, with a ſmall Variation, might the Iſland *Melita* or *Malta* be named, where was formerly a Temple of *Venus*, as *Cytheron*, *Erythia*, and other places for the ſame Reaſon) the *Perſians* as before *Mitra*, as learned Men have conjectured, from the *Perſian Methter*, which ſignifies *great*, whence the Greek μήτηρ, the Latin *Mater*, from the *Doric*, and our Engliſh Mother. But why may not this *Mitra* as well come from *Mitzraim* the *Sun*, as *Voſſius* thinks, and accordingly ſome call this Idol the Sun, *Venus*, or whatever 'twas, *Mitra*, or *Mithra*, as *Suidas*; others *Meſra* or *Mizra*, as *Philo*; nor is't any wonder it ſhould be reckoned both Maſculine and Feminine, ſince ſuch was the Statue of ancient *Venus*; ſuch, 'tis thought, *Priapus*, and the *Deus Lunus*, and ſo *Aſtarte* or *Aſtartus*. Nay, the ſame God or Goddeſs was ſtill worſhip'd by the *Arabians* in *Mahomet*'s time, who in his *Alcoran* thus upbraids them with their Idolatry, *Surat.* 51. 'Have you 'not ſeen *Allath*, and *Alloza*, and *Menath*; which *Alloth* ſeems the ſame with the *Alytta* of *Herodotus*, only an *Arabick* Termination for a *Greek*. *Beidar* in his Commentary on the Place ſays, they were all three one Image, bearing the reſemblance of *every living Creature*, (as ſome think the *Pantheon*,) and yet like a *Woman*. *Iſa-bar-ali*, cited by *Hottinger*, ſays, 'twas the *Star* of the God *Rempban*: St. *Jerom* tells us this Star was *Lucifer*, which in his time the *Arabians* worſhip'd; and *Lucifer* in the Morning is *Venus* in the Evening. This *Menath* ſeems to be the ſame with *Mercury*, worſhip'd in thoſe Parts, as ſome have thought, by the Name of *Meni*, and who, according to *Beidar*'s Deſcription, was the ſame with *Venus*, an *Hermaphrodite* in the moſt *proper ſence* of the Words.

450. *To* Cyprus *firſt from the* Sidonian *ſhore.*] It appears that the Worſhip of *Venus* came from *Sidon* and the *Phenicians* to the reſt of the World, becauſe they were the firſt who ador'd her, near whoſe Shoar is the Iſle of *Cyprus*, where ſhe had an ancient Temple, and whence ſhe bore the Name of *Cypria*. See *Pauſanias* in *Atticis*, who thus ſpeaking of the Temple of *Venus Urania*; 'She was worſhipped firſt, ſays he, by the *Aſſyrians*, then by the *Cyprians*, *Paphians* and *Phenicians* of *Paleſtine*, whence the Inhabitants of *Citheron* learnt to adore her.

452. *Paſt* Icaria *gone.*] A ſmall Iſland in the *Ægean Sea*, near *Samos*, as *Bochart* thinks, a Colony of the *Phenicians*.

453. *At* Samos *touchd, where they her Temple rais'd,*
And by the Grecian *Name of* Juno *prais'd.*] *Juno* had a famous Temple at *Samos*, which *Virgil* celebrates. *Voſſius* thinks *Jupiter* was deriv'd from *Jah* πατὴρ, and *Janus* from the ſame *Jah*, and that in the ſame manner was formed *Jana*, as from thence *Juno*; which Words among the ancient *Romans* were the ſame, the *a* and *u* being frequently chang'd, as *Calamus* into *Culmus*; and *o*, as in *Dido*, being the Greek Termination.

457. *Nor far from thence* other Erythian.] A Family of the *Erythræi* are placed hereabouts, by *Dionyſius*, and others. Why I call them *Erythians*, not *Erythræans*, ſee below.

461. Melita *paſt.*] Where was a famous Temple of hers, as before; and indeed *ſhe* left *Temples* and took *Names* at moſt of the conſiderable *Iſlands* and *Ports* of the Seas. Whence ſhe's call'd *Cypria*, *Paphia*, *Cytheræa*, *Erycina*, *Melitæa*, &c.

462. *By her old Name.*] That of *Juno* moſt ſolemnly ador'd at *Carthage*, which gave *Virgil* a very neat occaſion for moſt of his Machines in his *Æneis*.

465. *To* Gades, *and the rich* Tarteſſian *Strand.*] *Tarteſſus* was famous in all ancient Stories and Writers, tho' now the Place it ſelf where it ſtood is hardly known. Some think it the ſame with the *Tarſhiſh* whither *Solomon*'s Ships went, which is not improbable, from the vaſt quantities of Gold and Silver formerly found there; *Bætica Hiſpania* being alſo formerly call'd *Tarſis*. *Thucydides* ſays the *Phenicians* built this *Tarteſſus*.

476. *To that new World without.*] *Britain*, which was call'd, when firſt known to the *Romans*, *alter orbis*; and is deſcrib'd as ſuch by *Agrippa*, in his Speech to the *Jews*, which *Joſephus* gives us, with which none doubt but the *Phenicians* were acquainted.

477. *Where* Cæſar *late for Life*, &c.] So ſay the *Britiſh* Hiſtorians, and he himſelf owns little leſs.

479. Bel *and* Aſtarte *known and worſhip'd there.*] That *Bel* or *Baal* was known, and his Worſhip introduc'd here in *Britain* by the *Phenicians*, ſeems probable from the frequent Footſteps of the Name amongſt us. *Bel*, as before, is recorded in our Hiſtory as the Father of *Caſſibelan*; our *Belinus* is alſo famous. Our *Cuno-belin*, and others; to which add the Names of *Billingſgate*, *Billing-borough*, &c. Nay, *Camden*'s Inſcription mentions the God *Belinus* here in *Britain*. That *Bel* or *Baal* was the ſame with *Hammon* or *Jupiter*, has been already proved, as alſo with *Moloch* or *Saturn*, a *Phenician* Idol. Now we have the Name of *Hammon* in our *Portus Hammonis*, or *Portſmouth*; and *Ham-ooze* in *Plymouth*, and ſeveral other Places. We had an Idol whoſe very *Shape* and manner of *Worſhip* was proper unto their *Baal* or *Moloch*: Of which, ſee *Sams*'s *Britannia*, where he has a Cut of that huge *wicker Idol*, in whoſe Body the old *Britains* us'd to incloſe the *Child* that was to be ſacrific'd. That *Aſtarte* was known here, *Bochart* thinks, and endeavours to prove it by the Word *Aeſtar*, which he derives from the Name of that Goddeſs, and by a Paſſage in the *Roman* Hiſtorians, who tell us, when Queen *Boadicia* was joyning Battel, ſhe cry'd out, *O* Adraſte *help*; which he believes was the ſame with *Aſtarte*. And why mayn't it be lawful to gueſs on, and derive the Name of the *Startpoint* in *Cornwal*, from the ſame Goddeſs? Tho' more ſure we are, that we have another of her Name without the alteration of one Letter, here on the *Britiſh* Shores, and that's *Beliſama*; for we find *Beliſama æſtuarium* between the Rivers *Deva* and *Sabrina*, now *Dee* and *Severn*, in *Ptolemy*'s firſt Table of *Europe*. Nay further, what if we ſhould find both their Names *Bel* and *Aſtarte* in one Word, and that's *Belerium*, now St. *Burien* in *Cornwall*; deriv'd, not improbably, from *Bel* and *Ery*, *Venus*, or *Juno*, or *Aſtarte*; as in *Erythia*, *Erycina*, and twenty other Inſtances, the *Phenicians* being deſirous to perpetuate the Name and Honour *both* of their *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* together, exactly anſwerable to that proper Name, *Bele-aſtartus*, whom we find in the Liſt of their Kings. See more in the next Note.

483. *Which* Erythra.] There's hardly any thing of this nature has bred more Controverſie among the Criticks, than the *Erythrean Sea*, of which they give many different Etymologies, tho' I think moſt agree that 'tis ſo call'd from the Iſle *Erythra*, where one King *Erythrus* was buried, tho' who or what he was, or when he liv'd, they tell us not; ſome making him *Eſau*, others they know not whom: All which difficulty vaniſhes, if we read *Erythia* inſtead of *Erythra*, and give the ſame Name to this Iſland in the *Arabian* Gulf with that which is either near the *Gades*, or the ſame with *them*. This is made probable by a Paſſage of *Solinus*, concerning that in the *Straits mouth*: "*Erythia*, ſays he, which ſome alſo "call *Erythræa*. This *Erythia* may anſwer almoſt exactly to the famous *Venus Urania*, if we deriv'd it from *Ery*, which, as before, ſignifies *Juno* or *Venus* from the *Chaldee* חרי *Here*, *libera*; and θεία, *divina*; or *Heſiod*'s old Θέα, whom he makes the Mother of the Gods. Which is ſtill rendred more probable by what *Bochart* tells of another Iſland call'd *Aſtarte* in the *Arabian Gulf*, which ſeems no other than this *Erythia*.

491. *By heavenly Art turns the bleſt Earth to Gold.*] The *aurea Cherſoneſus*, or *Golden Peninſula* of *Dionyſius*.

492. *Where*

492. *Where* Gomer's *Land thruſts out its double Head.*] Now Cape *Comorri*, which ſome think derived from *Gomer*.

495. Colias *is* Venus *call'd.*] A Place hereabouts is term'd by *Dionyſius* κωλιάδα, not altogether unlike *Calecut*, which is in our Maps in the ſame part of *Aſia* with that in the old, which *Colias* is a Name of *Venus*.

497. *The* Corean *Promontory lies*,——*Near where a Town*] Cape *Cory*, and the Town *Talycory* near it in *Zeilan*, by ſome thought the old *Taprobane*. Both probably from *Chora* the Name of *Juno*.

503. *Firſt born to* Crete, *and then to* Ida's *Hill*,
Then wandring with the Corybantic *Crew*, &c.] All known Stories of *Jupiter*.

506. *The* Thracian Samos.] To diſtinguiſh it from the other already mention'd where *Juno* was worſhip'd.

507. *The ſad* Cabiri.] *Samothracian* Gods, as *Bochart* thinks, of *Phenician* Original. They were four, as the *Scholiaſt* on *Apollon. Argonaut. Axieros*, *Axiokerſa*, *Axiokerſos*, and *Caſmilus*; that is, as he interprets it, *Ceres*, *Proſerpine*, *Pluto*, and *Mercury*.

532. *Thence* Moloch's *cruel Food at ancient* Tyre,
Thence did thoſe ſavage Rites, &c.] The *Tyrians* ſacrificing Children is notorious in Hiſtory, as the *Carthaginians* from them. The *Romans* alſo had humane Sacrifices in the *Boaria*, and the *Greeks* the ſame, as *Plutarch* tells us.

538. *The ſame curſt Offerings are in* Albion *made.*] See this deſcrib'd by *Tacitus*, of the *Druids* in the Iſle of *Angleſey*, in a very lively manner.

544. *Thoſe two great Lights*] This is generally thought by ſome to have been the original of *Zabaiſm*, or the worſhip of the heavenly Bodies, repreſented as has been ſaid by the *eternal Fire* among moſt Nations, and which has yet ſome Votaries in the *Eaſt*, both in *Perſia* and the *Indies*.

550. *Now mighty* Nimrod *they their* Bacchus *make*,——*Then our great* Moſes.] See this prov'd by *Gale*, *Voſſius* and others, in almoſt twenty particulars, all of which can't be Fancy. *Bacchus* paſs'd the Red Sea, made Water flow out of the Rock, gave Laws in two Tables, is deſcrib'd as *Bicornis*, turn'd his Rod into a Serpent, ſtruck his Enemies with darkneſs, firſt directed in the worſhip of the Gods. *Bacchus*, *Bochart* derives from *Bar-Chus*, the Son of *Chus*, as *Nimrod* was. He's call'd *Nebrodes*, the Greek Name of *Nimrod Zagreus* a Hunter, as *Nimrod* famous for his Wars and Expedition into *India*, ſo *Nimrod*, all of which could not be by Accident.

552. *Who ſometimes muſt the fam'd* Taautus *be.*] This *Taautus*, *Mercury*, or *Hermes*, *Teutates*, *Thouth*, *Theoth*, or by whatever Names he's call'd, ſeems to have much of the ſtory of *Moſes* in thoſe Fragments we have left concerning him; 'tis the Opinion of the *Theoriſt*, that they are the ſame; *Moſes*, ſays he, was both the *Taautus* and *Hermes* of the *Egyptians*.

556. *From us had yours their Orders*, *Names and Powers.*] See this demonſtrated by the learned *Scaliger*, none could think the order of the Letters *natural*, nor could ſo many Languages accidentally hit on the ſame Order.

563. *A Serpents Form indue.*] So *Ovid* and others deſcribe him, the true meaning of which ſeems to be, that he and his Wife fled, lurk'd in Holes and Caves, when driven away by *Joſhua*.

567. *Theſe Letters firſt*, &c.] *Vid. ſupra.*

574. *Like his, they Veſſels wrought.*] 'Tis granted by Heathen Authors, that the *Tyrians* were the firſt *Navigators*, as in that of *Tibullus*; *Prima ratem ventis credere docta Tyrus*. And 'tis not improbable that they learnt the Art from the Model which *Noah* left the *World*.

577. *This he whoſe Birthplace* Samos *boaſts well knew.*] *Pythagoras*, who went to the *Jews* as well as the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans* to learn Philoſophy, and *Hermippus* ſays as much of him, who was his Scholar, and writ his Life. He was circumcis'd that he might be permitted the Knowledge of the *Jewiſh* Religion; after which, he went to *Croton* in *Italy*.

587. *Had that great man*, &c.] *Plato* it's undeniable had many of his Notions from the *Jews*, tho' he cares not to own it, naming 'em *Barbarians*, *Egyptians*, &c.

588. *His One and Many*, &c.] Either 'tis a *natural Truth*, or was left by *Tradition*, or he had it from the *Jews*: neither of the two firſt I doubt can be prov'd, the *laſt* therefore muſt be granted. That he believ'd a Trinity, and had it from others; ſo ſays *Plotinus*, as I find him quoted in Dr. *Cudworth*'s intellectual Syſtem, *p.* 546. Where he ſays, the Τρεῖς ὑποστάσεις ἀρχικὰς. *Tagathon* or *Hen*, *Nous* or *Logos*, and *Pſyche*, were not *Plato*'s Inventions, but far more ancient. Εἶναι τὰς λόγους τὰς ἀμὴ καινὰς. "That theſe Doctrines are not new or of Yeſterday, "but very anciently deliver'd, tho' obſcurely. The Diſcourſes now extant being "but Explications upon 'em, appears from *Plato*'s own Writings; *Parmenides* "before him, having inſiſted on them. Thus *Theodoret* out of *Porphyry*, that God "himſelf bears Witneſs, that the *Phenicians* and *Hebrews* have found the way that "leads to the Knowledge of the Gods, tho' the *Grecians* have wandred from it.

595. *VVhom the firſt Legiſlator.*] So *Joſephus* ſays, and proves againſt *Appion*: And *Diodorus* expreſly affirms the ſame.

599. *Before* Troy's *VVars.*] *Vid. Joſeph. ubi ſupra.* And *Thallus* the Hiſtorian tells us, he was 930 Years elder.

603. *Did to our neighbouring Iſles.*] Both *Minos* and *Lycurgus*, and others of the *Grecian* Legiſlators retir'd into *Crete* for the compoſing of their Laws; where, as *Serranus* thinks, they had 'em from the *Jews*.

605. *To us the* Attick *Laws.*] So *Grotius* affirms in his *De Veritat.* which is made more clear by *Petit. de Legib. Attic.*

608. *An Heavenly Art.*] So it has been always thought: not *taught*, but *inſpir'd.*

622. *Fathers their Children bleſs'd in Poetry.*] *Jacob* his Twelve Sons.

637. *The Sacred Stile*] Which was then *Verſe.*

640. *VVith much of Pain wrung out ſome* Doggrel Lines] Alluding to thoſe old blundering Verſes aſcrib'd to the *Oracles.*

647. *Old* Linus *firſt enticing croſs the Seas.*] *Linus* was certainly a *Phenician*, as well as *Hercules*, who was his Scholar, tho' a very *unlucky* one; for he knock'd his *old Maſter*'s Brains out. *Thallus* ſays, 'twas this *Linus* who firſt brought the Worſhip of *Saturn* into *Greece*, a *Phenician God*, as has been often proved, and the ſame with *Moloch.*

649. *Fam'd* Orpheus.] *Orpheus* was the Auditor of *Linus*, being, as *Tatianus contra Gentes*, *Hercules* his Contemporary. *Juſtin Martyr* ſays he was the firſt Author of *Polytheiſm*; and accordingly *Diodor. Siculus*, who gives the beſt Account of theſe ſort of Antiquities of any of the Heathen, "That he firſt brought into *Greece* the Myſteries of *Bacchus*, *Hades*, *&c.*

663. *Leaning on a Staff.*] I think *Gamaliel*'s Conjecture has at leaſt as fair a Face of Probability, as thoſe of our Modern Criticks, as to the Etymology of the ῥαψῳδίαι of *Homer.*

667. *Our* Siloam *firſt ſupply'd your* Helicon.] The Rabbies have a Story, that whoever drunk of the Water of *Siloam*, were fill'd with a *Prophetical Spirit.* The ſame the Heathen fancy'd of their *Helicon.* Tho' I have a further Intention here, namely, that their Poets borrow'd moſt of their Fancies and Ornaments from the Hebrew Writings, as I have before obſerv'd.

670. *Aſcrean Sage.*] Old *Heſiod.*

685. *The Properties t' expreſs,*——*Of that great* Jove, *&c*] Thus had *Celſus* and the cunning Heathens learn'd at laſt to plead for their Idolatry.

700. *Much more the Heroes muſt, when Gods prevail.*] Thus *Julian*, in his Oration already cited, of *Hercules*, ἐπὶ γῆς ἀντῷ νῦν, &c. "After he is now gone to his "Father, he can with more eaſe take care of Humane Affairs, than he could "while here upon *Earth.*

701. *Much rather then,*——*The ſpotleſs Parent both of Gods and Men.*] I would not

not willingly hear an honeſt Heathen abus'd, nor let more be ſaid by 'em than they really own. See almoſt the ſame Words which I uſe, in *Julian*'s Oration; περὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἢ τῇ μητρὶ τῶν θεῶν. "Much *rather* to the *Mother* of the Gods: And ὦ θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων μήτηρ. where he repeats his *Ave* to her with a great deal of Devotion, asking all *good Fortune* here, and that ſhe'd *receive* his *Soul* hereafter.

716. *They from Conquer'd Cities with 'em bear.*] A notorious Cuſtom of the *Romans*; and, I ſuppoſe, from the Story of the *Palladium*, the *Tyrians*, and others of alſo all the Heathens.

728. *Now the worſt of Men, now none at all*] None could be worſe than the beſt of their Gods, *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, and many of them only fabled Perſons that had never a Being; as *Longinus*, and others among their Succeſſors.

740. *In Satyrs, or in humane Form ador'd.*] 'Tis obſervable the Devil has but little chang'd Faſhions ſince he firſt endeavour'd to cheat or fright Mankind. He was then *horned* and *cloven-footed*, as *Pan*, the *Satyrs*, *Apis*, *&c.* and in the ſame Shape, Story ſays, he uſually ſtill appears

755. *Old* Numa's *Temples knew no Images.*] So ſays *Varro*, and that it was a long time before they were introduced at *Rome*.

771. *Moving Temple.*] So *Joſephus* calls the *Ark*.

778. *Your* Corban.] Some think this *Corban*, ſo famous among the *Jews*, eſpecially the *Phariſees*, ſignify'd a *ſolemn Oath* or *Imprecation*, whereby they oblig'd themſelves to do or not to do a thing. *Origen*, and others of the ancient Writers, as Dr. *Hammond* on the 15th. of St. *Matthew*, think it ſignifies a Gift conſecrated to God, a pretended devoting all their Subſtance to *pious Uſes*, which by their Law or Cuſtom, freed 'em from helping even their Father and Mother. Which Conſecration, or Devoting, might be done with an Oath, and then both *Senſes* agree.

797. *In all that* Rome *or* Athens] We can't ſuppoſe but that he had read the famous *Latin*, as well as *Greek* Authors

808. *This I'm ſure is ſo*] Oppoſing *Tradition*.

826. *'Midſt Show'rs of Stones, and Sheets of deadly Fire.*] The Puniſhments inflicted by their Laws againſt falſe Prophets and Hereticks, *Deut.* 17. 12. Though the *Romans* did not care to put 'em in execution; as we may ſee from *Pilate*, *Felix*, and others.

833. *Whoſe* Patrons, *ſacred* Oral Truths *deny.*] 'Twas notorious that the Phariſees made the Word of God of no effect by their *Traditions*. So ſays the *Talmud*; *Plus eſt in Verbis Scribarum quam in Verbis Legis*; and *Verba Scribarum amabiliora ſunt verbis Prophetarum*. "There's more in the Words of the Scribes than "in the Words of the Law; and the Words of the Scribes are more amiable than "the *Words* of the *Prophets*, and yet higher, *Egredienti à ſtudio Talmudico ad ſtudium Biblicum non erit Pax*: "There's no Peace to him who goes from the Study "of the *Talmud* to the Study of the *Bible*. Chriſt ſpoke againſt *Traditions*, and commands to ſearch the *Scriptures*. The Phariſees cry up *Traditions*, and forbid the *Scriptures* to be *read*. Whether are to be obey'd?

835. *For Hereticks*, &c] I muſt doubly ask Pardon here, both for borrowing theſe Verſes, and making thus uſe of 'em; which I did, becauſe they expreſs the Doctrine and Plea of the Phariſees as cloſely and fully as 'tis poſſible to be done; and had the *Hind* and *Panther* been writ in his time, S. *Paul* would undoubtedly have read it, and might have quoted it too, as well as he does *Menander*.

838. *The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.*] So ſaid the Phariſees. Hence their *Cabala*, or *Lex non ſcripta*, containing *Traditions*, to ſupply what they pretended *Imperfect*, and *Gloſſes*, to illuſtrate what was not *clear*; both of which they themſelves would have the keeping of, and what Work they made with em, we may not only find in the Evangeliſts, but even in their own Writers. *Si dixerint Doctores dextram eſſe ſiniſtram, audi*: Says *Grotius* out of their Works; "If "our *Doctors* ſays your *Right Hand* is your *Left*, you muſt believe 'em.

916. *Trifles by the Learned World deſpis'd.*] Great part of them Anagrammatick Fooleries.

917 *Your*

917. *Your* Sephiroth *are Truths in Scripture plain.*] Many of these *Sephiroth* the Rabbies describe in God; among the rest, there is the *Amen*, the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *Light*, the *Spirit*, which must relate to the Blessed Trinity, being the very Expressions by which the Holy Scriptures denote unto us the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*; and accordingly the Rabbies say, that " *Many Sephiroth* do not hinder " the *Unity* of God.

923. *One step beyond the* Hasmonæan *Race.*] They pretended Antiquity to authorize their unlawful Impositions, and call'd 'em, " The Traditions of the *Fathers*. *Epiphanius* says, The great things the Pharisees pretended to more than others, and made Vows to perform 'em, were these following, Virginity, constant Prayers, Discipline of the Body, and Abstinence from Meat and Sleep. They pretended from *Ezra*, but could prove no further than from the Times of *Jonathan* the High-Priest; which tho' *Josephus* calls *à Temporibus antiquissimis*, was but about 140 Years before.

932. *Sometimes the High-Priests, as you must own.*] See *Josephus*, and *Acts* 5. 17. *The High-Priest, and all they that were with him, which were of the Sect of the* Sadducees.

964. *A loose Court, to* Zadok's *Sect inclin'd.*] The Court of *Herod*. Some make the *Herodians* and *Sadducees* all one; there might indeed be some difference between 'em, tho' 'tis hard to say which was worst; and many of their Opinions were the same.

992. *Their Breath.*] This holds in that Country, tho' not in ours.

1089. *The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms contain.*] Thus a learned *Rabbi* being ask'd how he prov'd the Resurrection from the Sacred Writings; answer'd, " From the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms.

1092. *The Spirit says, Man rather* sleeps *than* dies.] That Expression is often us'd in Holy Scripture, even in the *Old Testament*, *Deut.* 31. 16. 1 *King* 1. 12. *Job.* 7. 21. and that with an Exclusion to Annihilation; for *Daniel* 12. 2. *Those that sleep in the Dust shall awake.*

1115. *Even joyn'd to Soul, each day 'tis born and dies.*] That is, as to particular individuated Matter, by the addition of new *Particles*, and *avolation* of the old.

1142. *Spiteful him confess.*] It's not likely the Devils confess'd our Saviour out of any *Good Will*, but rather, as it should seem, on purpose to disgrace his Doctrine and Person; for which reason he forbad 'em to do it.

1143. *Whether to their own* dark Abyss *confin'd.*] Dr. *Hammond* thinks, that when the Devils besought our Saviour that he'd not send 'em out into the *Deep*, it relates to their own *Abyss of Hell*; and that 'tis equivalent to that other Phrase, " Not tormenting 'em before their time.

1177. *The softest Linnen.*] *Ludolfus* is very angry with *Dives* for wearing this *fine Linnen*, which he says he did, *Propter mollitiem carnis*: But if that had been all his Fault, methinks they should have let him gone no further than *Purgatory*: For tho' there are a sort of Men in the World, who may find I know not what Merit and Super-erogation in scrubbing their Carcasses with Hair-Cloth, and being more *nasty* than their Neighbours, yet one would think, wearing *clean Linnen*, tho' it happen'd to be *fine* too, should be only a *Venial Sin*.

1185. *Where nothing else they burn.*] One of the *Arabia*'s, where they have such Plenty of *Spices*, and Want of other Fuel, that Geographers say, they make use of 'em for their common Firing.

1189. *The fittest Meat with Angels Bread.*] Because the *Israelites* eat 'em with Manna.

1192. *The beauteous Fowl.*] The Pheasant, which still keeps its Name, tho' it has fetch'd it a great way off.

1243. *Lick'd his Sore.*] *Ludolfus* here has a very odd Allegory in his Prayer at the end of this Parable, *Veniant Canes Doctores tui, ut lingant Vulnera peccatorum meorum!*

1258. *Calm the Reliques.*] A Line of Mr. *Norris*.

1307. *O'er utmost* Thule.] By this famous *Ultima Thule*, I think there's little doubt

doubt but *Iſland* is intended in antient Writers, eſpecially the Poets who have often occaſion for it. Thus *Dionyſius* having been before ſpeaking of the Iſles of *Britain*, he ſays, 'tis in the Ocean beyond 'em, and that you need a good Ship to carry you to it: Πολλὼ δ' ὑπερθεν πελάσσῃ Ἰερνίδος ἠδὲ Ἰουερνὸν Νῆσόν τε Θύλην ἐυεργέι νηΐ περήσας. He gives yet, if I miſtake not, another Mark of it, particularly of this *Hecla*, a burning Mountain there, which Tradition makes one of the *Vents* of *Hell*: Ἡμαθ' ὁμῶ καὶ νύκτας ἀειράνδις ἀκάμπτου πῦρ· which the Tranſlator thinks relates to the Length of Days, tranſlating πῦρ by *Lumen*. But it ſeems at leaſt as probable, that by this Fire pour'd out Night and Day in this Iſland, the Author might intend this Mount *Hecla*, which is famous for inceſſantly caſting out Smoak and Flames.

1316. *Tho vaſt as that.*] So the Poet.

1314. *Thirſt, next Guilt.*] Undoubtedly a terrible Pain, ſince ſet to expreſs what's infinite.

1407. *With parting Beams.*] *Siloam* lies Weſt of *Jeruſalem*.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE Seventh BOOK.

OUR *Saviour and his Diſciples come early to the Temple, the* Muſick *whereof is deſcribed, and the ſeveral* Inſtruments *the Jews made uſe of in their* Sacred Service. *The Morning Anthem. The* Buyers *and* Sellers *in the Temple, and our Saviour's driving 'em thence, purſuing 'em to* Solomon's Porch, *which is deſcribed, with the Vally of* Kidron, *and the* Precipice *between Mount* Moriah *and* Olivet. *In the mean while his Diſciples ſurvey the Buildings of the Temple, the Gates, the Courts, the Pillars, and the Golden Vine, and finding our Saviour, with Admiration ſhew them to him, and diſcourſe of them; who propheſies the* Deſtruction *of all thoſe ſtately Buildings; which he more at large deſcribes, on their Deſire, as aſcending thence, and looking back on the* City *and* Temple *from the Mount of* Olives; *mentioning alſo the* Riſe *of a* Falſe Chriſt, *or* Antichriſt, *in the* World; *and, on their ſtill deſiring to know more of theſe Matters, foreſhews the Oppoſition his* Followers *ſhould firſt meet with by the* Roman Empire, *under the* Ten Perſecutions; *when* Conſtantine *ſhould conquer the Heathens under his Banner, and embrace the* Chriſtian Religion. *After which, on the Degeneracy of the Church,* Mahometaniſm *ariſes in the Eaſtern, and* Popery *in the Weſtern World, the latter followed and check'd by the* Reformation, *and at laſt deſtroyed by Chriſt's ſecond Coming. Which he goes on to deſcribe, and exhorts 'em to be always ready for it, the preciſe Hour not known, firſt by Parables that of the* ten Virgins, *and of the* Lord *and his* Servants. *Then by a plain Relation of the manner and Pomp of the laſt* Judgment. *The* Conflagration *of the World. The* Sentence *of the* Juſt *and* Unjuſt, *and their eternal* Bliſs *and* Miſery. *The Book concluding with a* Prayer *of the Author, being a Paraphraſe on that Part of the* Litany, In all Time of our Tribulation, in all Time of our Wealth, in the Hour of Death, and in the Day of Judgment, *Libera nos.*

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK VII.

AND now the Sun, gilding the *Earth* and *Skies*,
Did over lofty *Olivet* arise;
Gently he rose, as him some sacred Awe
Had seiz'd, when first the *Temple Roofs* he saw;
Saw thro' the *Shades*, nor durst directly see, *
Lest *that* should *dazle* him, as *mortal* he:
Scarce cou'd his own *reflected Image* bear,
From the vast *Golden Mirrour* flaming there:
Earlier than he his watchful *Maker* rose,
As early to his *Fathers House* he goes

With his lov'd Twelve, when thoſe within unfold
The mighty *Gates*, heavy with *loads* of *Gold*: *
Twice Ten *robuſtuous Servants* there attend, *
Who to the *Work* their Shoulders panting lend:
The *Gentiles*, and the *Womans Court* they paſs
To the Third Gate, of rich *Corinthian Braſs*; *
Next *Iſrael's Court* they enter, proſtrate there,
T' attone high Heav'n with pious *Hymns* and *Pray'r*,
In decent ranks the *Veſted Prieſts* begin, *
Loud anſwer'd by the *full-mouth'd Quire* within:
Muſick's *ſoft* Notes, and loud *Majeſtick* ſound;
From the gilt *Roofs* and *vaulted Courts* rebound,
And diſtant *Zion-hill* beats back the *ſacred Sound*:
Nature and *Art* in the bleſt *Service* joyn,
Voices and tuneful *Inſtruments* combine;
The Conſort firſt ſweet *Aijeleth* begun, *
And welcom'd to the World the *cheerful Sun*;
Next the *Creator's* Praiſes they recite
On *Alamoth*, chaſt *Virgins* beſt delight; *
Grave *Jonath*, ſoft *Mahalah* mixt with theſe, *
And melting *Harps* that never fail'd to pleaſe: *
Shrill *Cornets*, clanging *Trumpets*, apt t' inſpire,
With holy *Raptures*, or with Martial *Fire*;
The *Anthem* this, once ſung to *David's royal Lyre*.

PSALM 135. *Hallelujah!*

* LOfty Hallelujahs ſing
To th' Alwiſe, th' Almighty King!
Him with Hearts and Voices raiſe!
Him, ye his bleſt Servants, Praiſe!

Ye who ever ſtand to bleſs,
In the *Beauty* of *Holineſs*!
In his *Houſe*, with Glory crown'd,
Or the *ſacred Courts* around,

Him, the *Spring* of *Life* and *Light*,
Boundleſs *Goodneſs*, boundleſs *Might*!
Him and his great *Name* record!
The *Service* is its own *reward*. *

You

You, O *Iſrael's Sons* rejoyce!
Your Father's Gods, *peculiar Choice!*
Great and high! What *Idol* dare
With the *Lord* of *Hoſts* compare?

His *Pow'r* no other *Limits* knows,
But what his *Goodneſs* will impoſe: *
Heav'n, *Earth* and *Sea* his *Orders* keep;
Cloſe he ſeals the *Aged Deep.*

See his *Clouds* make *black* the *Skies*,
Lightnings glare, and *Storms* ariſe;
And freed from their dark ſtony *Cave*,
Hark, th' impetuous *Whirlwinds* rave.

To *Zoan's Fields*, with *Blood* o'erflown,
Too well his *Signs* and *Wonders* known;
Known by their *Firſt-born* too well,
Firſt *they*, and then their *Fathers fell.*

He pow'rful *Nations* did ſubdue;
Monſters quell'd, and *Tyrants* ſlew:
Sihon, by th' *Amorite* obey'd,
And *mighty Og*, who *Baſhan* ſway'd.

In vain proud *Can'ans Kings* combine,
Their weak *Arms* in vain they joyn;
The ſooner all they *Captive* ſtand,
To *Iſrael*, God *diſpoſed* their *Land.* *

Still, O God! Thou art the *ſame*,
Still we ſing thy *glorious Name*;
Our glad *Hymns* thy *Juſtice* raiſe,
And thy pard'ning *Goodneſs* praiſe.

Not ſo the *Gods* by *Mortals* made,
To whom vain *Vows* and *Incenſe* paid;
In vain for their *Advice* they come,
Mouths they have, but *ſtill* are dumb.

Lifeleſs

Lifeleſs *Eyes*, which ſee no more
Than thoſe Stocks who them *adore*;
Nor their *Ears* the *ſound* can take,
Which their loſt *Devotions* make.

Tho' they lean their *Noſtrils* down,
If they've no *Incenſe*, they'll not frown;
Such are *they*, and ſuch are *thoſe*,
Who on them their *Hopes* repoſe.

You, O *Iſrael*, who alone,
The great God of Gods have known;
You, who guard his *holy place*,
Mitred Aaron's ſacred *Race*!

You, who from great *Levi* ſpring,
His *illuſtrious Praiſes* ſing!
You too ought to do the ſame,
Each *good Man* that fears his *Name*.

At once let all our *Vows* aſpire!
Let our glad Voices fill the *Quire*;
Him bleſs who do's at *Salem* dwell,
The *Saviour* of his *Iſrael*!

Hallelujah!

Exod. 30. 7, 8. Mean while, rich *Incenſe* feeds the *ſacred Fire*, *
And odorif'rous *Clouds* to Heav'n aſpire;
Next on the *Brazen-Altar* bleeding lies
Exod. 29. 39, 40. A *Milk white Lamb*, the *morning Sacrifice*; *
With theſe the Prieſts, the holieſt *Mincha* joyn, *
A cheerful *blaze* of *Flow'r*, and *Oyl* and *Wine*:
In ſilence then, their *private Pray'rs* they make,
Then frequent *Crowds* the *ſacred Walls* forſake;
Our Saviour *laſt*; but ſuch as ſtill remain,
With *Iſr'el*'s God t' *adore* their *Idol Gain*:
Scarce from their *Knees* they roſe, (and worldly Care
Had ſeiz'd their *Thoughts*, e'en while diſſembling there;)

When



S.t MARKE,

Book: 7: pag: 238.

N.o 42.





Book 7. pag. 239

S.t IOHN.

N.o 44



Book 3. pag: 239.

S^t. MATHEW

N.° 41



S.t LVKE:

Book: 7: pag: 238.

N.o 43.

When ſtrait a *buſie Hum* ran round the place,
And all things ſtrait put on a diff'rent *Face*:
The *Temple* a *profane Exchange* was made,
Religion vaniſh'd thence, or grown a *Trade*;
* Some in the *Cloiſters* gainful *Shops* unfold,
And ſpread on *Tables* glitt'ring heaps of *Gold*;
Some *fair-neck'd* Doves, and murm'ring *Turtles* bring,
The *poor Good-mans* accepted Offering. John 2. 15.
Thus the *arch'd Roofs*, while the *void ſpace* between
Soon fills with duſty *droves* of *Beaſts* and *Men*;
Here free-neck'd *Bullocks* which diſdain'd the *Yoke*,
Stand ready for the *Sacrificers* ſtroke;
The largeſt that rich *Baſan*'s Paſture feeds,
The choice of all that *Flowry Hermon* breeds:
Here num'rous *Flocks* from *Sharon*'s lovely *Plain*
Stand bleating by, or drag their *pond'rous Train*;
While ſpotleſs *Lambs* the next *partition* fill,
* Driv'n with more *eaſe* from *Carmel's fertile Hill.*
All eager bent on the hot chaſe of Gain,
Some *bargain*, ſome *adviſe*, and ſome *complain*:
All were *deceiv'd*, or elſe *Deceivers* there,
Duſt and a confuſed *Noiſe* fills the *Air.*
The Saviour ſaw, and ſtrait ſuch *Frowns* he wore,
As ne'er were ſeen on his calm *Face* before:
* *Bluſhes* at once of *Shame* and *Anger* riſe;
A juſt *Reſentment* ſparkling in his *Eyes*,
Soon breaks in *Words* — Avoid *profane*! he cries!
Hence *ſacrilegious Wretches*, nor diſgrace
With your *unhallow'd Feet* this *ſacred Place*!
That Houſe where holy *Pray'rs* ſhou'd force the *Skies*,
You've made a *Den of Thieves*, a Scene of *Cheats* and *Lies.*
Actions his *Words* ſucceed, when ſlow they went,
Them thence with unexpected *haſt* he ſent;
A *Scourge*, with *Slaves* the fitteſt Argument,
He do's of ſtrongly-twiſted *Cords* prepare,
And ſoon with *ſtrokes* and *cries* reſounds the *Air*:
None durſt *reſiſt*, but murm'ring *melt* away,
As guilty *Ghoſts* fly ſwift th' approach of *Day.*
To the bright *Eaſtern-gate* he them purſu'd,
Which *Kidron's horrid Vale* beneath it view'd;

Unfathom'd

Unfathom'd *Precipice!* to the loſt ſight
At once affording *Terror* and *Delight.*
Yet here great *Solomon*, and none but he
Cou'd do't, with much of *Pain* and *Induſtry*,
A wond'rous *Pile*, in ſpite of *Nature* rais'd,
Whilſt all the *Nations* round him *fear'd* and *prais'd*:
The Work-men min'd *deep*, *wond'rous deep* below, *
As to the *Center's* ſelf they meant to go:
Of *Tyre* they were, and oft had plough'd thoſe *Seas*, *
Where lie the doubtful *Caſſiterides*:
Beneath ſome *Hill* that threats the angry *Main*,
There had they oft purſu'd ſome wand'ring *Vein*,
And dug almoſt to *Hell* in ſearch of *Gain*;
Yet ne'er ſo *near* as now — The *Turrets* riſe
As *high* above the *Earth*, as *deep* amidſt the *Skies*:
Beneath whoſe *ſpacious Arch* our Saviour taught;
For whoſe kind touch th' *Infirm* and *Maim'd* they brought,
He *Cur'd* 'em all, wide ſpreads his *Fame* around,
And *Death* and *Med'cine* no *employment* found.
Thus buſy'd there, his choſen *Twelve* the while,
Wond'ring, ſurvey the *Temples* glorious *Pile*;
Vid. Joſeph. *de Bell. Jud.* On ſolid Rock the firm *Foundation's* laid,
Of *Earthquakes* or of *Thunder* not afraid;
Firm as the *Centers* ſelf on which they *ſtay'd*:
Thoſe *everlaſting Gates* the Porches cloſe, *
Tall as the mighty *Cedars* them compoſe;
The *ſpacious Courts*, which ſuch *vaſt Crowds* cou'd hold,
The glitt'ring *Pillars*, and the *Vine* of *Gold*: *
The *Temples* ſelf, all gilt its *Front* and *Side*,
A *Godlike-Work*, and worthy *Herod's* pride:
The ſtately *Porch* 'twixt two vaſt Columns roſe, *
1 Kings 7. 21. *Jachin* and *Boaz* ſcarce more tall than thoſe;
Of the *Corinthian Order*, fair and high,
Sweet *Beauty* joyn'd with awful *Majeſty*:
The Stones ſo huge, they ſcarce dare truſt their *Senſe*; *
Each a *whole Mountain* ſeem'd, not *hew'd* from thence:
Yet theſe vaſt *Ribs* of *Iron* cloſer chain,
So large, each rather ſeem'd a *Native Vein*.
A *heap of Miracles* — When long they ſtay'd,

And

And all things with *unweary'd Eyes* ſurvey'd;
Wond'ring, they to the *beauteous Porch* repair,
And find with Joy th[illegible] *much lov'd* Maſter there;
Whom they, yet full of the *prodigious Sight*,
To the ſame *Entertainment* wou'd invite:
What *Stones*, what *Building* here! how *rare*, how *vaſt!*
Sure theſe as long as *Time* it ſelf muſt *laſt!*
To whom, with a *wiſe ſadneſs* in his *Eyes*,
Which *boded* ſomething more, our Lord replies;
— With ſuch vain *Hopes* no more your ſelves deceive,
Prepare to *meet* that *Fate* you won't *believe!*
Not one of thoſe proud *Tow'rs* which *Heav'n* invade,
Whoſe ſtrong *Foundations*, deep as *Hell* are laid;
But ſoon muſt *kiſs the Duſt* — Not one of thoſe
Prodigious *Stones* which this hugh *Pile* compoſe;
Now, e'en by *more* than their *own weight* combin'd,
As parts of *Matter*, cloſe to *Matter* joyn'd;
Not one, but by a *Force* ſuperior born,
* From its old *Seat*, from its ſtrong *Brethren* torn,
Muſt from theſe *Walls* and firm *Foundations* go,
And ſink for ever in the *Vale* below.
Struck with theſe dreadful *Truths* they ſilent ſtood,
Pale *Fear* had ſtop'd their *Words* and *chill'd* their *Blood*:
Bold Cephas firſt reviv'd, and as they went
Their *well known way*, o'er *Olivets* aſcent,
Thro' the cool *Shades* for pleaſant *Bethanie*,
Submits, he asks, When theſe *dread Things* ſhou'd be?
What ſure *Prognoſticks* their *approach* declare,
And *his*, that wiſe, they might for both *prepare*?
What dreadful Sights his *Coming* ſhou'd *fore-ſhow*?
* How they the *Worlds* and *Temples End* might know?
Silent our Lord awhile, and looking down
Compaſſionate on the *devoted Town*,
Intent he ſtood, and fix'd his lab'ring *Mind*,
On the prodigious *Scene* of *Woes* behind;
Till *Tears* and *Words* at length well-mingled brake,
From his ſad *Eyes* and *Lips*, and thus he ſpake.
Ah, loſt *Jeruſalem!* how much, how oft
Haſt thou thy *Ruin*, I thy *Welfare* ſought!
Oft didſt my *Prophets*, as *Impoſtors*, ſtone,

Mat. 23. 37.

And ſhed their *Blood* who came to ſave thy *own*:
E'en I, the *Heir*, who left my *Native Sky*,
Ungrate! to bring thee *Life*, my ſelf muſt *Die*.
How oft wou'd I thy wand'ring *Flocks* have led
To *Cryſtal Streams*, in *Flowry Paſtures* fed?
Thy ſtubborn *Sons* my kind *Protection* lent,
At once preſerv'd 'em *ſafe* and *innocent*?
As *heat* and *warmth* the *Royal Eagle* brings, *
And cheriſhes her Young beneath her *Wings*.
Still all was *then* in *vain*, *now* all too *late*,
Heav'n has thy *Ruin ſeal'd*, and made it *Fate*.
For you, my *choſen Few*, who *firm* remain,
No *ſanguine Dreams* of *Pleaſure* entertain!
Be ever on your *Guard*, your *Lamps* ſhine clear!
The *Night*, the long, the fatal *Night* is near:
How unprepar'd the moſt, as thoſe who fell
Mat. 24.73. In *Noah's Flood*, thro' *Earths* black *Vaults* to *Hell*?
Luke 17.36. On their rich *Carpets* ſome *Luxurious* laid,
Some underneath their *Vineyards leafy Shade*;
Some in the buſie *Markets* Sweat, and ſome
Their glitt'ring *Brides* conduct in Triumph home:
Th' old *Prophet* all deſpiſe, and dread no more
The *Plague* denounc'd an *hundred* Years before. *
This ſaw juſt *Heav'n*, and ſtrait the *ſignal* gave;
Nature agaſt ſhrinks back, the roaring *Wave*
Rides foaming o'er the *Beach*, new *Rivers* flow,
In *Earthquakes* born from frightful *Gulfs* below:
While pitchy *Clouds* a long continu'd ſhow'r,
From Heav'ns wide *Cataracts* inceſſant pour:
O'er *Tow'rs* and *Hills* th' impetuous *Floods* ariſe,
Sweep the lewd *Earth*, and *vindicate* the *Skies*:
So *ſudden*, ſo *unthought* will I appear;
The *Change* as much expected *there* as *here*.
Sudden to th' ſtupid *World*, who not regard
The threatn'd *Wrath*, but You not *unprepar'd*,
Secure ſhall be in my *Protection* found,
And ſee unmov'd the *tott'ring World* around:
Then many a vile *Impoſtor* ſhall pretend *
My *Name*, and meet a juſt, a dreadful *End*;
Theſe, *miſchiefs* ſhall in cloſe *Cabals* conſpire,

Thoſe

Thoſe to the lonely *Wilderneſs* retire:
All vain alike, when I from *Heav'n* appear,
The *Lightning*'s not ſo *ſudden* or ſo *clear*:
But firſt for all the *Injuries* prepare,
Which *Malice* can inflict, or *Virtue* bear!
Hated by all, *abus'd*, contemn'd, betray'd,
* My very *Name* and *yours* ſhall *Crimes* be made:
Dragg'd to *Tribunals*, hurry'd up and down,
Kings ſhall your *Judges* ſit, and *Princes* frown.
Yet ſtill *intrepid*, *face* 'em all, for I,
My faithful *Friends!* unſeen, will ſtill be by:
To me *remit* the care of your *Defence*,
Safe in my *Pow'r* and your own *Innocence!*
This all their *pompous Rhet'ric* ſhall out-do,
Your guilty *Judges* trembling more than you!
And much, much greater *Cauſe* have they to *fear*;
When to this *height* arriv'd, their *fall* is near;
My *Blood* and yours for loud *Revenge* will cry,
Which *Deluges* of theirs muſt ſatisfie:
Fierce *War* its waſting *Squadrons* ſcatt'ring wide,
Shall o'er the guilty *Land* triumphant *ſtride*;
Death, *Rapine*, *Murder* ſhall compoſe its *Train*,
And after proudly walk on *heaps of Slain.*
* *Nation* with *Nation*, *Tribe* with *Tribe* engage,
Excuſe the *common Foe*, and ſave their *Conqu'rors rage*:
Who left, abroad, from theſe *Diſtractions* be,
* Unhappy *Solyma!* ſhall fly to thee;
To thee ſhall juſt *Deſtruction* with 'em bear,
And all th' *unnumber'd Miſeries* of *War.*
The mighty Foe, with long *Succeſſes* crown'd,
* Shall with a Fourth, thy Three proud *Walls* ſurround;
Fly e'er 'tis done, a *Moment* more 's too late;
Fly, or prepare for your approaching *Fate!*
Fly thoſe curſt *Walls*, for nought behind you ſtay,
Scape for your Life, and on *wild Mountains* ſtray!
But firſt th' *abhor'd Prophaners* of your *Law*,
* Which Heav'n-lov'd *Daniel*'s *piercing Eyes* fore-ſaw;
The *Holy Place* with wicked *Arms* ſhall ſeize,
And fill with *Blood* and Piles of *Carcaſſes*;
The Guardian Minds ſhall the *ſad Word* receive,

And to thoſe *human* Fiends the *Temple* leave;
Leave with a *Voice* wou'd chill the firmeſt *Heart*,
A deep, a mournful *Voice* — Let us depart! *
Scarce can the dreadful Sighs *above* fore-ſhow
Worſe *Plagues* than thoſe, they then ſhall feel below:
Tho' high in Heav'n a *bloody Sword* ſhall *glare*, *
A *Beſom of Deſtruction* ſweep the *Air*;
Horſes and *Chariots* arm'd look gaſtly down,
And *ſhow'rs* of *Blood*, ſtain all the trembling *Town*:
Thunders and *Earthquakes* then they'll ſcarcely mind, *
Harden'd with what they *feel* and what's *behind*.
All theſe, alas, compar'd to what *remains*,
But the beginning of their *hopeleſs Pains*; *
For now the *Famine* enters its *ſad Reign*,
Attended by a gaſtly *meager Train*:
A ſingle *Death* leſs dreadful in each *Street*,
The *half-ſtarv'd* Citizens like *Ghoſts* ſhall meet; *
Thence *ſtarting* at the ſight, each other fly,
And tott'ring a few ſteps, *fall down* and *Die*:
Tho' now you think a *barren Womb* a curſe,
Wo to the *Mother* then, and *vainly-fruitful Nurſe*!
The *miſerable Mother* ſhall become
Her own dear *Infant's Murd'rer* and his *Tomb*:
All *Piety* and *Nature* baniſh'd there,
Bread ſhall the *Sons* from gaſping *Fathers* tear,
From them the ravening *Soldier*; *Bread* the *Cry*!
Who gain it, are but *longer* e'er they *Die*.
Within *Sedition* reigns, without the *Foe*,
Above your *Tow'rs*, above your *Walls* they go;
This after that each *day* reſiſtleſs win,
And like a *Deluge* over all come pouring in. *
What a ſad *Conqueſt* ſhall their *Fury* find?
How few by *Plague* and *Famine* left behind?
Yet, ah! too many ſhall the *Sword* devour,
The greedy *Sword* — Theſe from a *half-burnt Tow'r*,
Precipitate th' invading *Soldier* fly,
And run on *Death* becauſe they *fear* to die:
While *deſp'rate*, theſe leap *head-long* from the Wall,
In hopes to kill a *Roman* by *their fall*;
Theſe to the *Altar*, ſacred now no more

For

For *Refuge* fly, they'd that *Profan'd* before.
—Here ſtill they Fight, and a new *War* 's begun,
* Till — See! the *Temple* fir'd, the *Work* is done.
Jeruſalem's no more, one Ruin all;
This the laſt fatal *Blaze* before her *Fall*:
Her *Flames* and dying *Groans* at once aſpire,
While *Blood* enough is ſhed to've *quench'd* the *Fire*:
Salem's no more, nor *can* ſhe now *Repent*,
Her *Children's*, and her own ſad *Monument*:
Nor e'er ſhall *Iſrael's Race* theſe *Walls* regain,
Till Heav'n has clos'd the *Gentiles deſtin'd reign*.
But firſt muſt many a *wond'rous Thing* befal,
Firſt by pure Doctrine fill the *ſpacious Ball*.
What paſſes here, what here we've *done* or *ſaid*,
Shall be by after-Ages, wond'ring read.
Four *Scribes* will I to that great *Task* aſſign,
Whilſt the bleſt *Spirit* ſhall dictate ev'ry *Line*.
Thence, *till* I *come*, my *Friends* my Law ſhall teach,
In Times *ſucceſſive Links* how vaſt a *Breach*!
Which yet no *points* in God's *Duration* reach:
Nor muſt my *Foll'wers* ſoon a *Calm* enjoy,
Nor ſoon my *Rebels* pow'r will I deſtroy;
Firſt he'll a *Rival* raiſe my *Seat* to claim,
* And in the Church uſurp my *Throne* and *Name*;
Between the *Seas ſuperb*, his *Palace* rear, Dan. 11.45.
On *ſeven proud Hills*, long tyrannizing there;
The World ſhall *wonder*, Kings his *Train* ſhall bear Rev. 17. 9.
And *kiſs* his *Feet*; my *Followers*, who refuſe
The ſervile *Mark*, he'll treat as *me* the *Jews*;
By *Inquiſitions*, Tortures, Poyſon, Fire,
Unnumber'd *Thouſands* muſt prepare t' expire.
Conqu'rers in all, theſe all ſhall have the *Grace*
To joyn their *Great Fore-fathers Martyr'd Race*;
The *Beatific Viſion* firſt enjoy,
And with me *reign*, when *Babel* I deſtroy.
He ſaid, but tho' ſuch *wond'rous Things* expreſt,
Their *modeſt Silence* ſtill did more *requeſt*:
He knew their *Hearts*, nor their *Confeſſion* needs; John 16. 19.
And thus on the ſame *myſtic Theme* proceeds.
* The *World* for the *Elect* was chiefly made,

And

And by the *Church* the *Fates* of *Empires* ſway'd;
Who that *defend* ſhall *ſtand*, who that *oppoſe*,
Can never grapple ſuch *unequal Foes*;
The *Heav'nly Hoſt* all rang'd in bright array,
Suſpended till their *King* commands away;
Theſe o'er their *ſtated Provinces* preſide,
And theſe the mighty *Turns* of *Nations* guide:
My *Flock* amidſt a *World* of *Wolves* defend,
While thoſe that *hate* 'em meet a *dreadful End.*
The *World* declines, *Time* rolling down the *Hill*,
Shall ſoon the antient *Propheſies* fulfil:
The mighty *Image* ('twas a *wond'rous ſight*)
Dan. 2. 19. Which *Daniel* ſaw in *Viſions* of the *Night*,
Now *wears* apace, and *verges* to *decay*,
Soon will his *Iron Feet* be mix'd with *Clay*:
The *pond'rous Stone* cut from the *Mountains* ſide,
Shall ſoon th' *ill-mingled Policy* divide;
The lifeleſs *Trunk* and *Limbs* to *Powder* grind,
Its very *duſt* wide-ſcattering in the *Wind*:
Dan. 7. The Fourth *prophetic Beaſt*, *foreſeen* from far,
Is enter'd now on the *World's Theatre*;
Fiercer than all the reſt — The *Roman Pow'r*,
Which the contending *Nations* ſhall *devour*:
This, *Hell* ſhall to its *Int'reſts* ſoon engage,
And *you* muſt *grapple* their *united Rage*:
What *Men* and *Devils*, what *Arts* and *Arms* can do,
Bravely prepare to *meet*, and *conquer* too!
Ten furious *Tyrants*, fierce as ever wore, *
Their Purple double dy'd in *guiltleſs Gore*,
Shall their *keen Axes* and their *Rods* employ,
And vainly wou'd your *Name* and *mine* deſtroy:
On their *devoted Heads* the *Curſe* ſhall fall;
An heavy *Vengeance* hovers o'er 'em all.
A Wretch the firſt, who ſhall *Mankind* diſgrace,
To them a *Foe* as to your *ſacred Race*:
On his own *Town* and *Mother* firſt ſhall try
In *Fire* and *Sword*, his *Infant Cruelty*;
Murder'd and *Burnt*, yet their deſert they'll have;
This gave the Monſter *Birth*, and that a *Scepter* gave:
Pity on them is *loſt*, but guiltleſs you,

Whom

Whom he'll with the ſame *Fire* and *Sword* purſue:
You in his feſtal *Flames* ſhall ſhine, and be *
The firſt bright *Martyrs burnt* for *Hereſie.*
But *Vengeance* ſhall the *Parricide* attend,
His own *curſt Hand* his hated *Life* ſhall end;
At once deliver the *vex'd World* and you,
The only *Good* the *Wretch* will ever do. *
Who next ſhall againſt *Heav'n* renew the *Fight,*
Is *Mankind*'s *Hate*; (his *Brother* their *delight!*) *
The foul aſpiring *Fiend* a *God* wou'd be, *
Mixture of *Lewdneſs* and of *Blaſphemy:*
If in his Race there's ought remains of *good,*
Jealous, by *Martyrdom* he'll purge his *Blood:* *
Then you, my **Friend**! from diſtant *Aſia* born,
At once his utmoſt *Rage* ſhall *feel,* and *Scorn*;
Tho' plung'd in *flaming Oil,* you need not fear,
Still ſhall the *Son of God's bright Form* be near; *
Still ſafe you ſhall at the *weak Tyrant* ſmile,
When *kindly* baniſh'd to ſome *deſart Iſle:* Rev.1.9,10, 11,13.
Ev'n there *I'll meet thee,* there agen relate
In wond'rous *Types,* the *Worlds* and *Churches Fate*;
Whilſt our proud Foe a *haſty Death* ſhall ſeize, *
And his mild *Succeſſor* our Friends releaſe. *
Nor muſt the *Churches* then, long hope for *Peace:*
Then reſtleſs *Schiſm,* and wilder *Hereſie*
Shall all *invade,* and with bold *Blaſphemy,*
Some, ev'n the *Lord* that *bought 'em,* ſhall *deny:* *
To worldly *Domination* ſome aſpire,
And ſoon my *Field* will need a *purging Fire*;
Which the third Time ſhall kindle, that dread Day
Shall ſift the *Wheat,* and *ſweep* the *Tares* away:
Nor he himſelf, who wields the weighty *Rod* *
Of injur'd *Heav'n,* and a *revenging* God,
Unplagu'd eſcapes a deſtin'd dire *Event,*
Unleſs on your *repenting* he *repent.*
Unwarn'd the next to th' *Purple* will ſucceed,
And you agen in *Crowds* muſt *burn* and *bleed*;
But more the *Jews,* whom their *falſe Chriſt* ſhall head, *
Their ſhort-liv'd *Meteor* to *deſtruction* lead.
Rebellious, juſtly they, you *guiltleſs,* fall;

Nor

Nor long unheard your *Blood* ſhall *Vengeance* call:
What *Plagues* ſhall your vain *Perſecutor* ſeize?
How oft he'd fly to *Death* in vain for *eaſe*? *
How oft his *little fluttʼring Soul* away,
Which *Vengeance* makes in the loathʼd *Carcaſs* ſtay?
By him who next ſucceeds, *Barbarians* tamʼd,
A peaceful *Prince* and *Pious* more than *Namʼd*: *
Godʼs Empire heʼll, *without deſign*, reſtore,
And puniſh thoſe who *toturʼd* you before.
A *Vain Philoſopher* ſhall next ariſe, *
By whom the *Juſt* with *various Torments* dies:
Till to my *Followʼrs* he his *Life* ſhall owe,
Victʼry, and *Rain* their powʼrful *Prayʼrs* beſtow;
As great *Eliſha* once *three Kings* did ſave,
2 Kings 3. 17, 18. And *Water* to their *Hoſt*, and *Conqueſt* gave.
This a far fiercer *Tyrant* knows in vain; *
Swift moves his *Fate*, nor has he *long to Reign*.
Whoſe wicked *Sons* as *barbarous* as *lewd*,
In one *anothers*, ſhall revenge *your Blood*.
Next a fell *Wolf*, who, the mild *Shepherd* ſlain, *
Shall by falſe *Treaſon* the Worldʼs *Empire* gain;
Short his *keen Rage*, the *Soldiers* him *diſplace*,
And *eaſe* the *World* of him and all his *Race*.
The next an equal *Guilt* and *Fate* attend, *
Oppreſsʼd in *War* by an untimely End.
Another yet will *you* and *Heavʼn* engage;
Cruel *Old Man!* What means this *impious Rage*? *
For you the *worſt* of *Tortures* heʼll prepare;
How little thinks he what himſelf muſt bear? *
Theſe *Nine* fierce *Waves* in vain already gone,
The *Tenth*, with *all* their *Force* comes rolling on:
Two *Monſters* ſhall the *groaning World* divide, *
And rule with equal *Cruelty* and *Pride*:
With double *Rage*, the Fiend, and doubled *Fear*,
Ranges the *Earth*, he knows his *Fall* is near;
Knows the wiſe *Nations* will his *Gods* deſpiſe,
The *Idol-Banners* ſtoop, and *Croſs* muſt riſe: *
Their *vainly thundʼring Jove* himſelf, and all
Their helpleſs Fry of *ſpurious Gods* muſt fall,
Once more the fatal *Stone* ſhall claim the *Capitol*: *

The

* The *Tyrants* drop by *Juſtice* or *Deſpair*,
And my bleſt *Champion* ſhall the *Purple* wear!
See thoſe brave Men his *Throne* and *Honors* ſhare,
Whoſe pow'rful *Pray'rs* and *Arms* had fix'd him there!
See him the rev'rend *Confeſſors* embrace,
And by his *Royal Side* triumphant, place!
With *Admiration*, he'll, and *Tranſport*, ſee
* Thoſe glorious *Scars* they wear for *Truth* and *me*;
" Of *foregone Ills* almoſt the *Trace* remove;
They bleſt in his, he in his *Empires Love*:
So much of *Good*, ev'n one *good Prince* can do!
So much I'll *favour* thoſe who *favour* you!
* Yet ſtill ſome Signs of antient *Fraud* remain;
Still ſhall the *Luſt* of *Empire* and of *Gain*,
* Diſtract the World — Nor yet my *fated Reign*.
Scandals muſt come, thoſe in the Church ariſe,
Who, tho' they bear my *Name*, my *Name* deſpiſe:
Vengeance at length th' ungrateful *World* purſue,
New *ſuffer'd Ills* ſhall puniſh thoſe they do:
* Fierce *Magog's* Sons ſhall in the Eaſt embrace
A *curſed Law*, with *Iſhm'el's* wand'ring Race;
* Whilſt all the *Weſt* a fiercer *Tyrant* ſpoils,
Hated and fear'd by *Cittim* and the *Iſles*;
Nay the dire *mortal Gangrene* ſhall diſperſe,
Its hateful Poiſon round the *Univerſe*:
Widely the *Cath'lick Miſchief* ſhall prevail;
* Some *Stars* to Earth drawn by the *Dragon's Tail*:
* The *Earthly Gods* this *Monſter* ſhall *dethrone*,
Ev'n *him* in *Heav'n* he *wou'd*, and reign alone:
Tho' that he *can't*, he'll with his *Laws diſpenſe*,
Sure *Death* to all appear in their *Defenſe*:
* But firſt, what *Letts* muſt be remov'd away,
The mighty *Roman Empire* firſt *decay*:
Then ſhall this *Name* of *Blaſphemy* ariſe,
And ſoon *renew* the *War* againſt the *Skies*:
Flatt'ry and *Murder* ſhall his *Title* gain,
Which he'll, by the ſame *curſed Arts* maintain;
Luxurious, he ſhall *Abſtinence* enjoin
From what kind Heav'n did for *Man's Uſe* deſign,
* *Chaſt Marriage* ſhall the worſt of *Crimes* be grown,

Conſtantine the Great.

Matth. 18. 7.

2 Theſſ. 2. 7.

Rev. 12. 4.

1 Tim. 3. 4. 5.

Tho' all the *Sins* of *Sodom* ſhall be *mine*:
Long ſhall he *reign*, but when he ſits on high,
Rev. 18.7,8. Sits moſt *ſecure* of *Fate*, his Fall is nigh:
A *Swain* in *Gomer*'s ſpacious *Fields* ſhall riſe, *
Will all his *Laws*, as he does *mine*, deſpiſe:
Then ev'n *repenting Kings* ſhall hate the *Whore*
Rev. 17.17. As much as they *enchanted*, lov'd before;
2.4. Th' *ill-gotten Empire* by degrees decay,
2 Theſſ. 2.8. Till by my *Sword* and *Thunder* driv'n away:
Then ſhall the *juſt* their *promis'd Kingdom* gain,
Dan. 7. 18. " And then the *Saints of the moſt high ſhall reign.*
If more you ask, the *Day*, the *Hour* preciſe
When I appear, my *Father* this denies;
The *wiſeſt Mind* that near the *Throne* does wait,
And *deepeſt read* in the dark *Rolls* of *Fate*,
Muſt own this *Myſtery* is from him conceal'd,
Mark 13.32 Nor to the *Son* himſelf, as *Man*, reveal'd;
Since, if *far off*, it might prevent your Care,
If near, might ſink in *Terror* and *Deſpair*.
Ibid. 33. Your Task is — *Still be ready* — *Watch* and *Pray!*
Thus arm againſt the *Fears* of this *dread Day!*
Matt. 25. 1. to 12. Come learn a *Parable* — *Ten Virgins* fair,
Together liv'd, no matter when or where!
Five *prudent*, whom no Danger cou'd *ſurpriſe*;
All *fair*, tho' th' other *Five* more *fair* than *wiſe*.
Theſe once a *Royal Bridegroom* did invite
T' a princely *Feaſt*, on his bleſt *nuptial Night*:
Five had their *Silver Lamps* all clear and bright,
With *pureſt Oil* ſupply'd; not ſo the *reſt*,
Whoſe *empty Lamps* their *Negligence* conteſt:
Yet all prepare the joyful *Pomp* to meet;
The *Prince* and his fair *Princeſs* lowly greet:
They travell'd long, but ſtill no *Bridegroom* near,
Nor any *News* of his *approach* they hear;
Night haſten'd on, and the *cold Air* they fear;
Unwholſom *Miſts*, and dropping *Evening Dew*:
At a *Friends Houſe*, which on the *Road* they knew *
They all take up, *convenient* 'twas and *nigh*,
They'd ſoon be *ready* when the reſt came by:
There enter'd, long they *waiting* there in vain,

With

With various *Talk* each other entertain;
Till *Sleep* had ſeiz'd and *ſeal'd* their weary'd Eyes,
When the pale *Moon* had meaſur'd *half* the *Skies*;
And ſcarce they on the downy Couch were laid,
E'er at the Gate the joyful *Cry* was made,
He *comes*, he *comes*,—Quick ſtarting at the ſound,
All riſing, for their *Lamps* they ſearch'd around,
E'er well awake; theirs ſoon the *Prudent* found;
Well worth their Care, glorious they *ſhin'd* and *bright*,
And ſhot new *Day* acroſs the gloomy *Night*:
Nor *Light*, nor *Oil* in theirs the others find,
Unpleaſing *Reliques* only left behind;
Recruits for both they from the *Wiſe* intreat,
In vain, for their own *Store* was not *too great*:
They to the *Merchants* ſend 'em, there to buy,
What might their thirſty *bankrupt Lamps* ſupply,
Then join themſelves the *Train*, not yet too late,
And find a *cheerful Welcom* at the *Gate*.
Not ſo the other, who in *Darkneſs* ſtray'd,
Till all was ſhut, they their *return* delay'd:
Now all too late, they no *admittance* meet,
Expos'd t' *Affronts* and *Dangers* in the Street:
Clam'rous and loud when clos'd the *Gates* they found,
They knock and call, the *Courts* and *Walls* reſound:
Till from the *Board* the *Bridegroom's ſelf* aroſe,
And to the *ſounding Gates* in anger goes;
As loud demanding what *ill-manner'd Gueſt*,
Unſeaſonably there diſturb'd the *Feaſt*?
Forward and bold they anſwer—Lord, 'tis *We*,
Part of thy own *invited Company*;
Prepar'd and *ready* at the *Gate* we ſtand,
But wiſh'd *admittance*, yet in vain demand;
Repuls'd by the rude *Servants*—But *you* here,
We now no longer can our *Entrance* fear.
—Ah 'tis too *late*, the time for that is o'er—
'Tis paſt, already paſt, and *comes* no *more*;
The *Lord* rejoyns—You're *Strangers* all to me,
And *utter Darkneſs* muſt your *portion* be.
The *Moral* eaſie is, and *evident*;
Delay no longer! Now, ev'n now *repent*!

Devout and *vigilant*, ſtill on your Guard,
Leſt the *Judg* comes, and finds you *unprepar'd*:
Matt. 25. 14. to 30. Leſt ſuch your *Fate* as that bad *Servants*, whom,
His angry *Lord* did to juſt *Torments* doom.
Earneſt they ask't, intent and *fix'd* upon
Each *Word* he ſpoke, our Saviour thus goes on.
A Lord there was, whoſe Buſineſs call'd him far
From his own *Houſe*, whether for *Peace* or *War*,
Not matters much, but his *Eſtate* was large,
Of which he *Part* thinks fit to leave in *charge*
With his remaining *Servants*; well he knew
What each was *worth*, and what they all cou'd do;
Five Talents this receiv'd, the other *Two*,
One e'en the *leaſt*; he this *Diviſion* makes,
And ſtrait he his far diſtant *Journey* takes:
Who had the *Five*, by *Merchandiſe* and *Trade*,
So well improv'd his *Stock*, *Five more* they made:
Who *Two*, receiv'd *proportionable Gain*;
Who only *One*, and even that *One* in vain;
Digs in the *Earth*, his *Talent* there he leaves,
No *pain* he takes, or *Profit* thence receives:
Long after comes their *Lord* from foreign *Lands*,
And of his *Servants* their *Accounts* demands:
The *two* with humble *Joy* their Maſter meet,
And caſt their *Labours product* at his Feet;
Both from him meet a *juſt* and *kind* regard,
And both his gen'rous bounty did reward;
With guilty *Eyes* demiſs and conſcious *Face*,
The *third* comes in, and thus with an *ill Grace*
Accoſts his Lord—I knew you e'er you went,
A hard *Exactor* of what Sums you lent.
Rigid and *hard*, nay did from others Pains
Expect, I know, large *unproportion'd Gains*?
How could I then propoſe my ſelf to ſave,
If I in *Trade* had loſt thoſe *Sums* you gave?
With theſe vexatious *Thoughts* I ſtruggling lay
A while, but took at laſt the *ſafeſt way*:
Your *Talent* I entruſted to the *Ground*,
And there the ſame agen in *Specie* found:
'Tis here, tho' I've no *Intereſt* gain'd, here's all,

Each

Each *Mite* and *Farthing* of the *Principal.*
To him his Lord, whoſe *Eyes* juſt *Anger dart* —
— " *Wicked* and *ſlothful Servant* as thou art —!
If gain from others *Labour* I deſire,
Whoſe *all is mine*, I but my own require:
But ſince thou this didſt know, ſince ſo *auſtere*
A *Lord* I was, a *Maſter* ſo ſevere,
Since honeſt *Pain* like theſe thou woud'ſt not take,
Why might not others the Advantage make
Of what I left: But ſince I ſee my *Coſt*,
And Kindneſs all on thee, *Ungrate*! are loſt,
Thy *Talent* giv'n to thoſe who'll it improve;
Hence let thy *Fellow-Servants* thee remove,
Thee hence, *unprofitable Wretch*, convey,
Hid, like thy *Talent*, from the cheerful *Day*,
In noiſom *Dungeons*; bound and fetter'd there
For ever mourn in *Darkneſs* and *Deſpair.*
But if theſe *Truths* you more diſtinct and clear
Without a *Parable* deſire to hear,
Attend while I th' *amazing Scenes* diſplay,
The awful *proſpect* of the *laſt Great Day*?
* My *Harbingers* the *Seven Archangels* bright,
Heark how their *Trumps* the guilty *World* affright! *Vid.* From *v.* 32. to the end.
The awful *Trumps* of God! a *Call* they *ſound*,
Is heard thro' *Nature*'s univerſal *Round*;
That *Signal* heard from the diſſolving Sky,
Decrepid *Nature* lays her down to *die*:
Not ſo Man's *deathleſs Race*, who now *revive*,
And muſt in *Joy* or *Pain* for ever live:
From long confining *Tombs* eack *dusky* Gueſt
Diſturb'd *ariſe*, moſt, never more to *reſt*;
The *cluſt'ring Atoms* as before they were
Together *troop*; the Earth, the Sea, the Air
Give up their Dead — How *diff'rent* all they *riſe*?
Theſe *light* and *chearful*, theſe behold the *Skies*
With Looks *obverſe* and horrid, how they *ſhine*
All dreadful *bright*, all *red* with *Wrath divine.*
Ev'n yon fair *Star*, whoſe *Webs* of Light diſperſe Mark 13. 29.
Their golden *Threds* around the *Univerſe.*
Looſe from its *Center* down *Heav'ns Hill* muſt *roll*,

And

And by its Fall *unhinge* the ſteddy *Pole*;
And whilſt he, hiſſing in th' *Abyſs*, is drown'd,
Mark. 25. Ten thouſand *leſſer* Suns lie ſcatter'd round. *
The *Moon's bright Eye* ſhall *dark* and *bloodſhot* grow,
Reflecting only *Smoak* and *Fire* below.
Vaſt *Heaps* on *Heaps*, thick *Orbs* on *Orbs* are hurl'd,
Chaos on *Chaos*, *World* confus'd in *World*:
Huge *Spheres*, ſo faſt each after other roll'd,
Ev'n *boundleſs* ſpace their *Ruines* ſcarce will hold:
If the *great Whole* no more from *Fate* ſecure,
What *Ravage* ſhall this little *part* endure!
This *Point* in the great *Circle!* As before,
When by th' impetuous *Deluge* floated o'er;
Gen. 7. The *Oceans* both of *Heav'n* and *Earth* did joyn,
Both with the *Fountains* of the *Deep* combine;
And *Wave* did after *Wave* unweary'd come,
Sea after *Sea* from its *hydropick Womb*;
So from the *Sources* whence that *ruin* came,
Delug'd with *Seas* of Fire, and *Waves* of Flame:
As when Heav'ns *Vengeance* on curſt *Sodom* fell;
The World's one *Tophet* now, one *Etna* or one *Hell.*
From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame ſhall flow,
The *fiery World* above ſhall meet with *that below*:
Thence *holy Souls refin'd* and made more *bright*, *
Shall ſafe emerge to *Worlds* of *calmer Light*;
While thoſe ſtill *ſtain'd* with odious *marks* of *Sin*,
Muſt deſp'rate *ſink*, for ever ſink therein.
But firſt that *Doom* which they deſerve ſo well,
They muſt receive, that *Sentence*, half their *Hell*;
The *Thrones are ſet*, the conſcious *Angels* wait,
And turn th' eternal brazen *Leaves* of *Fate*;
High in the midſt ſhall my *Tribunal* ſtand,
Apoſtles, *Prophets*, *Saints*, on my *Right-hand*,
Martyrs and *Confeſſors*— A glorious *Train!*
Now well-content they *ſuffer*, then to *reign.*
Whilſt on the *Left*, a diſmal gloomy *Band*
Of *Kings*, proud *Nobles*, factious *Commons* ſtand;
Lewd *Prieſts*, Apoſtate *Poets*, who diſgrace
Their *Character*, and ſtain their Heav'n-born Race.

Lean

Lean *Hyprocrites*, who by long *Fasts* and *Pray'r*
Get *damn'd*, with much of *Pain*, and much of *Care*:
—But ſtrange! there will not be *one Atheiſt* there.
All marſhal'd thus, tho' now they're *mingled* ſeen;
To you I'll with *applauding Smiles* begin.
" Come you, by me and my *great Father* bleſt! Matt. 25. 34 &c.
" Come, *holy Souls*, to endleſs *Peace* and *Reſt*!
" For ſome ſhort *Years* of *Miſery* and *Pain*,
" In *Light* and *Joy* for ever with me *reign*,
" In that bleſt *Place*, before all *Worlds* prepar'd
" By Heav'nly *Skill*, by *Hands Almighty* rear'd:
" In *that bad World* your ſelves you've faithful ſhown,
" You own'd me *there*, and you in *this* I'll *own*:
" Fainting for *Hunger*, me you oft *reliev'd*,
" And *burnt* with *Thirſt*, I your kind Aid receiv'd;
" Wide wand'ring thro' the *World*, you entertain'd;
" Half *naked*, not my *Poverty* diſdain'd,
" But careful, *cloath'd*; when *Sick*, you help did lend;
" Nay, e'en *impriſon'd*, not forſook your *Friend*.
With *modeſt Joy*, in their enlighten'd Eyes,
Thus humble, all the *righteous Hoſt* replies:
—" Thy *Mercy*, not our *Merits*, Lord, we own, 37, 38, 39.
Muſt place us by thee, on thy *radiant Throne*:
Much, of our ſelves, of *Ill*, our ſelves we knew,
Such *Good*, alas, when did we ever do?
Thus they — Thus will agen the King *rejoyn*—— 40.
Thoſe *Kindneſſes* I ſtill accounted *mine*,
My *Friends* receiv'd; theſe did I ſtill *record*,
And this *great Day* ſhall bring their full *Reward*.
Then to th' unjuſt he turns, who trembling wait,
Their too-well-known *intolerable Fate*;
Juſtice unmix'd dwells on his *angry Brow*,
Tho' *Mercy* only there, and *Pardon* now;
Ah what a *Change*! why will they not relent?
Since now they may —— Why will they not *repent*?
Yet, yet there's *hope*, I'll *cover* all their *Sins*!
— Then all too late, for thus their *Judge begins*.
" Go, ye accurſt! to *endleſs Torments* go! 41.
" (For ſuch your *Choice*) to endleſs *Worlds of Woe*!
" Prepar'd at firſt for thoſe loſt *Sp'rits* who fell;

" You

" You *ſhar'd* their *Crimes*, now doom'd to *ſhare* their *Hell*.
" I'th' *other World* unkind your ſelves you've ſhown,
" Me you diſown'd, you now I *here* diſown.
" Fainting for *Hunger*, me you'd not *relieve*,
" For *Thirſt*, you'd not one *Cup of Water* give;
" When *wand'ring* thro' the *World*, ne'er entertain'd;
" Half *naked*, poor and mean, you me diſdain'd,
" Or *cloath'd* with Stripes, when ſick did *Curſes* lend
" For *Balm*; *impriſon'd*, *Stones* for *Bread* wou'd ſend.
Matt. 25. 44. With all the haſt of *impudent Deſpair*, *
They'll all *deny*, and ask me *when* and *where*?
To them my *Anſwer* like the laſt ſhall be,
—What to my *Brethren*'s done, is done to *me*.
A *Place* there is, from Heav'ns ſweet Light debarr'd,
Where diſmal *Shrieks* of guilty Souls are heard;
Loud *Yells*, deep *Groans*, thick *Stripes*, long *Clanks* of *Chains*;
There ſolid, *everlaſting Darkneſs* reigns:
E'en that ſad *Fire*, which on the *wretched* feeds,
Nor new Supplies of *Matter* ever needs,
Lends 'em no *Gleam*, nor comfortable *Ray*,
But *change* of *Torments* meaſures *Night* and *Day*:
Hither black *Fiends* ſhall ſnatch th' *unjuſt* away,
Tormentors and *tormented*—*Deep they* fall,
And on the *Ruines* of this *flaming Ball*
Whirl to th' *Abyſs*, on Waves of *Sulphur* toſt,
In that black direful *Gulf* for ever loſt.
Not ſo the *juſt*, who ſhall their Lord attend
To *Worlds* of *Joy*, that know no *bound* or *end*:
A *Place* there is, remov'd far, far away,
From that faint *Lamp* that makes this *mortal Day*:
A *bliſsful Place*, that knows no *Clouds* or *Night*,
But *Gods high Throne* ſcatters perpetual *Light*:
There *Angels* live, there *Saints*, ſo far refin'd,
Their *Bodies* ſcarce leſs glorious than their *Mind*:
There, true, eternal *Friendſhip* all profeſs;
There, in the *height* of *Piety*, poſſeſs
The *Heav'n* of *Heav'n*, the height of *Happineſs*:
Perfect their Joys, yet ſtill their Joys *improve*,
For ſtill the *infinite* they *ſee* and *love*.

Here

Here ſhall they enter, here *triumphant* plac'd,
Unutterable Bliſs for ever taſt
In mine, and my great *Fathers Arms* embrac'd.
—Here, Thou whom *Men* and *Angels* muſt *adore!*
Here, Saviour! When this *ſtorm* of *Life* is o'er,
Thy worthleſs *Servant* place! One *Moment* there,
For *many* tedious Years of *Want* and *Care*,
Will *more* than *even* make— And whilſt I ſtay,
If from my *Poſt* I muſt not yet away;
Accept this *humble Verſe*, my *Lifes* great *Taſk!*
'Tis all I *can*, and more thou wilt not *ask*:
Bleſs my *few Friends*, or if but *Names* they be,
My *Friend*, — For I've ſcarce more than *One* and *Thee.*
Bleſs e'en my *Foes!* may they, till *better*, live,
And my vaſt *Debts*, as I do *theirs*, forgive!
Thy help in all my *Tribulation*, lend! *In all time of our Tribulation.*
More than in *Promiſe*, (like the *World*) my *Friend.*
Down all vain *tow'ring Hopes*! But Saviour! grant,
I may n't my *daily Bread* and *Clothing* want!
The very *Flow'rs* and *Ravens* theſe poſſeſs;
Thy *Will be done*, if I muſt *ſtill* have *leſs!*
Or if to *Wealth* or *Fame* I e'er ſhou'd riſe; *In all time of our Wealth.*
(Thoſe *Gifts* I neither *Covet*, nor *Deſpiſe*,
Chuſe for me, Lord! "For thou haſt *both my Eyes!*") Herbert.
If e'er thou me from this *low Turf* ſhou'dſt raiſe,
Grant, as thou *me*, I may advance thy *Praiſe!*
Elſe in *this Duſt*, let me to *Duſt return!*
—Then, then when my *ſad Friends* around me Mourn, *In the hour of death.*
O be not far away! Thy Grace ſupply,
And like a *Man*, and *Chriſtian* let me *Die!*
And when my *weary Soul* forſakes my *Breaſt*,
O take it in thy *Arms*, and give me *Reſt!*
—So ſhall I for my *Conſummation* ſtay,
And *hope*, not *fear* the great *deciſive Day*: *And in the day of Judgment.*
Refreſh'd, beyond the reach of *Pain* or *Vice*,
In the *Celeſtial Shades* of Paradiſe.

The End of the Seventh Book.

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK VII.

5. *SAW through the* Shades, *nor durſt directly ſee — Leſt that ſhould dazle him.*] The Deſcription we have left us of this Temple, is indeed very *glorious*, *Opus omnium quæ unquam vidimus aut audivimus mirabiliſſimum*, ſays one concerning it, the moſt *prodigious Work* I ever ſaw or heard of. And *Tacitus* in *Lib.* 5. calls it, *miræ Opulentiæ Templum*, a Temple of wonderful Riches. And *Joſephus* tells us, that not only the Front was gilded, but, as I underſtand him, the outſide was covered with *Plates* of *Maſſy Gold*, which dazled the Beholders Eyes, and to *Strangers*, at a diſtance, made it appear like a huge *white Mountain.*

12. *The mighty* Gates, *heavy with Loads of Gold.*] *The Gates of the Temple* were all covered with *Silver* and *Gold*, except one with *Corinthian Braſs*, of more value than any of the other. See the forementioned Author.

13. *Twice Ten* robuſtous Servants *there attend.*] One of the *Gates* of the *Temple*, as *Joſephus* tells us, was ſo large, that it employed twenty Men, every Night and Morning to ſhut and open it. The ſame *Gate*, which alſo he ſays, opened prodigiouſly, about Midnight, of its own accord with a great Noiſe, not long before the *Deſtruction* of *Jeruſalem.*

16. *To the third Gate, of rich* Corinthian *Braſs.*] *vid. ſupra.*

20. *Loud anſwer'd by the* Full-mouth'd *Quire within.*] I think there's no great doubt but this was the manner of the *Temple-ſervice*, there being ſeveral of the Pſalms which ſeem to have been ſung *alternatim*, between *Prieſts* and *People*, *Heman* and *Jeduthun*, as we find, ſinging an Anthem of *David's* compoſing, and therein praiſing the Lord becauſe his Mercy endures for ever; to which all the People ſaid *Amen*, and *praiſed the Lord.* 1 *Chron.* 16. 36, 41. But the moſt lively Deſcription of the *Temple-Services*, which will much illuſtrate what follows, is that in 2 *Chron.* 5. 11, 12. *When the Prieſts were come out of the Holy place, (alſo the Levites, which were the Singers, all of them of* Aſaph, *of* Heman, *and* Jeduthun, *with their Sons and their Brethren, being array'd in White Linnen, having Cymbals, and Pſalteries, and Harps, ſtood at the Eaſt end of the Altar, and with them an hundred and twenty Prieſts ſounding with Trumpets. The Trumpets and Singers were at once to make one Sound, to be heard in praiſing and thanking the Lord. They lift up their Voices with Trumpets, and Cymbals and Inſtruments of Muſick and praiſed the Lord, ſaying, for he is good, for his Mercy endureth for ever.*

26. *The Conſort firſt ſweet* Aijeleth *begun.*] I here inſert moſt Sorts of Muſical Inſtruments, mentioned in *David's* Pſalms, according to the uſual *Interpretation* of 'em. The firſt is *Aijeleth*, from the 22. *Pſalm*, which is inſcribed, *Aijeleth Shaher*, generally rendred the *Hind* of the *Morning*, a ſort of *Muſick*, as ſome think, of the Nature of our *Waits*, going about in the Courts to *wake* the

Prieſts,

Prieſts; but 'twas alſo, we are ſure, from *David*, us'd in God's immediate Service.

29. Alamoth, *chaſt* Virgins *beſt delight.*] They are thought a ſort of *Virginals*, and mentioned in, *Pſal.* 46.

30. *Grave Jonath.*] See *Pſalm* 56. inſcrib'd *Jonath Elem Rechochim*, rendred, *The Dumb Dove in ſilent places*; like *Mahalah* afterwards, I ſuppoſe, a ſort of grave Muſick, fit to *compoſe* their Minds to *Attention* and *Devotion.*

31. *And melting Harps.*] The *Sheminith*, and all other ſort of *ſtring'd Inſtruments.*

35. *Lofty Hallelujahs ſing.*] A reverend Perſon, *now* an *Honour* to our Church and Nation, is of Opinion, that this 135 *Pſalm* was us'd at Morning Service, the Prieſts, Levites, and all the People inviting each other to praiſe God.

91. *Mean while rich Incenſe feeds the ſacred Fire.*] This was done twice a day *vid. Exod.* 30. 7, 8. *Aaron ſhall burn ſweet Incenſe every Morning. When Aaron lighteth the Lamps at Even he ſhall burn Incenſe.* See alſo *Joſeph. Antiq. lib.* 3.

94. *A Milk white Lamb, the Morning-Sacrifice.*] *Exod.* 29. 38, 39. *This is that which thou ſhalt offer, two Lambs of the firſt Year, day by day. The one Lamb thou ſhalt offer in the Morning*, &c.

95. *With theſe the Prieſts their holieſt* Mincha *join,*
A chearful Blaze of Flour, *and* Oyl, *and* Wine.] *Vid. Exod.* 29. 40. *A tenth deal of Flour mingled with an hin of Beaten-Oyl, and the fourth part of an hin of Wine.* This *Mincha*, *Meat-offering*, as we render it, with its *Drink-offering*, is called *moſt holy of all the Offerings of the Lord. Bread* and *Wine* is the *moſt antient Sacrifice*; that which *Melchiſedech* brought forth ſeems to have been *ſacred.* This is ſtill retain'd by our Saviour, who was a Prieſt of the *ſame Order. Vid. Mede* on the Jewiſh Offerings.

115. *Some in the Cloyſters* gainful Shops *unfold.*] The *three Courts* of the *Temple*, which are all included under the ſame Name, becauſe we want two diſtinct Words for the ידע and ידע, being all *conſecrated Ground*, took up a conſiderable room, each of 'em having *Cloyſters* round, and a void ſpace in the middle. In the ſpace were the *Sheep* and *Oxen*; under the *Cloyſters*, I ſuppoſe the *Money-Changers* and *Dove-Sellers.* The *Roof* of theſe *Cloyſters*, if I underſtand *Joſephus* aright, ſerved as Foundations for thoſe ſumptuous *Galleries* round the *Temple*, which *Sabinus* burnt down in an *Inſurrection* of the Jews; for they could not be on the *Cover'd Part*, or ידע, ſince 'tis not probable they could have burn'd the *Top* and left the *Bottom* ſtanding. *Vid. Joſeph. Antiq. lib.* 7. *cap.* 12.

128. *Driv'n with more* Eaſe *from* Carmel's *fruitful Hill.*] Becauſe, tho that's further from *Jeruſalem*, their *Tails* were not ſo cumberſome, which were incredibly large in the *Aſiatick* Sheep, and therefore I ſay before, *Drag their pond'rous Train.*

135. Bluſhes, *at once, of* Shame *and* Anger *riſe.*] *Shame* for his *Country-men*, not himſelf.

136. *A juſt Reſentment ſparkling in his Eyes*, &c.] St. *Jerom* ſays here, *Igneum quicquam ex Oculis radiabat*, &c. there were certain *fiery Rays* came from our Saviours Eyes, which they were not able to *endure.*

146. *He does, of ſtrongly-twiſted Cords, prepare.*] We never find our Saviour, in all his Hiſtory, ſo *angry* as he is here, but once before, and that on the ſame Occaſion; for it's thought he drove theſe *ſacrilegious Wretches* two ſeveral times from the *Temple.* Nothing, I ſay, ever made him ſo angry as their thus confounding things *ſacred* and *profane.* The Jews, 'tis plain, made no diſtinction, and believed not any *Holineſs* in this Place: after Prayers once over, all Places were, it ſeems, alike to them. The Diſtinction was our Saviour's own, and muſt ſtill hold, if a Chriſtian Church is ſtill the *Houſe of God.*

153. *Yet here great* Solomon.] That noble *Tower* or *Porch*, which tho *Herod* re-edified, it ſeems, ſtill retain'd the Name of its firſt *Founder*; was built by *Solomon*, and its Foundations laid ſo deep and firm, that the *Babylonians* could not deſtroy 'em, tho no doubt they ruined the *Superſtructure.* If I miſtake not, here was the *Eaſt-Gate*, the *Golden-Gate*, the *Beautiful-Gate* of the *Temple*, all different Names for the ſame thing. 'Twas built over the *Vale of Kidron*, and from the top of its *Towers* to the bottom of that Valley, ſuch a vaſt depth, that *Joſephus* ſays, 'twas

horrid to look upon, and would almoſt dazle the *Beholders*. This *Porch* of *Solomon* I wonder how *Capellus* happen'd to place on the *South* of the *Temple*, which he does, unleſs *Fuller* miſtakes him; whereas 'tis ſeated in the *Eaſt*, by *Joſephus*, and, I think, all others. This *Gate* and *Courts* about it coſt more *Pains* and *Time* than all the *Temple*: *Solomon* began to bring *Earth* and *even* the Valley, but 'twas not finiſhed in ſeveral Ages. *Vid. Joſeph. lib.* 6.

157. *The Workmen wined* deep, wondrous deep.] *Joſephus* ſays, the Foundations of the *Temple* were three hundred Cubits deep (*ſacred Cubits* we are to underſtand, in a *ſacred* Work, twice as much as the Vulgar) and in ſome places more, and that great part on't was built upon the *ſolid Rock*.

159. *Of* Tyre *they were.*] *Solomon* had *Carpenters* from *Hiram* of *Tyre*, and he might have *Maſons* too; who, I here ſuppoſe, had formerly been *Miners* in *Britain*. See *Lib.* iii. and vi.

175. *Thoſe* Everlaſting Gates.] I'm inclin'd to think that Phraſe in *Pſal.* 24. (which ſhould ſeem to have been compos'd on the *Dedication* of the *Temple*, or ſome ſuch Occaſion) of *Everlaſting Gates*, relates immediately to the *vaſt Height* and *Bigneſs* of the *Gates* of the *Temple*; as the *Everlaſting Hills*, in another place, in the ſame ſence. Tho I believe the whole *Pſalm* has a further reſpect, and is *prophetical* of our Saviour's Aſcenſion into Heaven, in which ſence I take it at the End of *Lib.* x.

178. *The glittering* Pillars, *and the* Vine *of Gold.*] *Joſephus* reckons above 100 of theſe *Pillars*, all gilded, and deſcribes this *Golden-Vine* as one of the moſt noble ſacred Ornaments in the World. "It reach'd, ſays he, all along under the Chapiters "of the Pillars, whereon hung *Bunches* of *Grapes*, all of *Gold*, each *Cluſter* as "long as a Man. To which *Vine* our Saviour might allude, when preaching near it.

181. *The ſtately* Porch *'twixt two vaſt* Columns *roſe.*] So *Joſephus* deſcribes it, and ſays, "Theſe, as well as all other *Pillars* were of the *Corinthian* Order; the *talleſt* and moſt *beautiful* of any other.

185. *The Stones ſo* huge *they ſcarce dar'd truſt their Sence.*] Nor I; *Joſephus*, in the Account he gives of them, making them ſo many *Cubits long* and *broad*, that one would think they needed as many *Workmen* to *raiſe* and *manage* 'em, as that which *Acoſta* tells us of in *America*, drawn croſs the Mountains, at the Command of one of their *Inca's*, by no leſs than an hundred thouſand Men; however, undoubtedly they were very large: for ſo the Apoſtles to our Saviour, who not only ſhew him in general, St. *Mark* 13. 1, 2. πόσοι πῖ μεγάλοι οἰκοδομαὶ, thoſe *great Buildings*; but, in St. *Luke*, take notice of the *Stones* in a *particular* manner, ποταποὶ λίθοι, καὶ ποταποὶ λίθοι, what *manner* of *Stones*, what *goodly Stones*, as we very well render it. And they had need be *firm*, when as *Joſephus* tell us, *lib.* 7. *cap.* 9. "The "*Romans* were ſix days battering the *Eaſt Galleries* of the Temple (with their *pro-*"*digious Rams*) but prevailed nothing againſt them. They then endeavoured to "dig up the *Foundations*; but could only pull out ſome of the *outer Stones*, with a great deal of fruitleſs Labour. He further tells us, theſe Stones were all faſtned to each other by huge *Clamps* of *Lead* and *Iron*, I ſuppoſe he means, the Iron was *ſodered* unto them.

207. *Not one but by a* Force *ſuperiour*, &c.] The *Romans* did at laſt prevail, and *tore up* the very Foundations of the Temple, ploughing the Ground whereon it ſtood, which was performed by *Terentius*, or *Turnus Rufus*, left there by *Titus*, for that purpoſe, on the nineteenth day of the Month *Abib*, as *Maimonides*; ſo ſays *Eleazar*, afterwards in his Speech to the *Jews*, when he exhorted them to *kill* themſelves, "The Temple, ſays he, they have raz'd to the *very Foundation*, and hardly "the *Memory* thereof is now left. And *Joſephus* ſays, even of the City, "That "'twas beat quite flat and plain to the Ground; exactly according to our Saviour, *They ſhall lay thee even with the Ground, and thy Children within thee.*

220. *How they the* World's *and* Temple's *End might know.*] They ſeem to confound 'em in their Queſtion, as if they ſuppoſed both ſhould be together. And our Saviour's Anſwer does not, I think, as left recorded by any of the Evangeliſts, *diſtinctly*

distinctly and orderly *separate* 'em. The reaſon of which might be to keep 'em more on their *Guard*. In the following diſcourſe of our Saviour, the Reader will ſee, I have *joined* ſeveral of his Prophecies, which we find in different places; expatiating as the *Subject* led me.

237. *As heat and warmth the* Royal Eagle *brings.*] So 'tis in *Deuteronomy*, whence this Simile ſeems to be taken. Our Tranſlation indeed renders it *Hen*, but the word ὄρνις will reach the other *Sence*, which ſeems more *Poetical* and *Noble*.

252. *The* Plague *denounc'd* an Hundred Years *before.*] The moſt *natural* Sence of thoſe Words, *Gen.* 6. 3. *Yet his days ſhall be an hundred and twenty Years*, ſeems to be, that the World ſhould have ſo much reſpite before its Deſtruction: Which is favour'd by S. *Peter*, in his Reflection on Gods *Long-ſuffering* at that time. I ſay an Hundred becauſe 'tis a *round Number*.

267. *Then many a vile Impoſter ſhall pretend —— My Name.*] *Joſephus* tells us of many of theſe falſe *Prophets* before the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*.

276. *My very* Name, *and yours, ſhall* Crimes *be made.*] Indeed their *Perſecutors* cou'd find 'em guilty of no other *Crimes*, and therefore made the very *Name* their Accuſation. Hence the famous *Chriſtianos ad Leones*, &c.

293. Nation *with* Nation.] *Galilee* againſt *Samaria* and *Judæa*, *Simon* againſt *John*, &c. And the very Words *Joſephus* makes Jeſus uſe in his Oration to the *Idumæans* againſt the *Zealots*, are, " That they rejoiced to ſee *Nation* againſt *Nation*.

296. *Unhappy* Solyma *ſhall fly to thee.*] If the *Galilæan Zealots* had not fled to *Jeruſalem*, *Joſephus* thinks it might have been ſav'd.

300. *Shall with a Fourth thy* Three proud Walls *ſurround.*] The *Romans* not only caſt up a *Trench*, but even built a Wall round *Jeruſalem*, to keep in the *Jews*; after which no more cou'd eſcape. *Joſeph. lib.* 6. *cap.* 13.

306. *Which Heav'n-Lov'd* Daniel's *piercing Eyes foreſaw.*] The *Abomination* of *Deſolation* I think were theſe *Zealots*, becauſe it cou'd be nothing elſe, that I ever yet ſaw, *aſſigned*. Not the *Deſtruction* it ſelf, becauſe 'twas to be the *Sign* of it. Not the *Statue* or *Idol* placed, or deſigned to be placed in the *Temple*, by *Caius*, or *Tiberius*; becauſe either not done at all, or too *ſoon* to be a *Sign* for this *Deſtruction*. Nor the *Roman* Enſigns, *Titus*, or *Adrian*, becauſe theſe all too *late*, and the *Effect* not a *Sign* of the Judgment. On the other ſide, the word *Abomination* exactly hits thoſe *Zealots*, who as *Joſephus*, *lib.* 2. *Bell. Jud. cap.* 9. " Dreſt themſelves like *Women*, fell to *unnatural* Luſts, and profan'd the whole " City with their *execrable Impiety*. They were a *Deſolation* too, or ſuch an *Abomination* as made *Deſolate*. So Jeſus in his forementionꝺ Oration, " Houſes, ſays he, " they have Ruinated and made *Deſolate*, by their Robberies. And *Joſephus* tells us, " That at one time the *Idumæans* and *they*, murder'd 8000 in the " Temple, and 12000 young Men in the City. They ſtood in the *Holy-Place*, " or where they *ought* not to *ſtand*. So *Ananus* in his Oration, lamenting that he ſhou'd live to ſee the Sanctuary, where nothing *ought* to *come* but the *High-Prieſt*, profan'd by the *wicked Feet* of theſe *Impious Perſons*. And *Joſephus*, in his *Speech* to the *Jews* of theſe *Zealots*, " That having their Hands *embrued* in the " *Blood* of their Countreymen, they preſum'd to enter into the *Sanctuary*, where " ſays he, *none ought to come*. Nay, they were *here* before the *Romans* beſieged the *City*, and therefore were properly a *Sign* of its *Deſtruction*, and a warning to others to leave it, as many did; and flying to *Titus* ſaved their Lives. There remains but one thing more, which will almoſt demonſtrate, that the *Zealots* were meant by this *Abomination of Deſolation*; and that is, to enquire who it was cauſed the *Daily Sacrifice* to *ceaſe*. But this the *Zealots* too did; *Joſephus* in the forementionꝺ Oration, who ſays, " That *John* and the *Zealots*, had not only " *robb'd* the *Temple* of all the Ornaments given by *Auguſtus* and others, telling " the People, That *Sacrilege was no Sin, becauſe they fought for the Cauſe of God*; But, as he adds expreſly, " *They had deprived God of his daily Sacrifice in the Temple*. All this is one of the moſt clear and unanſwerable Proofs of a *Prophecy* exactly fulfill'd, that I ever met with. Which, for that reaſon, I've enlarg'd upon, and which I *challenge* all the *Atheiſts* or *Deiſts* in the World to anſwer. 312. *A*

312. *A deep, a mournful Voice,—"* *Let us depart.*] The famous μεταβαίνωμεν ἐντεῦθεν. Our Saviour, we know, did propheſie of *great Signs and Wonders* before this *Deſtruction.*

315. *Too high in* Heaven *a bloody Sword.*] *Vid. Joſeph. Bell. Jud. lib.* 5. *cap.* 12. Where he ſays, "A Comet in the faſhion of a fiery Sword had hung over the City "for a year together, before the *Siege.*

319. *Thunders and Earthquakes then they'll ſcarcely mind.*] *Lib.* 4. *Cap.* 7. He ſays, "When the *Edomites* encamp'd by the Walls of *Jeruſalem*, there aroſe a terrible *Tempeſt* of *Wind, Rain, Lightning* and *Thunder*, with an *Earthquake*, and ſeveral very *ſtrange* and *dreadful Voices.* Notwithſtanding which, their *Friends within the Gates* ſaw'd the *Bars in ſunder*, and admitted them into the *City.*

322. *But the beginning of their hopeleſs* Pains.] Our Saviour ſays, *All theſe are but the beginning of Sorrows.* And ſo it will appear to any who reads the whole Hiſtory.

329. *The half-ſtarv'd Citizens like Ghoſts ſhall meet.*] *John* and *Simon* having in their *Rage* at one another, burnt the *City Granaries*, enough to have ſupply'd 'em for a long time, the Famine ſoon rag'd amongſt 'em. Of which *Joſephus* gives many terrible Inſtances, *Lib.* 6. *Cap.* 11. *&c.* "The Seditious, ſays he, in this "*Famine*, broke up Houſes for *Corn* and *Meat*; if they found *any*, they *beat* Perſons for *denying* it; if none, for *concealing* it; if *ſtrong* and *likely*, they *killed* 'em, on preſumption they had ſome *ſecret Stores*; if *weak*, becauſe they'd ſoon die of themſelves. *Wives* ſnatch'd the *Meat* from their *Husbands*, *Children* from *Parents*; *Mothers* from *Infants*; nay, one *Miriam*, boil'd and eat her own *Son*. *Babes* were daſh'd on the Ground by the *Souldiers*, when found with *meat* in their *mouths.* The young Men, pale as Ghoſts, walk'd about till they dropt *dead* in the *ſtreets*; and ſome, ſtriving to *bury* others, fell *dead* over 'em. And ſo he goes on with ſuch a *dreadful Deſcription*, as almoſt *ſhocks Humanity* to read it.

340. *And like a* Deluge *over all came pouring in.*] *The End if it ſhall be with a Flood*, ſays *Daniel*: and accordingly it was, *univerſal* and *irreſiſtible.*

352. *Till—See—the* Temple fir'd.] *Joſephus* ſays. "After they had been fighting many days about the *Temple*, a certain Souldier, contrary to the *Order* of *Titus*, mov'd, as it were, with a certain *Divine Fury*, got ſome of his *Companions* to help him up, and *ſet Fire* on the *Temple*, by one of the *Golden Windows*, which hapned on the 10th of *Auguſt*; the ſame day, he ſays, that it was burnt formerly by *Nebuchadnezzar.* The *manner* of which, and *circumſtances whereof*, the Hiſtorian deſcribes, like one who was no unconcern'd Spectator. He tells us, "Many whoſe *Eyes* were juſt cloſed with *Famine*, got ſtrength to bewail the "*Temple*, as they ſaw it burning; and an innumerable Multitude being kill'd "about it and in it, fix'd their Eyes *thereon*, in the very Agonies of *Death*; "whoſe *Dead Bodies rolled down the Temple-ſtairs* in ſtreams of Blood. All was "filled with diſmal *Shrieks* and *Lamentations*, eccho'd by the Mountains round the "City. The Hill of the *Temple* now appear'd all on *Fire*, tho there was Blood e"nough *ſhed* to have *quench'd* it. Some of the *Prieſts* being kill'd fighting, others "*leaping voluntary* into the *Flames*, and the reſt burnt *alive*, reſolving not to "ſurvive the *Temple.* Indeed, through the whole, *Joſephus* has done it ſo admirably that I'm not aſham'd to own I cannot reach him.

360. *Till Heav'n has clos'd the Gentiles* deſtin'd *Reign.*] From that of our Saviour, *Till the times of the* Gentiles *are* fulfill'd.

373. *And in the* Church *uſurp my* Throne *and Name.*] Our Saviour propheſies of thoſe that ſhould come in his *Name*, ſaying *I am Chriſt.* So did ſome of the *little Antichriſts*, particularly *Jonathan* in *Cyrene*, who ſaid expreſly, *Ego ſum Meſſiah.* But this was to be *Eminently* and *Remarkably Fulfilled* in the ὁ ἀντικείμενος, or ἀντίχριστος, the *great Adverſary* or *Antichriſt.* And that ſome ſuch is foretold in the Scriptures, *Bellarmine* himſelf, and all the *Papiſts* believe. He then that uſurps the *Throne*, the *Power*, the very *Divinity* of our Saviour, wherever we find him, muſt be *The Antichriſt.* This the *Pope* does his *Throne*, for he's carried by his Slaves, after he's choſen, plac'd upon the High *Altar*, and there actually *Ador'd.*

His

His *Power*, for he'll *forgive Sins*, and rule *Kings* and *Nations* with a *Rod of Iron*. His *Divinity*, for not content with being the *Vicar* of *Chriſt*, his *Flatterers* have given him the very *Name* and *Power* of *God*; for which we could never hear, that he was ſo angry with 'em, as to to put them into his Anathema againſt all *Heretical Kings* and *Princes*.

389. *The* World *for the* Elect *was chiefly made.*] 'Tis a Notion of the *Rabbies*, that the *World* was only made for the *Elect*, which I've ſomewhat ſoften'd.

417. *Ten furious Tyrants.*] The *Ten Perſecutions*.

424. *To them a* Foe, *as to your ſacred Race.*] *Nero* was the Wretch who ſtir'd up the firſt *Perſecution* againſt the Chriſtians, which occaſioned that ſharp and juſt Remark of *Tertullian*; *Non niſi grande aliquod bonum quod à Nerone damnatum*, "It muſt needs be ſome etrabrdinary *good thing* if *Nero* condemned it. This Monſter was juſtly voted by the Senate a *Parricide* and *Enemy* of Mankind, and accordingly his *Memory* has been ever *deteſted* by all Men, unleſs by the *Parthians*, and a few other *Heathens*.

431. *You in his* Feſtal Flame *ſhall ſhine.*] From theſe puzling Verſes of *Juvenal*, *Tedâ lucebis in illâ*, —— *Qua ſtantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant*—— *Et latum mediâ ſulcum deducit arenâ*. Alluding, whatever the Grammar of 'em is, to *Nero*'s *burning* the *Chriſtians* for *Torches* at his *Night Revels*.

436. *The* only *Good the* Wretch *will ever do.*] Almoſts *David*'s words in *Cowley*, to *Goliah*.

438. *Mankind's hate, his Brother their delight.*] *Domitian*, who rais'd the ſecond *Perſecution*, one of the fouleſt of Men, (ſome think worſe than *Nero*,) and as much deteſted, as his Brother *Titus* lov'd, who was ſtil'd, as all know, *Deliciæ humani generis*.

442. *By Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood.*] Hiſtory tells us, that he murdered *Flavius Clemens*, his *near Kinſman*, and baniſhed his Wife *Flavia* for being Chriſtians.

446. *Still ſhall the Son of God's* bright Form *be near.*] Alluding to the Hiſtory of the Three Children.

451. *Whilſt our Proud* Foe *an haſty Death ſhall ſeize.*] Stabb'd by *Parthenius* and *Stephanus*. Concerning which, ſee the famous Story in *Apollonius*'s Life.

452. *And his mild Succeſſor.*] *Nerva*, who ſwore ſolemnly no *Senator* ſhould ever dye by his *Order*. See *Aurelius Victor* and *Dion*. He recalled the Chriſtians by an *Edict*, from Baniſhment; and amongſt the reſt St. *John*, tho ſome would fain have him *dead* a great many years before; and others that he never *died*.

456. *Some ev'n the Lord that bought 'em ſhall deny.*] *Ebion*, *Cerinthus*, and other Hereticks, who firſt deny'd the Divinity of our Saviour; againſt whom S. *John* wrote his *Goſpel*.

461. *Nor he himſelf* —— *Unplagu'd eſcapes a deſtin'd dire Event*, &c.] *Trajan*, who began the third *Perſecution*. The *dire Event*, here mentioned, is that of the *Earthquake* at *Antioch*; where, the Emperour being then preſent and a vaſt Conflux of People, the *Earth opened*, and devoured an incredible Number of Men, one of the Conſuls periſhing, and the Emperour himſelf hardly eſcaping.

467. *But more the* Jews.] *Adrian*, who began the fourth *Perſecution*, *burns thouſands* of the Towns of the *Jews*, for Rebelling againſt him under their falſe Chriſt *Barcochab*, to whom *Rabbi Akiba* was a ſort of *Elias*, crying, *Hic eſt Rex ille Meſſias!* and *Kill'd* 500000 Men, then reedifying *Jeruſalem*, *&c.*

472. *How oft he'd fly to death in vain for Eaſe.*] Being ſick of a languiſhing *Diſtemper* he wou'd often have kill'd himſelf, but was hindred by his *Friends*. A little before his *Death*, he is ſaid to have made thoſe pretty foolliſh Verſes, *Animula, vagula, blandula, &c.* Which, *Little, fluttering Soul*, alludes to.

476. *A* Peaceful *Prince and* Pious *more than* Nam'd.] *Antoninus Pius*, who, on *Juſtin*'s Apology made an Edict, that *Chriſtians* ſhould not be *Puniſhed*, but thoſe who *Accuſed* 'em; As *Oroſius* in his Hiſtory.

479. *A*

479. *A vain Philoſopher.*] *Antoninus Philoſophus* began the fifth *Perſecution*, ſtirr'd up by *Creſcens* the *Cynic*, and continued with great Fury, till the Emperour being diſtreſs'd in *War* with the *Quadi*, for want of *Water*, and obtaining both *that* and *Victory*, by the Prayers of a *Chriſtian Legion*, ordered it to be ſtopt; as *P. Oroſius* tells us.

485. *This a far fiercer* Tyrant *knows in vain.*] *Septimius Severus*, who rais'd the ſixth *Perſecution*, under whom ſo many were Martyred, that ſome thought him *Antichriſt*. His two Sons, *Baſſianus* and *Geta* ſucceeded him, the *Elder* of which kill'd the *Younger* in his *Mothers Arms*.

489. *Next a fell* Wolf, *who, the mild* Shepherd *ſlain.*] The ſeventh *Perſecution* under *Maximin*, who Murdered the good Emperour *Alexander Severus*; and was himſelf Kill'd, together with his Son, by his own Soldiers at the Siege of *Aquileia*.

493. *The next an equal* Guilt *and* Fate *attend.*] *Deciui*, who rais'd the eighth *Perſecution*, whoſe Son was kill'd by the *Goths*, and himſelf *drowned* in the *Fens* near the *Danube*, as he fled from the Enemy.

466. *Cruel old Man.*] *Valerian*, the Author of the ninth *Perſecution*, at the inſtigation of an *Egyptian* Magician. He was afterwards conquered and taken by *Sapores* the Emperour of *Perſia*, who made uſe of his *Back* to *mount* his *Horſe*, and when he refus'd that Office, *flay'd* him alive, and covered him with Salt.

502. *Two* Monſters *ſhall the groaning World divide.*] *Diocleſian* and *Maximinian*.

506. The *Idol Banners ſtoop and Croſs muſt riſe.*] The very *Signa* or *Enſigns* of the *Romans*, have been thought by learned Men *Idolatrous*: Which *Conſtantine* chang'd, and bore the *Croſs* in his Banner; according to the famous *Story*.

502. *Once more the fatal Stone.*] See *Lib.* 6. Note on the *Baetylia* of the Antients.

510. *The* Tyrants *drop by* Juſtice or *Deſpair.*] *Diocleſian*, ſome ſay, *Poiſoned* himſelf; *Maximinian*, who had once *Abdicated*; but when his Mind changed, and he for recovering his Empire agen, being caught Plotting againſt *Conſtantine*, he was *fairly Hang'd* for his reward.

517. *Thoſe* glorious Scars.] A known Story. *Vid. Sozomen. Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 11.

522. *Yet ſtill ſome Signs of* antient Fraud *remain.*] From *Virgil's Panca tamen ſuberunt*, &c.

524. *Nor yet my* fated Reign.] *Vid.* laſt Note on *Lib.* 10.

529. *Fierce* Magog's *Sons.*] The *Scythians*, as Sir *Walter Rawleigh* proves beyond contradiction.

531. *Whilſt all the Weſt a fiercer* Tyrant *ſpoils.*] The *Turks* give *Liberty of Conſcience*; the *Pope* denies it; for which Reaſon, I make him the more Cruel of the two.

537. *The* Earthly Gods *this* Monſter *ſhall* Dethrone.] 2 *Theſſ.* 2. 4.

541. *But firſt what* Lets *muſt be remov'd away.*] This the antient Chriſtians Interpreted of the *Roman Empire*.

549. *Chaſt* Marriage *ſhall the worſt of* Crimes *be grown.*] A Man may be a good *Romiſh Prieſt* tho he has *half a Doſen Concubines*, but not if he has *one Wife*. But amonſt all the doughty Arguments againſt the *Marriage* of the *Clergy*, I think that of his Infallibility, *Siricius* himſelf, carries the moſt weight; "They that "are in the *Fleſh* cannot pleaſe God.

553. *A Swan in* Gumers *ſpacious Fields ſhall riſe.*] 'Tis ſaid in the Hiſtory of *John Huſs*, that at his Martyrdom he Propheſied, of a *Swan* to riſe an hundred Years after, whom the Papiſts ſhould not be able to *Burn*.

586. *At a* Friends Houſe, *which on the Road they knew.*] Some ſuch thing ſeems neceſſarily imply'd from the *Oeconomy* of the *Parable*. For it's ſaid in the 1 *verſe*, *They actually went forth to meet the Bridegroom*. But *ver.* 5. *While the Bridegroom tarried they all ſlumbered and ſlept*; which they can't be ſuppoſed to do in the open Air.

691. *My* Harbingers *the* ſev'n Arch-Angels *bright.*] It has been generally believed in all the Ages of the Church, that there are different *Orders* of *Angels*; and there

there are great probabilities from Scriptures, that the Number of the *chief Angels* is 7; which are alſo call'd, *The Eyes of the Lord, running to and fro throughout the whole Earth.* That theſe Angels ſhall be principally employ'd in the Preparations for this Judgment, appears, from comparing, 1 *Theſſ.* 4. 16. *The Lord ſhall deſcend, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God*; with that of the 2 *Theſſ.* 1. 7. *The Lord Jeſus ſhall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels*; Μετ' ἀγγέλων δυνάμεως αὐτοῦ: Which ſeems much the ſame with theſe *Arch Angels.*

712. Then Thouſand leſſer Suns *lie ſcatter'd round.*] According to their Notion, who think all *fixed Stars* Suns.

733. *Hence holy* Souls Refin'd *and made more* Bright.] This ſeems the only antient *Purgatory*: Some of the Fathers being of opinion, that the *Souls* of all *Men*, nay, that of the Bleſſed *Virgin* herſelf, were to paſs through this *purging Fire* at the *laſt Judgment.* But this would do the Church of *Rome* no good, and therefore they have ſince altered the *property* on't, making it a *Culinary Fire* with a witneſs, and blowing it up ſome Thouſands of Years ſooner than thoſe *good Fathers* ever thought of.

798. *With all the haſt of* Impudent Deſpair.] They ſhorten our Saviours Accuſation, and ſay, *verſ.* 44. *Lord, when ſaw we thee an hungred, or a thirſt, or a ſtranger, or naked, &c.* whereas the Righteous are more deliberate; *verſ.* 37. *When ſaw we thee an hungred and fed thee,* &c.

862. Refreſht, *beyond the reach of* Pain *or* Vice, *&c.*] Agreeable to the Notion of the *Primitive Churches*, who conſtantly pray'd for this *Refrigerium*, or *Refreſhment* of their *Fellow Chriſtians* departed this *Life*; they ſuppoſing them in a ſort of *Pain*, by their *thirſty* and *eager Deſire* for the final *Conſummation* of their *Happineſs.*

The *Argument* of the *Eighth Book.*

A *Catalogue of the* Nations *that came to the* Paſſover, *together with the* Inhabitants *of the* Holy Land. Herod's *Entry and Train from* Galilee. *Our Saviour privately comes thither with his* Diſciples, *ſending S.* Peter *and S.* John *before him to prepare the* Paſſover *in Mount* Sion. *But could not remain undiſcover'd, ſome* Greeks, *from* Athens, *having heard of his* Fame, *and preſſing to ſee him; which having obtain'd by the Aſſiſtance of ſome* Tyrian Merchants *of* Philip's *acquaintance; God the Father, at his deſire, atteſts him now the third time by a Voice from Heaven. At which the People being again ready to force a Kingdom upon him, he retires, with his Diſciples. However, his Fame and Doctrine ſpread ſo far, that all things were now at a* Criſis, *and the whole* Nation *upon the point of owning him the* Meſſiah. *At which* Lucifer *being alarm'd, takes with him a Detachment of Devils, and flies to Earth, where ſending the reſt to their appointed Poſts, to facilitate his Deſign, he himſelf enters the Palace of* Caiaphas; *and Night being now come, and the* High-Prieſt *aſleep, appears before him in the Form of* old Hircanus, *chiding him for his* Remiſſneſs, *and ſtirring him up to deſtroy our Saviour. In order to which, as ſoon as he wakes, he ſends privately to aſſemble the* Sanhedrim; *which being known to* Gamaliel, Joſeph, *and* Nicodemus, *they haſten likewiſe thither.* Caiaphas's *Speech to the* Sanhedrim, *againſt our Saviour, accuſing him for a Subverter of their Laws; pretending to prove, he was not for that Reaſon, to be hearkned unto, tho he wrought* Miracles; *complaining of the* Meanneſs *of his* Doctrine *on one ſide, obliging to* forgive *Enemies, and of the impracticable* Heights *on the other, not admitting* Liberty *of* Thoughts, *or the firſt Motions of* Deſire *or* Anger; *with other Objections uſually urged by the* Deiſts *againſt* Chriſtianity. *After which he riſes higher, charges him with* Blaſphemy; *and at laſt, falling into a* Prophetick Fury, *he declares, 'twas neceſſary* one Man ſhould die for the whole Nation; *urging, that could not be a* Sin *which God himſelf hath decreed. His Speech variouſly received by the* Sanhedrim. Nicodemus *ſtands up, and begins cautiouſly to anſwer him. Whom* Joſeph *of* Arimathea *interrupts, and boldly, before 'em all,* confeſſes Jeſus; *diſtinctly anſwering all the* Cavils of Caiaphas *againſt his Perſon and Law, and preſſing the* Sanhedrim *to receive him as their* true Meſſiah. *While they were divided in their Opinions, and debating the matter, our Saviour celebrates the* Paſſover, *with his twelve* Diſciples, *and inſtitutes the* Sacrament *of his* Bleſſed Body *and* Blood; *foreſhowing and deſcribing the Traitor* Judas, *who went out from the reſt with a reſolution to betray him; whoſe Offer to the* Sanhedrim *was agreed to by the majority, and Preparations made to apprehend him. Our Lord comforts the remaining Diſciples, but propheſies of their forſaking him, and particularly S.*Peter's *Denial. Thence he leads them to* Gethſemane; *and takes S.*Peter, James, *and* John *with him into the thickeſt part of the Garden, leaving the reſt at the Gate. His Agonies and Prayers, not for fear of the approaching Pain or Infamy, but of his Fathers Anger. An Angel appears to ſtrengthen him. A Compariſon of him with the moſt famous antient* Heroes, *ſhewing how far he exceeded them in* Patience *and* Virtue. *The three Diſciples aſleep for Sorrow.* Judas, *having received Guards from the* High-Prieſt, *comes to the Garden, and, with a* Kiſs, *betrays our Lord; who being apprehended, after he had healed* Malchus, *whom S.* Peter *had wounded, all his Diſciples forſake him. He's carried to the* High-Prieſt's *Palace, and there abus'd by the Guards and Rabble. S.*John, *who ſoon reſumed Courage, followed our Saviour, and owned himſelf his Diſciple. S.*Peter *comes after, tho with more Fear, and is introduced into the Palace, by the Intereſt of S.*John; *but being known to ſome of the Company, and charged as a Follower of* Jeſus, *he thrice denies him, the laſt time with Curſes and Imprecations; till, on our Saviour's looking back upon him, he returns to himſelf, and, departing from the Palace, endeavours to expiate his Guilt by a* ſevere Repentance. *Our Saviour accuſed by the* High-Prieſt *and* Caiaphas, *but no* Proof *againſt him, that would reach his* Life; *till* Caiaphas *adjuring him to own it if he were the* Son of God, *and he telling them, they ſhould hereafter ſee him come to* judg the World, *he's accuſed for* Blaſphemy, *and hurried away to the* Roman Governour, *being adjudged, by the* Sanhedrim, *worthy of Death.*

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK VIII.

NOW o'er the *Hills* the *Paſchal Morn* aroſe,
And from high *Tow'rs* the *ſacred Trumpet* blows;
Proclaiming their great *Feaſt*, all *Iſr'el* meet,
Thick crouding thro' each duſty *Gate* and [*Street*;
Strangers and *Proſelytes*, where e'er their *Birth*,
Whatever part o' th' *many Peopled Earth*;
Some from the *Iſles*, *Crete*, *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*, ſome
From *double-Sea'd Byzant*, and *Corinth* come;
From the fair Fields with *Rivers* circled wide, *
From *Elam* and *Euphrates* flowry ſide.

With all th' *Arabia's*, to the *Feaſt* repair
The Realms of *Monobaze* and *Helen* fair; *
Strong *Adiabene* call'd, well known to *Fame*;
But moſt from bleſt *Judea's* Regions came;
From *Dan*, to old *Beerſheba's* fruitful *Plain*,
From *Jazer's* Sea, to the great *Weſtern Main*:
Theſe from *Phenician Fields* their Journey take,
From *Tyrus Stairs*, and the *Cendevian Lake*:
Herod, his num'rous *Galileans* brings
From all his *Towns*, a *Pomp* well worthy *Kings*:
Strong *Sephoris*, and rich *Tiberias* ſend *
Their choiceſt Youth, *Sebaſte's* Lords attend
With *Pray'rs* for their *great Founder*, who his *Gueſts*,
On *Jordan's* Banks, at proud *Herodian* Feaſts; *
Who *Guarded* thence and *Honour'd*, wait him down,
By *Jericho*, to *Salem's ſacred Town*:
His rich paternal Palace they prepare,
And *rang'd* before the *Gates*, ſalute him there:
Nor ſooner his approach the *Elders* know,
But to *receive* him in long *State* they go;
The *Roman-Guards* the ſame, loud Shouts they made,
Their *Eagle* on *Antonia's Tow'rs* diſplay'd:
Not ſo our *Saviour* met, nor he deſir'd
Vain Honours, or mean worldly *Fame* requir'd;
A *train* of *Virtues* did the Hero bring,
Unſeen *officious Angels* guard their *King*.
In vain a *private Entry* made his choice,
For all *Good men* at his approach rejoice:
Ent'ring the *Town*, he did before him ſend,
As *Harbingers*, bold *Cephas* and his *Friend*:
Theſe all prepar'd, (nor cou'd they want *ſucceſs*,
For where himſelf he *ſends*, himſelf he'll *bleſs*:)
What *Moſes*, or the Elders did *enjoyn*, *
The *Lamb*, the *Herbs*, the *Bread*, the ſacred *Wine*.
Mean while, the *Croud's Hoſannas* to prevent,
He *rounds* the *Walls* by *Sion's* ſteep *aſcent*:
In vain their *unbeſpoken Pomp* he'd ſhun,
From every part the *gazing People* run;
Fame bears the *News* thro' all the *peſter'd Gates*,
And the vaſt *Town* almoſt *depopulates*. —

So

So, when ſome *Godlike Prince* by Heav'n deſign'd,
The common *Benefactor* of *Mankind*;
Triumphant over e'en *himſelf* and *Fame*,
Who wou'd by *Virtue* only raiſe his *Name*;
So when he, *envious of himſelf*, would go
Thro' ſome *ſav'd Town*, or Realm *incognito*;
Thro' the vain Cloud his ſtronger *Beams* will *ſhine*,
The mortal *Form* confeſſing the *Divine*:
Forth *pour* thick *Floods* of Men, the *Saviour* meet,
And ſtrow thick *Flow'rs* and *Bleſſings* at his *Feet*.
So here, all preſs to ſee his *Heav'nly Face*,
Nor *only* now the *Hebrews* ſacred Race;
His growing Fame to *Gentile-Worlds* is ſpread,
His Light *Divine* had ſtruck their *Demons* dead:
The *ſervile Gods* to their black *Caves* retire, *
Great *Ammon*, than his *own*, now feels a *hotter Fire*: *Vid.* Lib. 6.
Athens, which did from *Egypt* firſt convey *
Vain Idol-Forms, and ſpread them wide away
Thro' the deluded *World*, now learns t' adore,
A Sovereign Deity *unknown* before; Acts 17. 23.
Nor had the *Sibyls* ſcap'd 'em; there they find
A *Prince* whoſe *facile Yoke* ſhould bleſs Mankind,
In ſcorn'd *Judea* born: They thither came,
More by the Saviour's *Miracles* and Fame,
Than the great *Feaſt* attracted——
Came with ſome *Tyrian Merchants*, trading down
To new-nam'd *Julias*, once *Bethſaida's* Town:
Their *Int'reſt* theſe, and frank aſſiſtance lend,
Since in his *humble Court* they had a *Friend*
To *introduce* 'em; meeting, them embrace;
'Twas *Philip*, of the *Galilean Race*,
Whom long they'd known, and ask'd the Liberty,
Theſe *Grecian Strangers* might his Maſter ſee.
He beckons *Andrew*, both to *Jeſus* went, John 12. 20, &c.
And *favourably* their *Requeſt* preſent:
When thus our Lord — Tho' I *vain Pomp* diſclaim,
Nor in my own, but my great *Fathers Name*
As yet have *taught*, yet ſince he's pleas'd t' *atteſt*
My weak *Mortality*, it *muſt be beſt*.
Now is the *Hour* I ſhall be truly *known*,

A *glimpſe* of my *paternal Glory*'s ſhown:
Now that falſe *Traitor*, who from *Honor* fell,
Yet ſeiz'd theſe *Worlds*, and taught 'em to *Rebel*, [*Hell.*
Transfix'd with vengeful *Flames*, ſinks back t' his deſtin'd
But ah! How dear an *Empire* muſt I win!
On what a *Throne* my promis'd *Reign* begin!
How ſad an *Exaltation*! Yet e'en there,
Will I the *Ruines* of the *World* repair:
Nor me my *Friends*, nor them I'll there *diſown*,
But with 'em mount to a far *brighter Throne*:
The way o'er *Rocks* and *Thorns* my ſelf I'll lead,
Nor muſt they only on *Roſes* think to tread;
Thro' *Blood*, but 'tis their *own*, a *Crown* muſt gain,
True *Heroe*'s *Race*, enur'd to *Sweat* and *Pain*,
Which *ſweetens* all their *future peaceful Reign*.
—Yet ſtill will this *reluctting Body* ſtrive,
Baſe *Fleſh* and *Blood* the *ſervile War* revive
Againſt the *nobler Spirit*, ſtill diſgrace
Mans better *Form*, and ſtain the *Heav'n born Race*;
Still *Pain* is his *averſion*—Tho' 'tis true,
Had he not *this*, he'd *nothing* to *ſubdue*;
No *Merits*, no *Reward*—Do what I can, *
My *lab'ring Heart* has ſomething ſtill of *Man*;
Fain would avoid th' *unequal ſhock*, and fain
Would *ſhrink* from this *intolerable Pain*;
Theſe more than *humane Terrors*—*Father* ſave!
O, if 'tis *fit*, preſerve that *Life* you gave!
No, 'tis not—I my ſelf a *Victim* give;
Willing I *Die*, that reſcu'd *Man* may *Live*:
Yet, leſt they me as an *Impoſtor* blame,
E'er I to thoſe bleſt *Regions*, whence I came
Return, Dear Father! *Glorifie thy Name!*
He ſaid, when ſtrait calm *Lambent Lightnings* flie,
And ſacred *Thunder* murmurs round the Sky.
Then the dread *Voice of God*—"As I 've already done,
"I thus atteſt thee ſtill, my *lov'd eternal Son!*
They heard the *awful Sound*, they heard it all,
And to the *Saviour* lowly *proſtrate* fall;
So little their falſe *Homage* he deſires,
That from the flatt'ring *Crowd* he ſtrait retires;

A Miracle he works to *chain* their *Senſe*,
And with the *Ten*, paſs *undiſcover'd* thence:
Still more amaz'd they ſtrictly *ſearch'd* around,
Each *Street* and *Suburb* ſearch'd, and had they found,
Had him by force the *King of Iſrael crown'd*:
So their great *Saul* himſelf, they cry, *withdrew*,
And wiſh ſome *Samuel* his *Retirement* knew:
For *factious* Arms, themſelves and Friends prepare,
Scarce on the *Towr*'s the *Roman Enſigns* bear.
Tho' this the thoughtleſs *giddy Crowd alone*,
Many o'th' *Elders* knew, but dar'd not own,
Knew him the *Prince* deſign'd for *Iſrael*'s *Throne*:
On worldly *Fame*, and *Reputation* ſtood;
How hard a thing to be both *great* and *good*?
Miſtaken *Fame!* if from fair *Actions* done,
'Tis good; if not, far better loſt than won.
Happier the *common Race* of humane kind,
Happier in this, ſince for their *Eyes* or *Mind*
They no *Diſguiſes* need, vain *Forms* they break,
And what ſmall *Senſe* they have, they freely ſpeak.
Theſe his *Oppoſers* ſcarce *untouch'd* endure,
His Foes ſcarce more than he himſelf ſecure; *
Tho' he himſelf their *Conduct* not approv'd,
Nor *Rabble-Reformation* ever lov'd;
Int'reſt, not *Love* their partial *Votes* did ſway,
They'd call him *King*, but not his *Laws* obey;
Too *pure* for their groſs *Taſt*, too right and juſt;
Nor he ſuch *Subjects* wou'd *receive* or *truſt*,
How e'er his *Doctrines* more and more prevail,
Still more the *Elders* falſe *Foundations* fail,
Scripture and *Reaſon* gone, they only rail:
All things were at the *height*, the *Criſis* all,
And *his Religion* now, or *theirs* muſt *fall.*
This ſaw th' *Arch-Fiend* in his own loathſom *Cell*;
A Spy thro' *Sodom*'s *Lake* ſhot ſwift to *Hell*,
And brought th' affrightful *News*, repuls'd before, *Vid.* Lib. 3.
The *Conclave* he reſolves to call no more,
Till ſome great *Act* atchiev'd, ſome *Miſchief* done,
So *black*, as he'd himſelf not *bluſh* to own.
From every *Squadron* ſilently he drew, *.

Such

Such *Spirits* as he moſt fit for *action* knew;
Some whom *baſphemous Belial* did command,
From *Moloch* ſome, but moſt from *Envy*'s band;
Such as *all Parties* might to his *engage*;
Some skill'd in raiſing *Tumults*, *Storms*, and *Rage*:
The ſame that tempted *Dathan* e'er he fell,
And *dragg'd* him, yet alive, thro' *Earth*'s black *Gulf* to *Hell*.
Some *like himſelf*, when cheating *facil Eve*,
So *ſubtle* they'd almoſt th' *Elect* deceive:
Theſe guilty *Mortals*, knew t' *illude* our fright
With monſtrous *Forms*, and *Spectres* of the *Night*:
With *Joys impure* oft *fill'd*, with *Sloth* oppreſs'd,
Their *Guardian Friends* away, their *Eyes* and *Breaſt*:
Some *Miſer Fiends*, moſt *ſordid* and moſt *baſe*,
The *loweſt ſunk* of all th' *Apoſtate Race*;
Theſe *Mines* and *lone Church-Yards*, and *Treaſures* hold,
And *howl* in *Tombs* around their *ſecret Gold*:
Yet theſe, the *nobler Mind* do what it can,
Maintain the ſtrongeſt Party ſtill in *Man*:
How *few* are proof againſt their *fatal Arts*!
Sure *Satan arms* with *Gold* his *fiery Darts*:
Like thoſe of *Love*, they no *diſtinction* make,
Kings, *Peaſants*, *Civil*, *Sacred*, all they take;
All but one *rank of Men*, they ne'er took place,
Ne'er found a *Quarry* in the *tuneful Race*:
'Tis ſtrange that *Poets* are not *virtuous* ſtill,
Since out of reach of *Gold*, that *Root* of *ill*.

Theſe *Spirits* their *Leader*, in whoſe Cauſe they fell,
Muſters in Haſt, the ſtrong *Genſdarms* of Hell;
Theſe *Troops of his own Houſhold* did review;
Then *ſwift* to *Earth* for *Mans Deſtruction* flew;
Arriv'd, each takes his *Poſt*, which well they knew.
As the *ſly Tyrant order'd*, each *conceal*, *
Leſt ſome *kind Angel* ſhou'd to *Man* reveal
What their *deſign*; ſome did themſelves diſpoſe
T' excite their *Friends*, and ſome to *tempt* their *Foes*:
I'th' foremoſt *Rank*, their *Leader* wings his *way*,
For *Night* had now *reliev'd* the weary *Day*,
To *Salem*'s *Tow'rs*, and as he o'er 'em flew,
A ſpiteful *glance* and *Curſe* amongſt 'em threw;

Afraid

Afraid leſt the fair *City* ſhou'd *Repent*,
And by their *Pray'rs* the *deſtin'd Wrath* prevent.
To the high Prieſt's proud *Palace* did repair,
And like a *falling-Star* ſhot headlong there;
The *Guards* and *Gates* he *penetrating* paſt,
Swift and *inviſible*, and round him caſt
The *Form* of old *Hircanus*, grave and ſage,
The ſame his *Face*, his *Stature*, *Meen* and *Age*;
His *Voice* the ſame, his Hands a *Cenſer* bore,
The *ſacred Mitre* on his *Brows* he wore.
In ſtill and deep *Repoſe* the *Pontiff* lay,
Tir'd with the *Work* and *Pleaſures* of the *Day*;
Stern *Caiaphas* — The *Fiend* approach'd his *Bed*,
And leaning on his *Hand* his *palſy'd Head*,
With *loud and lamentable Voice he ſaid*;
" Awake my Son! Is't thus your *Flocks* you keep?
Or now *Awake*, or elſe for *ever Sleep!*
But canſt thou *Sleep*? — Yes — Canſt thou ſtoop ſo *low*,
To yield the *glorious Day* without a *Blow*,
— T' our *Laws*, our *Nations*, and our *Temples* Foe?
Who now, by your *Remiſſneſs*, fierce and proud,
Heads dark *Cabals* among the *factious Crowd.*
All that is *ſacred*, left without *defence*,
You *violate* my *Tomb*, and raiſe me thence.
Was it for this my great *Forefathers* broke
A Stranger's *Chains*, ſhook off the *Heathen Yoke*?
For this like *Bulwarks* round their *Country* ſtood,
And ſhed ſuch *Seas* of *honourable Blood*?
O ye great *Maccabees!* too dear it coſt,
To purchaſe what your *Sons* have tamely loſt:
Say, did *Hircanus* thus your Line diſgrace,
Or act a thing beneath your *glorious Race*?
He graſp'd the *Cenſer* and the *Sword* you bore,
Your *Mitre* and your *Diadem* he wore;
Spite of ill Fortune he preſerv'd your *Fame*,
Nor trembled e'en at *mighty Pompey's* name.*
Scarce half his Pow'r his weak *Succeſſors* ſhare;
Nor only you the *Roman Thraldom* bear:
(Since *Manly* 'tis to yield, if *Men* ſubdue)
But e'en a *weak Enchanter* conquers you;

If ought by *Herbs* and *pow'rful Names* h' has done, *
To *Solomon's* wiſe Sons it can't b' *unknown*:
Yet ſtill he *lives*, you the blind *Crowd* forſakes,
And *droves* of *Proſelites* each hour he makes:
Theſe will he ſoon to *greater Things* perſuade,
The *Sanhedrim* and *ſacred Throne* invade:
Haſte then—The *Crown* and *Royal Enſigns* bring,
The *Galilean Carpenter's* your *King*.
—But ſhall he be, or are my *Fears* in vain?
O'er none but *Slaves*, a *Slave* deſerves to *reign*:
Tho' *yet* he does not—*Iſrael* yet is *free*,
And will, I know, maintain their *Liberty*;
Quench the *new-kindled Flame*, and pull this *Serpent* down,
before he higher *leaps* and gets a *Crown*:
—Haſte then, and tho' *paſt Ills* you can't redreſs,
Him, *meditating*, *more* ſecure, *oppreſs*!
Or there *diſpatch*, or elſe t' his *Fate* convey,
To purge the *Town* on this great *feſtal Day*;
Call you the *Sanhedrim*, I'll find the *way*.
He ſaid and *ſunk*—The *Pontiff* rais'd his *Eyes*,
And looking gaſtly round, My *Guards*, he cries;
All in *cold Sweats*—Yes, mighty *ſacred Shade*,
Thy kind, thy wholſom *Counſel* ſhall b' obey'd:
He lives no longer, his ſure *Fate* is paſt,
'Tis done, and this ſucceeding *Day*'s his *laſt*.
His ent'ring *Guards* he round the *City* ſends,
And calls to *Council* his *confiding Friends*.
The *Elders*, and the *Prieſts* of greater ſway,
Vid. Luke 1. Each did their num'rous ſubject *Courſe* obey:
Preſſing *Affairs* did their wiſe *Councils* need,
They muſt attend, with *Silence* and with *Speed*:
Yet not ſo cloſe they the *dark Meſſage* do,
But *Joſeph* and the wiſe *Gamaliel* knew:
To Council they among the reſt *repair*,
And meet their *Friend*, ſage *Nicodemus*, there.
All preſent, *Caiaphas* aſcends the *Chair*,
And thus began—"You'll, *Fathers*! ſoon believe,
Not without *Cauſe*, I thus *Diſturbance* give
To th' *Honourable Houſe*, nor need I fear,
The juſt *Occaſion* known, from any here

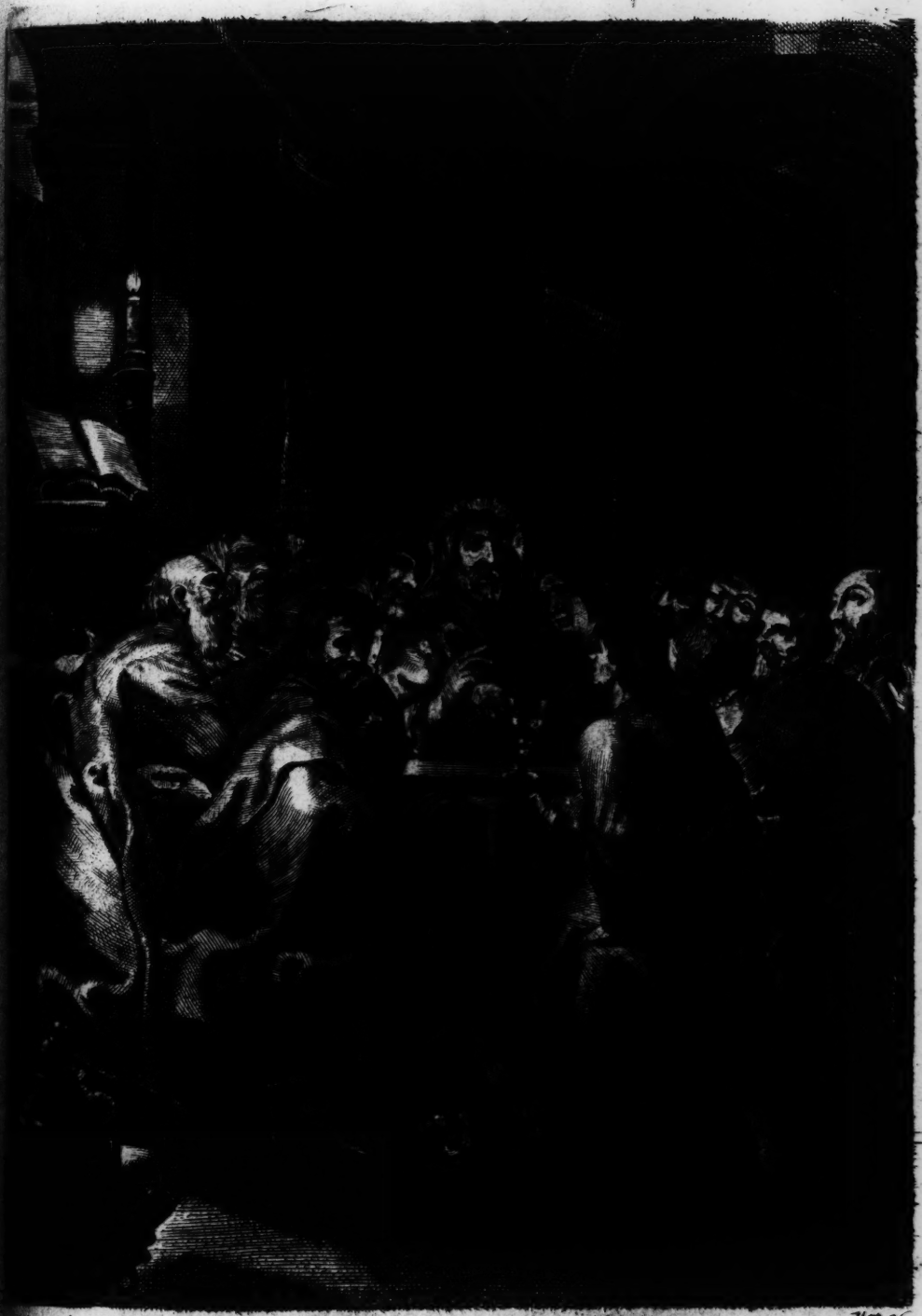
Reproof

Reproof for this *Aſſembly*. But too well,
All who are *Lovers of our* Iſrael,
The growth of *Nazareth's* curſt *Sect* perceive,
* On their *Impoſtor*, the whole *World* believe;
How *undeplor'd* our own and *Nations* Fate,
Unleſs we *help*, if *help's* not yet *too late*:
—If nothing us our *Countrey's danger* move,
(Tho' no *Good Man* but muſt his *Country* love;)
If we theſe *Walls* can leave, and ſee our *Place*,
* And *Honour* fill'd by a vile *Earth-born* Race;
So *humbly*, or ſo *meanly* quit our *Seat*,
And live without a *Name*, obſcurely Great;
If we all this might kindly give away,
Our *Laws*, our *ſacred Laws* we can't *betray*.
There there the *Venom* lurks, at theſe he drives,
Their *Ruine* he in cloſe *Cabals* contrives;
Th' *abhorr'd* of *Nazareth*—
The *Word promulg'd* by *Angels* he'd *repeal*,
A *better Law* than *Moſes* did, *reveal*;
Unletter'd Peaſant he, aſſuming thus
A *Pow'r* unknown, muſt teach the *World* and *Us*.
The *Crowd*, 'tis true, his *Miracles* proclaim;
But did not *Egypt's Juglers* do the *ſame*?
Spite of our *Senſe*, our *Reaſon* ſtill is *free*,
Nor are we, were it not, at *Liberty*:
For *wond'rous Signs* our *Law* we muſt not leave,
Nor a falſe *Prophet*, tempted thus, receive:
Shou'd he *prevail*, which O avert! ye *Pow'rs*
That rule the *World*, *his Laws* exchang'd for *ours*; Dan. 4. 26.
What ſhou'd we gain? What has he more *compleat*,
Than our great *Prophet*? What *Sublime* or *Great*!
For *Carpenters* or *Fiſhermen* they'll do,
But *Fathers*, not for ſuch as *Us* and *You*;
* *Rulers* and *Warriors*, to brave Deeds inclin'd;
Theſe *clog* the *Soul* and *ſink* the *riſing Mind*:
Expos'd t' *Affronts*, you muſt the *Giver* ſpare,
Nay *Love*, they teach you *nothing but to bear*:
Now *ſunk* too *low*, he ſtrait too *high* aſpires,
And ſtrange *impracticable heights* requires;
He wou'd not have us *men*, but ſpite of *Fate*,

Be neither *pleas'd* or *angry*, *love* or *hate*;
Not e'en our *Thoughts*, our *Senſe*, our *Reaſon* free,
Clogg'd with unnat'ral *Laws* and *Myſtery*: *
No *Rule* he will, beſides his *own*, endure,
Where *his* obtains, no *Government's* ſecure:
Our *Nations Crimes* and *Fate*, his daily Themes,
And God and us alike, th' *abhorr'd blaſphemes*.
Not e'en our bleſt *eternal Temple* ſpares;
Nor more the *Heathen* or *Samaria* dares *
Our *Pow'r* to cenſure, his *proud Sect* diſown,
Our *Curſes* loſt in *Air*, or backward thrown;
Serpents and *Vipers* this high *Court* he calls,
Sly *Hypocrites*, gay *Tombs* and whited *Walls*:
This his *Reſpect*, thus *Fathers*, us he treats;
'Tis a ſmall Crime that with th' *unclean* he *eats*:
All our *Traditions* broke; in vain we grieve,
Corban and he together cannot *live*:
Yet more, beyond what's *Mortal* he *preſumes*,
The *awful Name* of *God* himſelf aſſumes;
With the *unrival'd Father* equal he,
The *Son*, the *Word*, born from *Eternity*:
If he *impunely* this, if ſtill we bear,
How can we but deſerve a *Fate*, ſevere
As what th' *Impoſtor* threatens?—How can we
Our *Selves*, our *Children* and our *Nation* free,
From the black *Guilt* and *Fate* of *Blaſphemy*?
This reſtleſs *Troubler* of our *Iſrael* dies;
This *fatal Achan* we muſt *ſacrifice*:
—And if the ſacred *Ephod* ought inſpire,
I feel the *glowing ſparks* of heav'nly *Fire*:
Then hear what my enlighten'd *Mind* foreſees!
Can that be bad which *Heav'n* it ſelf *decrees*?
John 11.50. " *Iſrael* in vain thy *Fate* thou doſt attempt to fly,
" Unleſs for all thy *Sons*, *one Man devoted* die.
He ſaid, then to *debates* the Matter leaves;
The *Sanhedrim* with different *Taſtes* receives
His *warm Oration*, ſome his *Zeal* admire;
The Soul of *Phinehas* ſure muſt him *inſpire*; *
The *Church* can never pay too much *eſteem*,
'T had ſunk *infallibly*, if not for him.

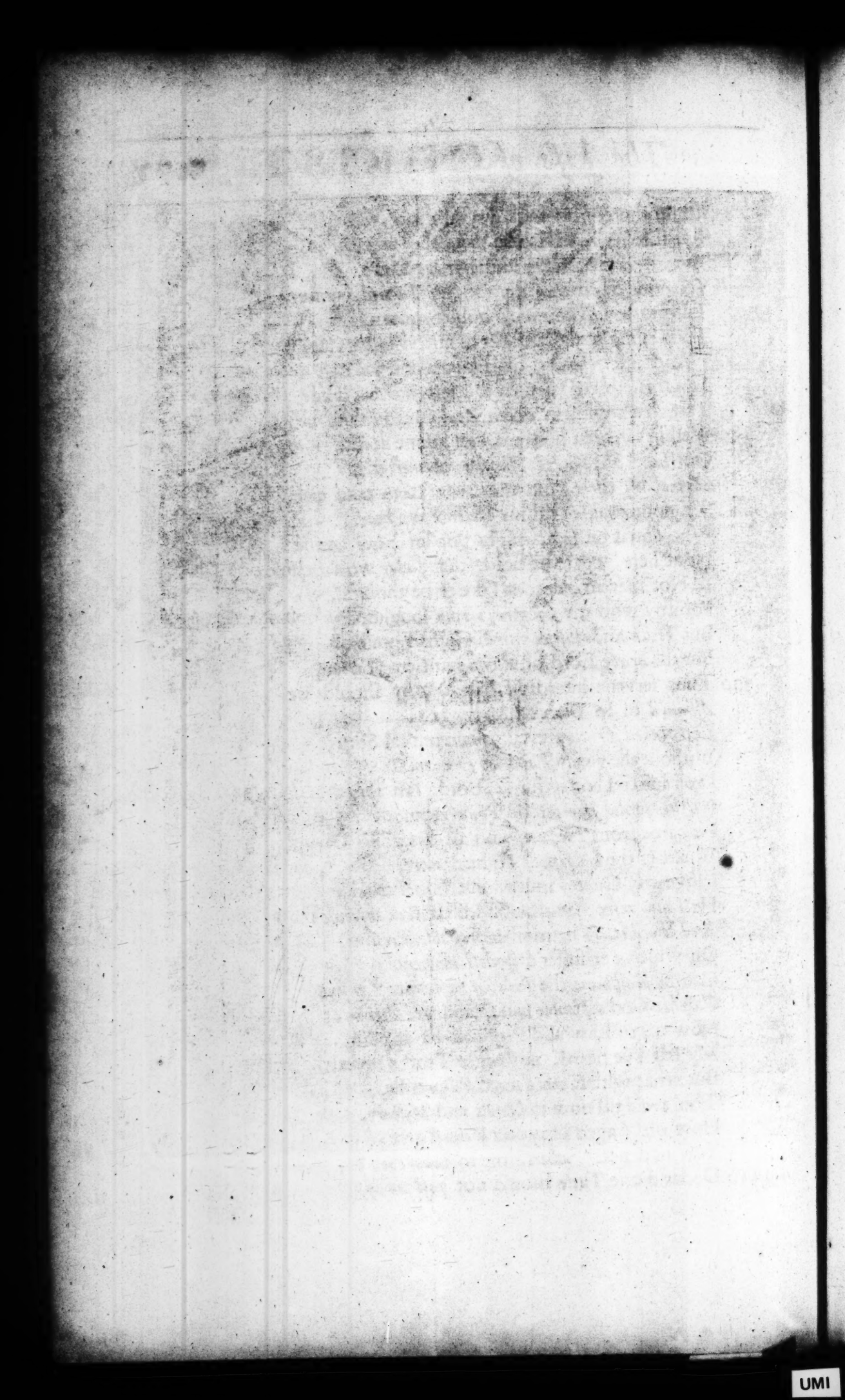
While





Book: 8: pag: 276.

Matt 26
Mar 14
Luc 22
N° 45



While those who look'd with more *impartial Eyes*,
Saw thro' with ease, the *thin*, tho' *neat Disguise*;
Saw all vain *Sophistry* and *specious* Lies:
Yet none dar'd *stem* the muddy *Torrent*, none,
Till prudent *Nicodemus*, bolder grown,
Thus rising spake—"With all *submission* due,
* And just *respect* t' his *Holiness* and *you*;
Men! Brethren! Fathers! a few *Words* I'd add,
To what's with so much *Zeal* already said.
Well has it been observ'd, and none *denies*,
Our *Laws* are *Sacred*, the *Blasphemer* dies
Convict by these, but the same *Laws* take care,
We none *condemn* till his *Defence* we *hear*.
Who cou'd be *safe*, might pop'lar *Fame* accuse?
None here, I dare be bold, that *Judge* wou'd chuse:
—Not that an *Advocate* I'd e'er be thought,
For any who my *Countrey's ruin* sought;
But *Truth* and *Justice* this—He had gone on,
But the *brave* Lord of *Rama's* ancient Town,
Thus fervent interrupts him—Why should we
Asham'd of so *Divine* a *Master* be?
Let *Naked Truth* prevail, plain nat'ral *Sense*,
Without the *gaudy Paint* of *Eloquence*.
I *own* him, I *confess* him—Lord, I'm *thine!*
(Tho' *sordid Interest* or *Pride* repine:)
He came from *Heav'n*, and all his *Laws* Divine.
Whate'er the *Sacrifice*, I'll him *adore*,
I love my *Country* much, but *Justice* more;
He *Laws refix*? with God's blest *Will dispense*?
And *Word*?—The most *improbable Pretence*,
On which e'er suffer'd *spotless Innocence*.
Can he *blaspheme* the *Heav'n* he hopes t' *enjoy*?
Can he God's *Temple build*, and yet *destroy*?
How oft to Law and Prophets he appeals,
My self I've heard, nor other Truths reveals,
But what within our sacred *Volumes* lie,
Tho' *veil'd* till now in *Clouds* and *Mystery*.
How oft (agen I my *own Witness* give;
You us'd not, *Fathers*, me to *disbelieve!*)
Declar'd one *Tittle* shou'd not *pass away*,

Till

Till this vaſt *Frame* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* decay!
Eternal Truths muſt our ſhort *World* ſurvive,
Writ on our *Souls* as long as *Souls* can *live.*
Theſe may be *blotted*, tho' they can't be *raz'd*,
He *graves* 'em new when by our *Crimes deface'd*:
Sure we're but *Men*, nor *all things all diſcern*;
Are we too wiſe from *Heav'n* it ſelf to *learn*?
When the *Oraculous Ephod* us'd to ſhine, *
Did any doubt the *Characters Divine*?
Say not 'tis *ceas'd*, ſee here *decypher'd* ſtill,
More *plain* and *legible*, the *Father's Will!*
Th' *Eternal Word* does mortal *Mould* aſſume,
Our *wretched* Clay—Does he in this *preſume*?
Announc'd from *Heav'n* t' inſtruct the *World* he came;
Cou'd e'er *Impoſtor* yet pretend the *ſame*?
Or *ſhou'd* they, *Honour* they or *Profit* ſeek;
But *Zions King* is *humble*, *lowly*, *meek*:
Lowly, yet *Great*, all *here beneath a God*;
He *treads* on *Crowns* as on the *Stars* he *trod*:
If we *Heav'ns Atteſtation* ſhou'd deny,
Twice ſpoke in *Thunder* from th' *opening Sky*, *
In all, the *Son of God* diſtinctly ſhown,
In all did him th' *Eternal Father* own:
We *Moſes* too muſt *leave*, in *Clouds* and *Smoak*;
But *once* from *Heav'n* the *Ten* dread *Words* were ſpoke.
But *Egypts Juglers* wond'rous *Signs* did ſhew,
'Tis own'd; but did not our Great *Moſes* too?
And yet you all confeſs his *Miſſion* clear;
Aſſign the *diff'rence* and we'll find it *here.*
Theirs for *falſe* Gods and *Idols* vain were wrought,
The other in *Defence* of *Truth* were brought:
T' *atteſt* the *one Supreme*, their *Charms* o'erpower'd,
As th' *active Hebrew Serpent* theirs *devour'd.*
Further, 'twas long *foreſhown*, the choſen Band
Shou'd deep enſlav'd remain in *Mizraim's Land*,
Till *manumitted* thence by God's own *dread Right hand.*
Truth, *Propheſies*, and many a wond'rous *Sign*,
Beyond *diſpute*, atteſt our *Lord Divine*:
What *Rabbi*, e'er ſo *clearly* taught before,
In *Spirit* and *Truth*, the *one true God* t' adore?

Not

Not all things *Moſes* ſaw, we ſomething need,
Beſide, why did the *Prophets* elſe *ſucceed*?
Another Teacher why himſelf *foreſhow*, Deut. 18.
If from his *Laws* the *World* did all things *know*; 15.
Jeſus this *Teacher*, *true* if God be *true*,
For none but God ſuch *mighty Works* cou'd do;
His *Doctrines* rather are *renew'd*, than *new*.
We'd *Gold* at firſt, but he *refines* our *Gold*,
And his *New Law*, *fills* and explains the *Old*:
The *Piece* before was *maſterly* and *fine*,
But he *Life-touches* gives, and makes it more *Divine*.
Death their Deſert, the heavy *threatning* Fear!
So *Moſes* ſelf, who him refuſe to hear.
How many a *Prophet* ſings, how *full* and *plain*,
Of the *Meſſiah*'s wond'rous *Birth* and *Reign*.
His *wond'rous Works*? if need of proof there be,
Ev'n *Caiaphas* has own'd that *this is He*;
All *Time* and *Place*, and *Ages*, him confeſs, *
All *wait* him now—Shall *Iſr'el* then do leſs? *
In every part of *Natures Syſtem* found;
That *World* he made, by him together *bound*.
So *juſt* his *Laws*, ſhou'd *Heav'n* no witneſs give,
Right Reaſon wou'd oblige us to *believe*:
Shall we *Heav'ns Condeſcenſion* then abuſe,
Since *over-weight* it gives us, all *refuſe*?
So *juſt* his *Laws*, that were they but *obey'd*,
The *World* wou'd ſoon a *Paradiſe* be made:
If *mean*, may I that *Meanneſs* ever have!
Still may my *Paſſion* be my *Reaſon's Slave*,
Above all *Wrongs*, like all the *Great* and *Brave*:
Above my *ſelf* as well as *others* live,
Still I'm a *Conqu'ror* if I ſtill *forgive*:
He that *dares die*, die *ſcorn'd* and *tortur'd* too,
But *dares* not an *unhandſom Action* do;
He that *dares own* his *Friend*, tho' far disjoin'd,
And *abſent* long, tho' *Earth* and *Hell* combin'd,
Satan and *Sanhedrims* againſt him *ſworn*,
By *two whole Worlds vaſt weight not overborn*:
Equal, nay ſtill *ſuperior*, ſtill *ſecure*;
Myriads of *Fiends* aſſault, unmov'd endure:

Myriads

Myriads of *Men* almoſt as *black* defy,
Impregnable in his own *Honeſty*;
Nought but his *Soul* and *Honour* cares to ſave—
—If ſuch as he be baſe—The *World* is brave.
No, his worſt *Foes* ne'er *thought* him *baſe* or *mean*;
What e'er their *Words*—Why change they elſe the *Scene*?
Why elſe that he requires ſuch *Heights* complain,
As weak *Humanity* attempts in *vain*?
The *World* too *good* he'd make, too *pure* his *Law*—
—In *Modeſty* that ſhameful *Plea* withdraw!
Yet here it ſticks—Who can ſuch *ſtrictneſs* bear?
We muſt not *ſteal*, nor *rail*, nor *lye*, nor *ſwear*.
A *ſpotleſs* Breaſt he loves, his *Laws* require
To *tame* the *Rage* of *Anger* and *Deſire*:
Manly and *juſt* they ask, and give no leſs,
Than *height* of *Virtue* and of *Happineſs*;
They're *poſſible*, *convenient*, *eaſie*, *free*,
Nat'ral as undiſſembled Piety:
What *Nature* or true *Reaſon* can't receive,
He neither bids us *practiſe*, nor *believe*:
If ſunk below our *proper Selves* in *Vice*
Or *Folly* we, he comes, as *great* as *wiſe*,
To raiſe us to the *State* of *Paradiſe*.
Who e'er did the three *Principles* deny,
Gentile or *Jew*, nor other *Myſtery*
Unknown to us, the *whole* of his *contains*,
The reſt the *vain device* of fabling *Brains*.
But above all the *Slanders* which rebound,
And like their *Curſes*, thoſe which caſt 'em *wound*;
None ſo *ill-ſaid*, tho' deadly, as that he
Is to all *Government* an *Enemy*.
Can *Orders* ſelf *Confuſion* e'er approve?
(As juſtly may the *Hawk* implead the *Dove*,)
War ſuit the *Prince* of *Peace*, or *Hate* with *Heav'n born Love*.
If he *one Lord* proclaims, *one Faith* requires,
The ſame our Church *believes*, the ſame *deſires*;
Yet *rational* and *free* he leaves us ſtill,
No *Force* upon the *Intellect* or *Will*:
The *ſtill ſmall Voice of Reaſon* warns from *Sin*
Loſt *Man* without, his *gentle Spirit* within.

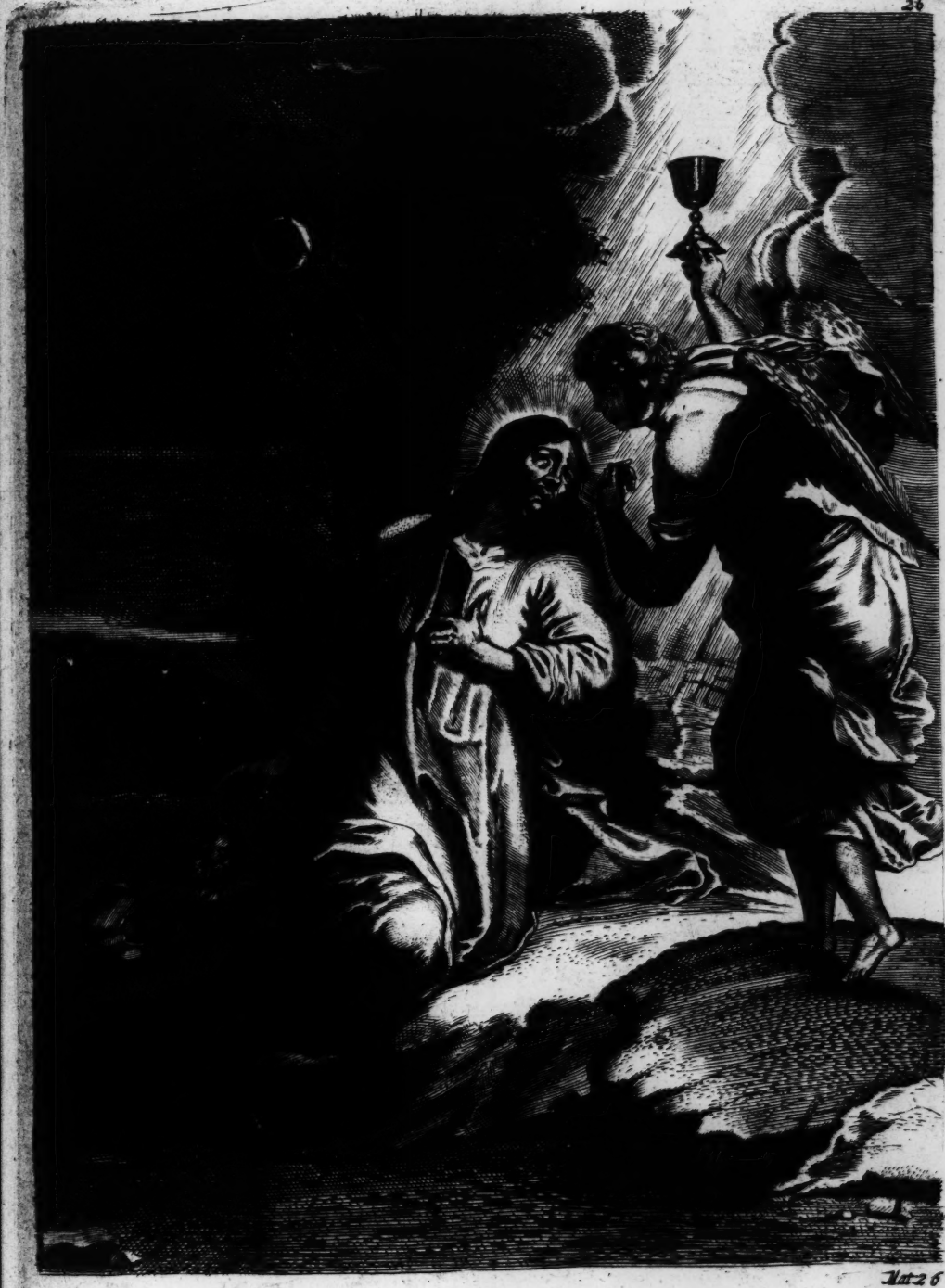
His



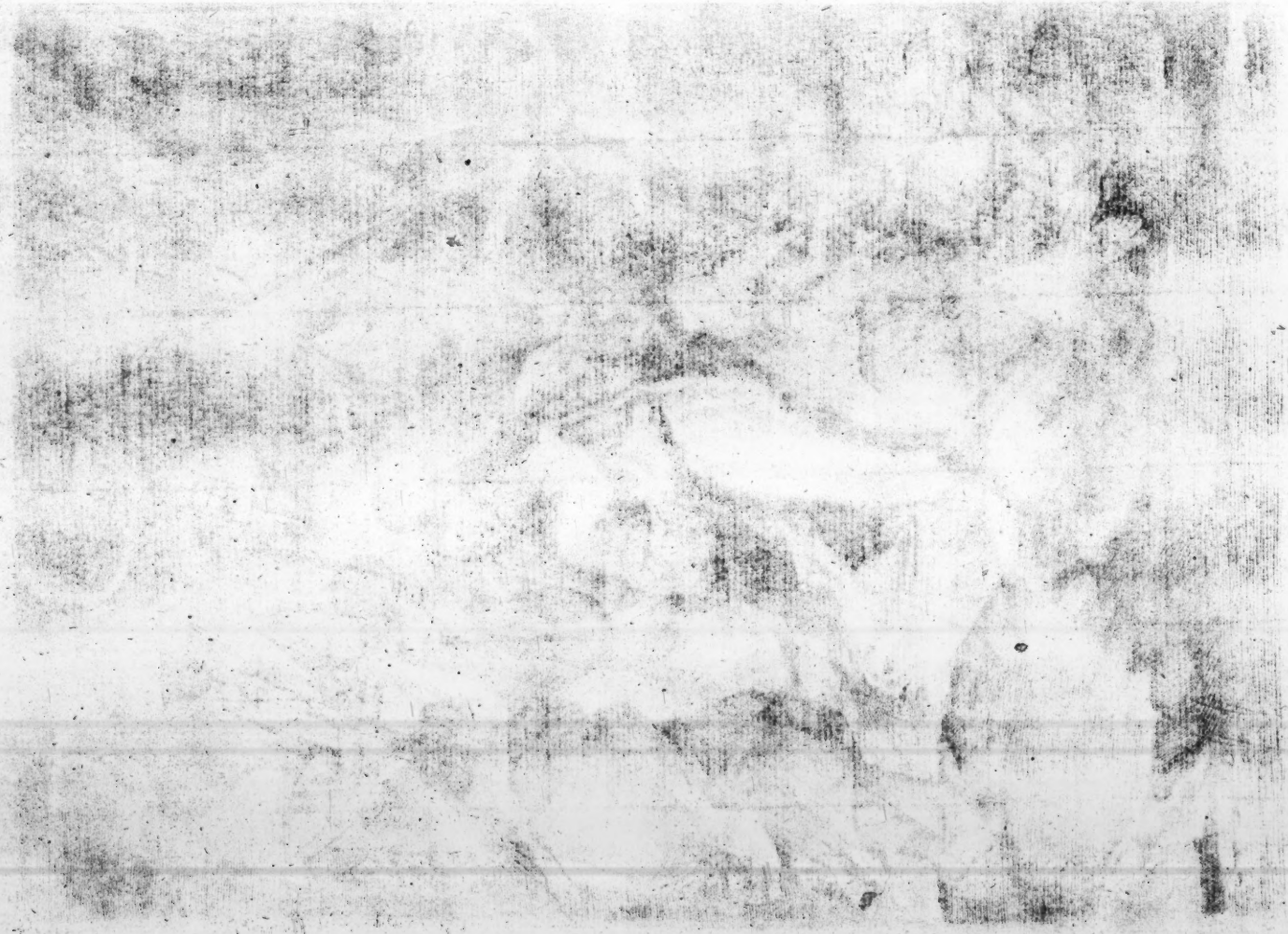
Mat.26
Mar:14
Luc.22

Book: 8: pag: 281.

N°. 46



Mat:26
Mar:14.
Luc:22



His *Follow'rs* bids with *Tenderneſs* reprove;
No Argument ſo *ſtrong*, ſo ſoft as *Love*.
Ev'n the poor *Publican* he'll not diſdain;
None that *repents* refuſe to entertain:
Yet *hates* a *Hypocrite*, all Hearts he knows,
The *ſecret Villain* ſeldom fails t' *expoſe*:
With theſe he can *almoſt be angry*; Theſe
He of declares *Heav'ns righteous Plagues* ſhall ſeize:
Our *guilty Lond*, if in their *Crimes* reſolv'd,
Avert it *Heav'n!* in the ſame *Fate* involv'd.
Why will you not the *Surgeons Hand* endure,
To *launce* the *Wound* which yet admits a *Cure*?
Will the *All-high* from *Duſt* a *Check* receive,
Nor *Thunder*, till the *Creature* gives him leave?
Can he *blaſpheme himſelf*, or is h' afraid
Of *Laws* which his poor *crawling Worms* have made?
Hear my *Confeſſion* then, 'tis plain and free,
Once more the *Word is God, and Jeſus He*:
In *mortal Form*, *Fleſh* clouds th' *Eternal* Sun,
Like human *Soul and Body*, *two in one*.
Hence, tho' the Pontiff urges, 'tis *decreed*,
That for our Sins, this *ſpotleſs Lamb* ſhou'd bleed;
This can, to *ill* nor *force* us, nor *excuſe*;
Fig-leaves like theſe ev'n *Adam* wou'd not *uſe*: *
To us *unknown* the ſecret *Laws* of *Fate*,
Move us they may, but not *neceſſitate*.
Reaſon with *Truth reveal'd* our Steps muſt guide,
Elſe you defend the *blackeſt Parricide*;
Elſe *Heav'ns* the *Principal*, more deep by far,
But *Acceſſaries* we in *Murders* are.
Since then 'tis plain, that this *juſt* Man is free
From all thoſe Ills that *Spite* or *Calumny*
Conjoin'd wou'd *blaſt* him with, nay ſince far more
He's the *Meſſiah* promis'd long before;
The *Lord*, the God whom *Iſrael* ought t' adore:
O rather *kiſs the Son*, juſt Preſents ſend, Pſalm 2.
Avert the *threatned* Wrath, what's paſt amend,
And he'll forgive, *engag'd your mighty Friend*.
Undaunted, *Joſeph* thus — The *Senate* gaz'd,
All, *mute*, moſt *pleas'd*; ſome *angry*, all *amaz'd*:

So, when rough *Boreas!* thy black *Squadrons* ſweep,
The *aged Boſom* of th' *Atlantick Deep*;
Convolv'd, the foaming angry *Surges* riſe,
The loud *Gigantick Waves* invade the *Skies*:
But when *bleſt Zephyr* from his *ſpicy Vales*,
Rides gently out with ſoft *Eteſian Gales*;
The *Billows* huſht, lie *panting* on the *ſhore*,
Appeas'd, the *factious Floods* forget to *roar*,
And *ſmiling*, wonder why they *rag'd* before.
Dazled with *Truth*, to here their *Paſſions* yield,
And *Reaſon* had almoſt regain'd the *Field*;
All but *fierce Caiaphas*, who frowning by,
Wou'd nothing *grant*, yet nothing cou'd *deny*:
Aſham'd, not *griev'd*, he in the *Cauſe* engag'd;
Silenc'd, confounded, baffled, more *enrag'd*:
Yet ſoon his *ſtedfaſt Brow* and *Voice* regains,
Argues, reproves, *denounces*, and complains;
Unknowing to repent, all limits he
Tranſgreſſes, both of *Truth* and *Decency*.
Now *right*, now *wrong*, th' unſteddy *Senate* ſway'd,
Their *Conſcience* now, their *Int'reſt* now obey'd:
Still who ſpeaks *laſt* ſpeaks *beſt*, or the *Debate*,
At leaſt by *Numbers* manag'd, not by *Weight*:
Equally *furious* in their *Love* or *Hate*.
While here contending *Minds* and *Int'reſts* fight,
Under the *ſhelter* of the *ſilent Night*.
Our Lord, who knew the Pow'r and Rage of Hell,
Takes his *laſt Supper* and his *laſt Farewel*;
Did his *weak* Friends, and the falſe *Traitor* know,
Yet, mild, *ſubmits*, ſince Heav'n wou'd have it ſo.
Firſt on the *Lamb*, as Uſe requires, they fed,
As their Forefathers, when from *Egypt* led,
The *Cup of Bleſſing* then, and *hallow'd Bread*,
In his bleſs'd Hands our Saviour deigns to take,
To his *Diſciples* gives, and thus he ſpake.
"*Take, Eat!* this is my *Body*, ſoon deſign'd,
A *painful Sacrifice* for *loſt Mankind!*
This my *Memorial* when from *Earth* I'm gone.
The *hallow'd Goblet* next, and thus goes on;
This is my *Blood*, for Man's *Redemption* ſhed,

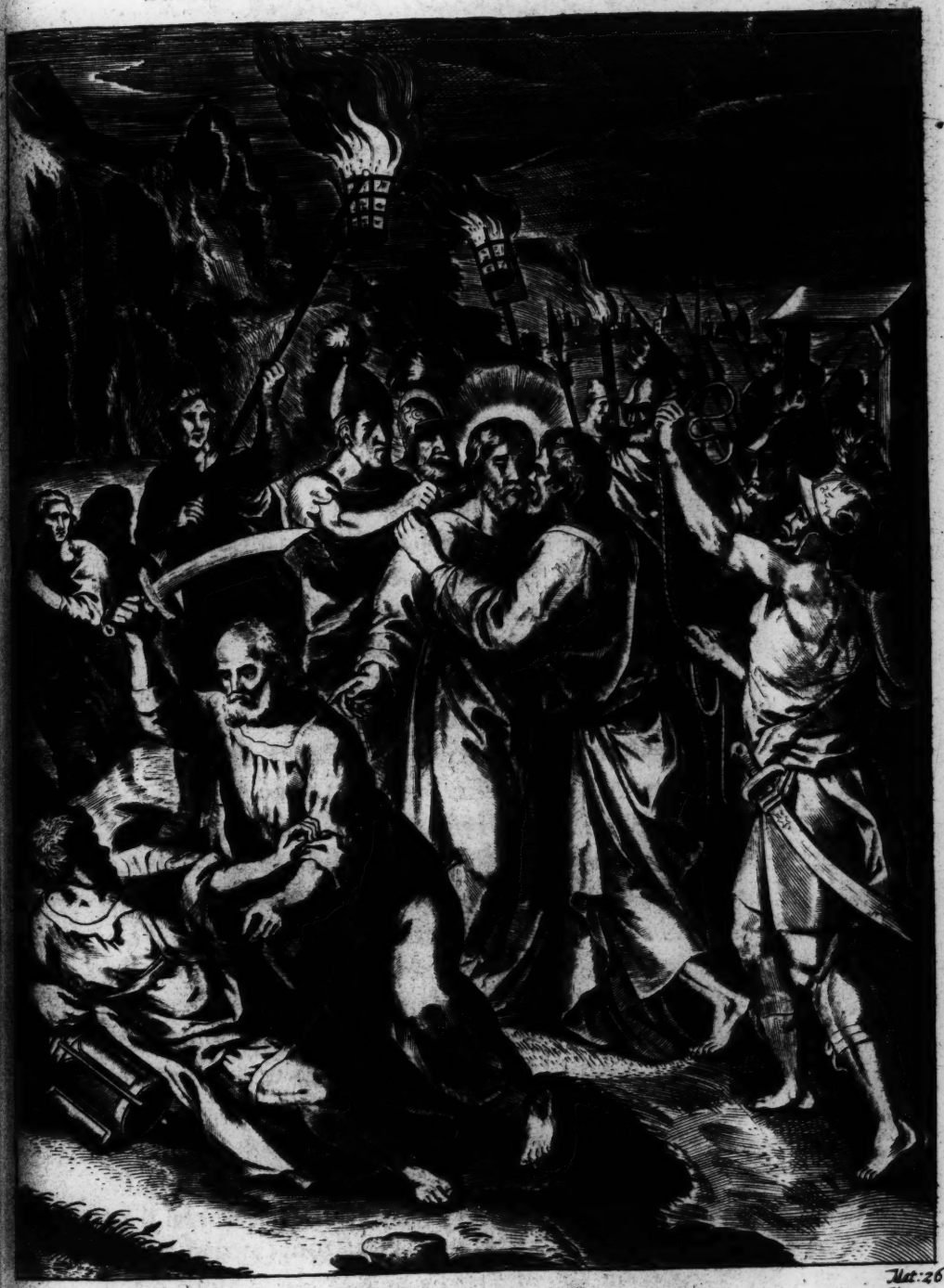
Drink



UMI



Mat:26
Marc:14



Mat:26
Mar:14

Book: 8: pag: 282.

N.° 47

Drink *all* of this, as *all* receiv'd the *Bread!*
I go, the *Traitor* and my *Fate* I know,
But *woe* to that *loſt Wretch* by whom I go!
He's *lurking* here, his *Hand* is on the *Board*,
He *eats* my *Bread*, and yet betrays his *Lord.*
Each, *jealous* for himſelf with honeſt care,
Trembling enquires if he the *Traytor* were?
Iſcariot with the reſt, *Guilt* in his *Eyes*,
And *double-fault'ring Tongue*—Our Lord replies,
Thy ſelf thou *know'ſt*, and canſt too well *divine*;
To theſe my *Friends* the *Sop* ſhall be the *Sign.*
He, that receiv'd, departs, and leaves the reſt:
Whole *Satan* in his *avaritious Breaſt*:
Himſelf to th' wav'ring *Sanhedrim* addreſt.
This fair occaſion ſoon decides the *Strife*,
The *Traitor* bargains for his *Maſters Life.*
The few *good Men*, who fearleſs did remain,
Againſt the *Stream* a while, ſtood *firm* in *vain*,
And when no more they could their ground maintain,
Proteſting, left the *Houſe*; the *Wretch* demands
A *Band* of Men, and ſafely to their Hands
He'd him *deliver*, he his *Haunts* did know,
And could to th' very place directly go:
He Thirty *Pieces* only asks, content
To ſerve 'em for the ſmall *Acknowledgment.*
Raviſh'd with *wicked Joy* they all provide,
Eager to follow their *accurſed Guide*:
Mean while our Lord, well knowing *Grief* and *Fear*
Oppreſt his *Friends*, his fatal Hour ſo near;
Thus, *Sad* himſelf, to them did *Comfort* give:
" Let not your Hearts be *troubled*, but *believe!* John 14. 1, &c.
I go, ſo wills *high Heav'n*, but do not fear,
I'll *love* and guard you *there* as well as *here!*
I go before, nor can I, if I ſtay,
To thoſe *bright Manſions* mark the *ſhining Way*;
Tho' *abſent*, ſtill I'll love you, ſtill as *dear*,
If *faithful* ſtill, as when I *taught* you *here.*
I the bleſs'd *Paraclete* will ſhortly ſend,
The *wiſeſt Advocate*, the *gentleſt Friend*;
Him nought but *Sin* can from your *Breaſt* remove,

O never, never grieve the *ſpotleſs Dove*!
If he your *Friend*, you may with *Smiles* deſpiſe
The weak *Efforts* of your worſt *Enemies*:
The *World* will *hate* you, (me it did, wou'd you
Eſcape?) the kindeſt thing the *World* can do!
Lifes *ruffling Storms* the greateſt *Friends* will be,
If *home* they drive you to your *Selves* and *Me*.
Firm to my *Cauſe*, and each to other *ſtand*!
A *Band* of *Friends*, a glorious *deathleſs Band*!
—Yet ſoon, unguarded left, you'd *Men* be ſhown,
To me far better than your *ſelves* you're *known*:
Too weak your boaſted *Faith* and *Courage* all,
You'd by th' *unequal Tempter* baffled fall:
Forſake my *Cauſe*, unguarded leave my *Side*,
Your *Maſter* and your *Faith* at once deny'd.
—When *Cephas* thus abrupt—Lord, I can die
For thy *dear Name*, but not thy Name *deny*:
As much the reſt, with *virtuous Grief* and *Pain*,
They, ſo *abject* a *Baſeneſs*, all diſdain.
When Jeſus thus—Agen, your *Hearts* I know,
And whether are *deceiv'd*, th' *Event* will ſhow:
For you, who ſuch a *Champion* now appear,
And more than all the reſt remov'd from *fear*;
Matt.26.34. *Thrice*, e'er this *mournful Morn* its Beams diſplay,
E'er thrice the *watchful Fowl* has warn'd the *Day*;
So weak when left to your *own Strength* you are,
My *Name*, my very *Knowledge* you'll *forſwear*,
But tho' th' *infernal* Foe ſo fierce aſſail,
And hopes on all my *Flouſe* he ſhall *prevail*,
I've pray'd—Your *Faith* may *ſhake*, but ſhall not *fail*.
O *righteous Father* hear! thy *Will* I've ſhown
To thoſe thou *gav'ſt* me—O *preſerve thy own*!
The *World* I leave to thy *wiſe Will* reſign'd,
But *theſe*, a *part of me*, ſtill leave behind.
O *guard* 'em there, all intimately one,
Like thee, O *righteous Father*, and the *Son*!
Let thy *bright Image* ever on them ſhine,
Full fill'd with *Grace*, and *Love*, and *Joy divine*!
Till the vain *dazled World* confounded ſee,
That theſe from *me* came forth, as I from *thee*!

The



Matt: 26
Marc: 14
Io: 18

Book: 8: pag: 285.

N.° 48



Mat: 26
Mar: 14
Io: 18

The *genuine Glories* of fair *Virtue* own,
Ay beaming-bright from thy illuſtrious *Throne*:
When *Life*'s *dull* Scene is paſt, and wretched *Days*,
Thither, O thither thy true *Servants* raiſe!
A double *Heav'n* to them, to *ſee* and *ſhare*,
Their *happy Friends* immortal *Glories* there!
Thro' me to them ſhall all thy *Goodneſs* ſhine,
Theirs all the *Glory*, all the *Love* that's *mine*;
What I with thee enjoy'd *eternal Ages* paſt,
The ſame which ſhall to long *eternal Ages* laſt.
He ſaid, then o'er deep *Kidron*'s *Brook* and *Plain*,
To ſweet *Gethſemane* he leads again,
With *Cephas* and the *Zebedean* Pair—
He ſeeks i'th' Shades a *cloſe retirement* there.
The reſt without, nor e'en to theſe he talks,
But ſilent all, *deep-meditating* walks;
As gentle *Philomel* ſits muſing long,
Before ſhe eaſe her *Sorrows* with a *Song*:
At length, thus with a *Sigh* that rends his *Breaſt*,
—O my *diſtracted Heart* with *Grief* oppreſt;
Heavy as *Death*'s *dead Weight*, with Loads of Care,
Too heavy for *Humanity* to bear.
Why ſhou'd you any further with me go?
Why ſhould my *Friends* ſhare my *contagious Woe*?
Wait here a while, altho' in *vain* you *wait*,
For who can be too *vigilant* for *Fate*?
He ſays, and thruſts into the *deepeſt Shade*,
Where on the *Ground* he fell and *proſtrate pray'd*:
Never ſuch *Griefs*, as thou for us didſt prove!
Never ſuch *Woes*, O *agonizing Love*!
Amazing Sorrows, which we can't conceive,
But think the *God eclips'd*, the *Man* did *leave*:
O *Father*, O, if *poſſible* it be,
Unbounded Might! what is not ſo to thee?
The *Saviour* cries, as on his *Face* he lay;
O take this *Cup*, this *bitter Cup* away!
The Wrath divine *unmixt* this *Cup* contains,
And with *infernal Poiſon* burns my *Veins*.
'Tis not, alas, a ſingle *Death* I dread;
How calmly cou'd I lean my *weary Head*

On

On the *cold Earth*, and common *Mothers* Breaſt?
How gladly *ſleep* away to *endleſs Reſt*?
'Tis not a *publick Death*—Ev'n that I'd ſcorn,
Tho' that of *Slaves*, on the curſt *Gibbet* born;
Shameful and *infamous*, I'd ne'er complain,
Nor fear the *Pomp* of *Death*, beyond the *Pain*.
My frowning *Father's Wrath*—There, there's the *Curſe*;
Than *Pain*, than *Shame*, than *Death*, than *Hell*, 'tis worſe.
O can I, muſt I be from him *remov'd*,
Whom I've from long *eternal Ages lov'd*?
Never *offended*, never ſaw his *Brow*
With *Frowns* diſguis'd, nor *Clouds* obſcur'd till *now*.
What has thy fond *Prevarication* coſt,
Weak *Man*, to gain the *Eden* thou haſt *loſt*?
Yet if no other *way* Heav'ns *Wrath* t' attone,
The *Victim* I the *Sacrifice* alone,
T' appeaſe my *injur'd Father*, Lord, I yield!
Nor longer ſhall refuſe the *dreadful Field*:
For this, by thee to the *loſt World* I'm ſent,
I can't my *Love* t' unhappy Man *repent*:
Ah, *lov'd* he thee as well, *ungrate!* to cure
His *Wounds*, more *Deaths*, more *Paſſions* I'd endure.
What *mortal Pains* did then the *Saviour* feel?
As *Hearts* when *trembling* on the pointed *Steel*:
What *deep convulſive Agonies* he found,
Which ev'ry part of *Soul* and *Body* wound?
The *comely Order*, they of both diſplace;
Large Drops of Sweat and Blood roll mingled down his Face.
As much as *Man* cou'd do, as much and more,
Already he, without a *Murmur* bore;
Had but *all Earth* and *Hell* their *Forces* joyn'd,
Not *Heav'n* too in th' *triple League* combin'd,
Ev'n in this mortal *elemented State*,
His *Virtues* had been equal to their *weight*:
But 'twas *Heav'n* cruſh'd him; Heav'n, *ſevere*, yet *juſt*,
Which bruis'd his *adamantine Soul* to Duſt.
It long'd to ſally from its *dark Abode*,
Preſs'd with our *Sins*, a vaſt, an *odious Load*.
He can no more, but in th' *unequal Strife*,
Had, with his very *Being*, loſt his *Life*;

If longer h' had maintain'd the Field alone:
Th' *Eternal Father* heard, he heard him *groan*
And ſhake *whole Natures Frame* ——
To his *Relief* a *mighty Angel* ſent,
On the great *Embaſſie* he *wond'ring* went;
Did *Flow'rs* of *Eden* to our *Lord* convey,
And *kneel'd* to him, as he to *Heav'n* did pray,
And *wip'd the big-round Drops of ſanguine Sweat away.*
—Enough, the *Saviour* Cries, thy *Service* ſpare,
I'm not *all loſt*, my *Father* yet takes care
Of his weak *mortal Son*—All, all agen,
And more, if poſſible, I'd *bear for Men*;
For *Men*, he ſtruggling *prays*, nor *prays* in *vain*,
Tho' *Strength* renew'd, but more renews his *Pain.*
Here, here let boaſting *Greece* her *Heroes* bring,
How far *excell'd* by *Salem's peaceful King*?
Ev'n him who over *Oeta-Hill* did rove,
His *Veins* all *fir'd*, the *fabled Son* of *Jove*;
Alcides ſelf unequal Match for *Pain*:
He rav'd at *Fate*, and ſtruggled with his *Chain.*
—*Saviour forgive*! 'Tis almoſt *Blaſphemy*,
To name at once their *ſpurious Gods* and *Thee.*
Thou only *like thy ſelf*—What *Demon* dare,
What wretched *Man* with Thee, true *Son* of *God* compare?
O, of *Celeſtial Stem*! O hearour *Pray'r*!
Thro' all the *World* let *Vice* and *Diſcord* ceaſe,
And bleſs with laſting *Virtue*, laſting *Peace*!
Mean while the three *ſad Friends* with *ſleep* oppreſt,
Which ſeiz'd their *Eyes*, as *Sorrow* ſeiz'd their *Breaſt*;
On the ſoft nat'ral *graſſie Couch* reclin'd,
Stole *Eaſe* at once for *Body* and for *Mind*:
To whom our Lord, return'd—Is't thus you prove
Your boaſted *Courage*, and your *boaſted Love*?
Is't thus for all my *Care* you me *reward*?
And can't you, one *ſhort Hour* your Maſter *guard*?
But if already you my *Name* diſown,
Yet *watch*, if not for *my* ſake, for *your own*!
O *watch* and *pray*! never ſuch cauſe for *Fear*,
The *Hour's* at hand, th' invading *Tempter's* near:

Theſe

Thence back our Lord did to the Shades repair;
The ſelf-ſame *fervor* and the ſelf-ſame *Pray'r*,
The *Poſture* too the ſame, *repeating* there.
Twice did repeat, as oft his *Friends* he found,
In *Sleep* alike, and ſtubborn *Sorrows* drown'd;
At laſt returning—Now *ſleep on*, he cries,
And if you can, *indulge* your *drowſie Eyes!*
I *ſleep no more*, till the great *Ranſom*'s paid;
The *Hour* is come—The Son of *Man*'s *betray'd*:
—Yet I'll not leave you thus—My *Care* you'll ſee
Employ'd for *you*, altho' not *yours* for *me*.
Once more *ariſe*, and wiſely learn to *fear*,
Fate haſtens on amain, the *Traytor*'s here.
This ſcarcely ſaid, the reſt, who'd frighted ſeen
Th' approaching *Lights* and *Guards*, came trembling in;
Yet not ſo *ſwift*, but the mad *Crowd* appear,
As ſoon as they, or *mingled* in their *Rear*:
Fearleſs our Lord, *himſelf doth interpoſe*
Between his tim'rous *Friends* and ſpiteful *Foes*,
Now only *Man* t' *encounter*, well he knew:
He knew and ſcorn'd the worſt that *Man* could do.
Undaunted asks, they more than he afraid,
Whom *there* it was they *ſought*—What *there* they *made*;
Jeſus, *they cry'd*—If that your *Buſ'neſs* be,
No farther ſeek, he anſwers, *I am He*.
O what a *Guard is Virtue!* by the ſound
Of thoſe *Majeſtic* Words, ſtruck back, they fell to th' *Ground*.
Yet ſtubborn roſe, agen they *forward* go.
Obdurate, *ſtun'd*, not *ſoften'd* by the *Blow*.
Agen our Saviour asks, and they the ſame
Bold Words repeat, agen he owns his *Name*.
If me you only ſeek, let *theſe* depart,
Mildly he adds; his *Friends* ſtill near his *Heart*.
This fervent *Cephas*, more *impatient* ſaw,
And his *broad Sword* did from his *Scabbard* draw;
Amongſt the foremoſt flew, who e'er he found,
Not *ſpares*, but deals ſwift *doubled Strokes* around:
The ſcatt'ring *Crowd* avoids, nor cares t' engage
His *forward Zeal*, thus arm'd with *deſp'rate Rage*.
Malchus alone ſtood firm; a *Servant* he

Of

Of ſome *Remark*, 'ith' Pontiff's *Family*,
Againſt his *warmth* oppos'd his ſingle Might.
--Nor *Cephas this*, who *dar'd* whole *Armies* fight;
But when before almoſt h' had *look'd him* dead,
One furious Blow he makes full at his *Head*,
Nor ſcap'd his *Ear*; tho' bending he gave way,
But *bleeding* on the Ground, *diſmember'd* lay.
--Thus far, our Saviour cries, *Endure!* to ſhow,
What if I pleas'd my faithful *Friends* cou'd do!
Cephas! return thy Sword! ſtay thy *fierce Hand*,
Cou'd I not *Legions of bright Spirits* command
To my Relief? They *Know*, they *Love* me ſtill--
--But 'tis not my Almighty *Father's Will*:
He ſaid, and did the *wounded Ear* reſtore,
A *golden Circle*, where the *Scar* before.
Till now, not dar'd the *Trait'rous Wretch* appear,
But ſhelter'd in the *Crowd* his *Guilt* and *Fear*;
Thus mild our Saviour ſeen, as *Villains* uſe,
His *Goodneſs* he takes *courage* thence t' *abuſe*.
In *Friendſhip's* Vizard hides his *odious Guile*,
And baſe, accoſts him with a *Kiſs* and *Smile*:
This only did the *patient Jeſus* ſay,
-- Ah! *miſcall'd Friend!* Is't thus you me *betray*?
That mark once giv'n, by the *falſe Wretch* aſſign'd,
That they in *Night's* dark Shades our Lord might find,
From all the reſt the *Crowd* him *ſeize* and *bind*;
And *hurry* thence, his *ſcatt'ring Houſhold* fly
As *heartleſs Sheep*, the *Wolf* or *Robbers* nigh,
Their *faithful Guide*, or abſent thence, or ſlain;
Ev'n *Cephas* flies, now all his *Boaſt's* in vain:
In vain at his own *Fear* and *Baſeneſs* grieves,
He flies, but ſcarce himſelf his *Flight* believes.
So when *two Kings* for *Empire* or for *Right*,
In *glitt'ring Arms* meet on the *Mounds* to *fight*?
If *one* by his *chief Miniſter* betray'd,
And ſeiz'd by th' *adverſe part*, his *Hoſt* affraid,
Fly ſcatt'ring o'er the *Plains* themſelves to *hide*,
The *Baſe* and *Brave* alike born by th' *impetuous Tide*:
If with the reſt ſome *Kinſman* to the *Throne*,
In *Battles* and in *Triumphs hoary* grown,

Is *hurry'd* thence, he from the *Rabble* free,
Stands *firm*, near ſome ſtrong *Paſs*, or *Defilè*:
Looks on his *Sword* and *Bluſhes*-- Muſing ſtands,
Looks on his *Enſigns*, and victorious *Hands*;
Rallies and *Fights*, till all his *Guards* are *gone*,
" He Raves as he goes *back*, and *ſhakes* as he *goes on*.
The while our *Saviour* to the *Hall* they bear,
With *Scoffs* abuſe, with *Blows* torment him there:
Of the *dull* Rabbles *Wit* the *patient Theme*,
They *ſpit* with Mouths *impure*, and then *Blaſpheme*;
Such *Guards* the *King* of *Earth* and *Heav'n* attend,
None of his *Follo'ers* there beſides his *Friend*;
He, tho' at firſt he *fled* among the *reſt*,
Yet, ſoon return'd, his Maſter, bold confeſt,
And pleads him *innocent*.-- With much of *Fear*,
Comes *Cephas* after, ſlowly, approaching near
The *Palace-Gate*; and when he there was ſeen
By the *Great Friend*, his *Int'reſt* gets him in:
Trembling, he follows his *couragious Guide*,
With *care* from every *Eye* his face to hide;
To all reveal'd by that *ſuſpicious Care*;
The *Porter* asks, if he too was not *there*?
Unleſs he ſtrangely is miſtaken, he
A *glimpſe* of him did in the *Garden* ſee.
-- The *tim'rous Saint* replies, and ſtrait withdrew,
Him till this *Hour* I never *ſaw* nor *knew*;
-- But ſtill where e'er he goes his *Fears* purſue:
Charg'd with the *ſame* agen, the ſame replies,
And all as *firmly* as before *denies*:
Nor long before a *Third* did him accuſe,
His *Idiom* diff'rent from the other *Jews*:
Ruſtic and *groſs*, betray'd his *Country*, He
Was doubtleſs bred in *factious Galilee*:
When preſs'd thus home and full, he Curs'd, he Swore,
Sure then, he thought they'd ne'r *ſuſpect* him more.
So God to me, he cries, as this is true,
As him before I never *ſaw* or *knew*.
Scarce from his *perjur'd Lips* the *Words* were born,
E'er thrice the watchful *Fowl* proclaim'd the *Morn*:
The *Saviour* turn'd, the *tim'rous Saint* ſtood by,

And

And on him fix'd his *mild*, but *piercing Eye.*
He did *no more*, nor *Cephas* more did *need*;
Soon did his *honeſt Heart* begin to *bleed*;
Within their *Banks* his *Sorrows* cou'd not keep,
But ſought a cloſe *Retirement* where to *weep*;
There did, with *Seas* of *Tears*, his *Fall* deplore,
And waſh'd his *Breaſt* e'en whiter than *before.*
And now the *guiltleſs Criminal* is brought,
Bound, to th' *unjuſt Tribunal*; long they ſought
To *murder* him upon ſome fair *pretence*,
But cou'd not find one *Thorough Evidence*:
All *Arts* they uſe; now this, now *that* they try,
Now Charge with *Treaſon*, then with *Blaſphemy*:
Yet nothing prove; too *little*, or too *much*
Still *Sworn*, nothing that yet his *Life* cou'd *touch*:
Enrag'd, the wicked *Caiaphas* aroſe,
His *Thirſt* of *Blood*, each *Word* each *Action* ſhows;
Blood in each *Line* of his *diſtorted Face*,
Murd'rous his *Looks*, revengeful, mean and baſe:
How long muſt we on this *Impoſtor* wait,
Foaming, he cries?— *Confeſs*, and meet thy *Fate!*
What *Blaſphemies*? What *Treaſons*? quickly ſhow,
In vain thou woud'ſt deny what *all Men know*,
What we can *prove*— Then better *own* it all,
— There may be *Mercy*— Where your laſt *Cabal*?
When you're to pull the *Roman Enſigns* down,
And when the *Temple* ſeize, and fire the *Town*?
Mildly our Saviour, no *reſentments* ſhown
At ſuch loud *Falſhoods*— Well may I diſown
Such *Calumnies* as not your ſelves believe—
But ſince unlikely 'tis you ſhou'd receive
Ev'n *Truth* it ſelf from *me*; I but deſire
From thoſe that heard me, *fairly* you'd enquire:
Secret Cabals I never *lov'd* nor *ſought*,
No dang'rous *private Doctrines* ever taught:
My *Words* the *Synagogues* and *Temple* know,
From thence my *Blaſphemy* and *Treaſon* ſhow!
He ſaid, when one o'th' *Zealots factious* Race, *
With a rude *Halbert* ſtrikes his *heav'nly Face*:
Is that an *Anſwer*? adds, for you to give

His *Holineſs*? Why ſhou'd ſuch *Wretches* live?
Our Lord— Still *Patient*, and *unconquer'd* ſtill,
Declare 't, if ought I've ſaid that's *falſe* or *ill!*
If *well*, why have I ſuch hard *meaſure* found
In *open Court*? Why am I *ſtruck* when *bound*?
Agen, the *Pontiff* roſe— One way did reſt,
To force the *fatal Secret* from his *Breaſt*:
If thou the Sacred *promis'd Seed*, he ſaid,
From *Ages*, doom'd to cruſh the *Serpent's Head*;
The *deſtin'd Prince* for *Iſrael's mighty Throne*,
Why doſt thou longer thy *high Birth* diſown?
By our *conceal'd unutterable Name*,
With whom thou doſt *ambitious Kindred* claim,
I adjure thee, ſpeak— Then the *Diſpute* is done:
We'll own thee all— Art thou th' *Almighty Son*,
The Chriſt of God? Our Saviour— Tho' I take
Your whole *Deſign*; and know what uſe you'll make
Of my *Confeſſion*: yet I'll not *deny*
My ſelf, nor my *great Kindred* in the *Sky*:
—Whom now you ſee, and a *weak Mortal* ſcorn,
The Son of *Man*, to your *Tribunal* born;
When High enthron'd in boundleſs *Light* and *Bliſs*.
As *he* at *yours* you ſhall *appear* at *His*.
With a *curs'd* Joy— 'Tis *paſt*, the *Pontiff* cry'd;
He's *ours*— Now *Fathers!* are you *ſatisfy'd*?
----That all his *doating Followers* were but near,
His *own'd*, his publick *Blaſphemies* to hear!
The *Fact* is *plain*, if *Senſe* it ſelf be *true*:
Speak *Fathers!* and I'm ſure you'll *Juſtice* do.
----Their *black* united *Suffrage* rends the *Skies*;
Yes--- The *Blaſphemer dies*: he *dies*, he *dies!*
The *Court* adjourn'd, to *Pilate's Palace* went,
Mix'd with the *Crowd*, t' accuſe the *Innocent*:
Duſt on their *Heads* they *fling*, and *Duſt* i'th' *Air*,
And thence with many a *Curſe* our *patient Saviour* bear.

The End of the Eighth Book.

NOTES

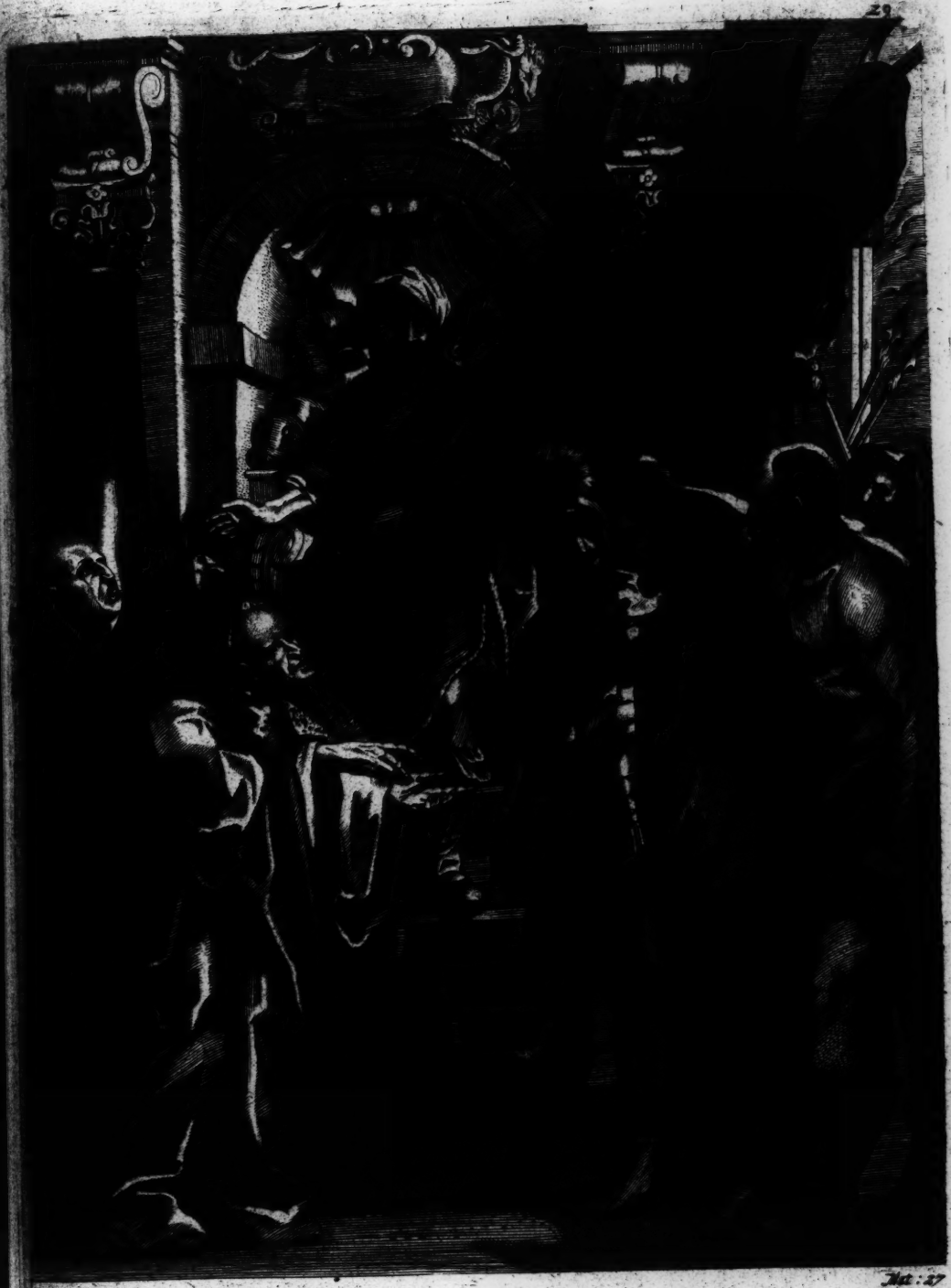




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NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK VIII.

2. *AND from High Towers the ſacred* Trumpet *blows.*] *Joſephus* ſays, The Prieſts were us'd to give warning by the Sound of a *Trumpet*, from the Towers of the Temple, againſt any approaching Feſtival.

9. *From thoſe fair Fields, with Rivers circled wide.*] *Meſopotamia.*

12. *The Realms of* Monobaze *and* Helen *fair.*] *Monobazus* was the Son of *Izates*, the famous *Proſelyte* of whom *Joſephus* gives ſuch large *Encomiums*. *Helena* was Queen of the ſame Country, who was a great Benefactor to *Jeruſalem*, and, after her Death, had a ſtately Tomb, near the City, erected to her Memory.

21. *Strong* Sephoris] See *Joſephus*'s Deſcription of that Town and its Siege.

24. *At proud* Herodion *Feaſts.*] A ſtately Palace built by *Herod the Great*, near *Jordan*, and called by his own Name; as another he had in *Jeruſalem*.

43. *What* Moſes *or the Elders did enjoin.*] The *Cup of Benediction*, and the *Bread*, were added to the *Paſſover* by the Succeſſors of *Moſes*; or rather, being at firſt only *civil*, and neceſſary to a *Meal*, were, in proceſs of time, reckoned *Sacred*, becauſe ſo nearly joined with what was ſo.

65. *The* ſervile *Gods.*] 'Tis *Cowley*'s Thought, who calls the *Dæmons* ſo, becauſe obedient to the *Charms* of Magicians.

67. Athens, *which did from* Egypt *firſt convey*, &c.] *Herodotus* ſays, the *Greeks* had all their Gods from *Egypt*, and the *Athenians* were the chief Traders in thoſe Commodities. Some of theſe, its not improbable, might be at the *Feaſt*, ſince many came much farther to it.

112. *No Merits, no Rewards.*] I take the Word *Merit* here, in the old *Orthodox* Sence, not implying either Condignity, or a proper *Congruity*, except when reſtrained to our Saviour, who had both; but only for ſuch *Qualifications* as will be accepted of *God*, for the ſake of his *Son*, wrought in Believers by his *Bleſſed Spirit*.

131. *A* Miracle *he works to* chain *their* Senſe.] He had done ſo before, and its *probable* might now repeat it.

152. *His Foes ſcarce more than he himſelf ſecure.*] 'Tis ſaid, *the Phariſees feared the People*; and were not for ſeizing our Saviour on the *Feaſt-day*, leſt there ſhould be an Uproar among the People. But their own natural Levity ſoon made them alter their Opinions.

170. *From every Squadron.*] If there's a *Hierarchy* in Heaven, there is, in all likelihood, a ſort of *Polity* too in Hell, where we read of the *Prince of the Devils*, &c.

203. *Each conceal,*—— *Leſt ſome kind Angel.*] An Angel being but a *finite* Creature

Creature, cannot have *infinite Knowledge*, whence it ſeems poſſible, that the *wicked Spirits* may conceal their *ill Deſigns* from them.

246. *Nor trembled, ev'n at mighty* Pompey's *Name.*] Who, in this time, came to *Jeruſalem*. See the Story in *Joſeph. Antiq.*

147. *Scarce half his Power.*] Old *Hircanus*, and the reſt, had the *Sacred* and *Civil Power*, united, being both *High-Prieſts* and *Kings*.

251. *If ought by* Herbs *and powerful* Names *h' has done.*] The *Rabbies* talk much of the Power of *Charms*, and profeſs the Knowledge of 'em. They pretend they deduce it from *Solomon*. *Joſephus* tells a very grave Story, as if he believed it, of one who did ſtrange things with an *Herb*, caſting out *Devils*, and bringing Perſons to Life again when they lay *ſenſeleſs*. The Jews have a fooliſh Tale, that our Saviour wrought all his *Wonders* (againſt the Reality of which, it ſeems, they have nothing to ſay,) by Virtue of the *Tetragrammaton*, ſowed up in his *Thigh*.

294. *On their Impoſtor the whole World believe.*] According to that Saying of theirs, *The whole World is gone after him.*

300. *By a vile Earth born Race.*] The Rabbies call the Vulgar, *Terræ Filii*, *Sons of the Earth.*

324. *Rulers and Warriors.*] So ſays *Machiavel*; who underſtood the *Chriſtian Religion* ſo ill, that he ſays, it makes Men *mean-ſpirited*, and is an Enemy to *Magnanimity* and *Glory*.

333. *Clogg'd with* unnatural *Laws and Myſtery.*] I've endeavour'd to make *Caiaphas* as good a Spokeſman for the *Atheiſts* and *Deiſts* as I poſſibly could; tho' I hope *Joſeph* fully anſwers every part of his *Argument*.

339. *Nor more the* Heathen *or* Samaria *dares.*] The *Samaritans* did commonly put Affronts on the *Jewiſh Temple*; once particularly, *Joſephus* ſays, they came in the Night-time and ſcattered *Bones* about it, which occaſioned a great *Tumult*.

418. *When the Oraculous* Ephod *us'd to ſhine.*] Some think the way whereby the *Ephod* delivered Oracles, was the *ſhining* of certain *Stones*, in the Breaſt-plate, above the reſt; which the Jews own'd was ceas'd during the *Second Temple*. Therefore I ſay, *us'd to ſhine*.

431. *Twice ſpoke in Thunder.*] Once at *Jordan*, and once at the *Feaſt*; indeed there was a *third* Atteſtation in the ſame manner, at Mount *Tabor*, at the *Tranſiguration*; but this *Joſeph* could not be ſuppos'd to know, becauſe the three Diſciples only were *Witneſſes* of it, and forbidden to diſcloſe it before the Reſurrection.

478. *All Time, and Place, and Ages him confeſs.*] *Vid. infra.*

479. *All wait him now.*] I have ſhewn formerly, from the Heathen Writers, that ſome *extraordinary Perſon* was, at this time, expected by the whole World. I ſhall here inſert a Paſſage out of *Plato*; which methinks, without the help of Fancy, looks very much that way: 'tis in his Dialogues, the Words are theſe, ἀναγκαῖον ἦν, *&c.* "It is neceſſary that we *expect* till it may be learn'd how we ought to behave "our ſelves towards *God* and *Man*. Says the other, τίς ὁ παιδεύων, *&c.* "But who "is this *Teacher?* for I would moſt willingly acknowledge the *Man*. *Anſw.* "This "is he who takes care of thee. But it ſeems to me, as *Homer* makes *Minerva* take "away the Cloud from the Eyes of *Diomedes*, ὄφρ' εὖ γιγνώσκῃ ἠμὲν θεὸν ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρα, "that he might be able to diſtinguiſh between a *God* and a *Man*, ſo ought the Darkneſs to be firſt removed from thy Mind, *&c.*

524. *Who e'er did the three Principles deny.*] I think 'tis demonſtrable, that all Sects of Philoſophers did own the *three Principles*, and conſequently had ſome Notion of the *Trinity*, tho' few of 'em wholly Orthodox. The *Pythagoreans* own, the *firſt*, *ſecond* and *third* ONE, the *third* partaking of the *firſt* and *ſecond*. The ſame I could prove of others, out of *Plutarch*, nay *Julian* himſelf; but I remit the Reader to *Lib.* VI. Nor is there, that I know, any thing in the Chriſtian Religion beſides the Doctrine of the *Trinity* (on which the *Incarnation* depends) that's properly *myſterious*, I mean, not clear and *fathomable* by our *Reaſon*, when once revealed.

564. *Fig-Leaves like theſe ev'n* Adam *would not uſe.*] He never pleaded *Neceſſity* for his *Sin*.

621. *Drink* all *of this, as* all *receiv'd the Bread.*] This Paſſage confounds both

Papiſts

Papiſts and *Deiſts*. The expreſs Words of Inſtitution are, *Drink ye all of this*; whereas the *Papiſts* deny the *Cup* to their *Laity*, or give it unconſecrated: and let any one, if they can, aſſign any tolerable Reaſon why this *All* ſhould be added here, after the *Wine*, rather than the *Bread*; unleſs it be, that our Saviour *foreſaw* what would come to paſs in *After-Ages*, and that ſuch who pretended to be his Followers would give it only to *ſome*, not to *all*. And for the ſame cauſe, I ſuppoſe, is it alſo ſaid in the Preface to the *Ten Commands*, *God ſpake all theſe Words*; becauſe the Divine Spirit foreknew there would ariſe ſuch Perſons in After-ages as would be for taking *ſome* of thoſe Words away; and a great part too, in the ſecond Command. Whence the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures* ſeems fairly dedueible, becauſe neither of theſe vaſtly diſtant Events could poſſibly be foreſeen by any *Humane Wiſdom*.

977. *He ſaid, when one o'th' Zealots factious Crew,—With a rude* Halbert.] I make him of the *Zealots*, becauſe 'twas ſo like 'em. The Word we render *Palm of the Hand*, bears another ſence, a *Reed* or *Rod*, or ſome ſuch thing; which I don't much alter by clapping an Head upon't, and changing it into an *Halbert*, a proper Weapon for one who guards Malefactors.

THE

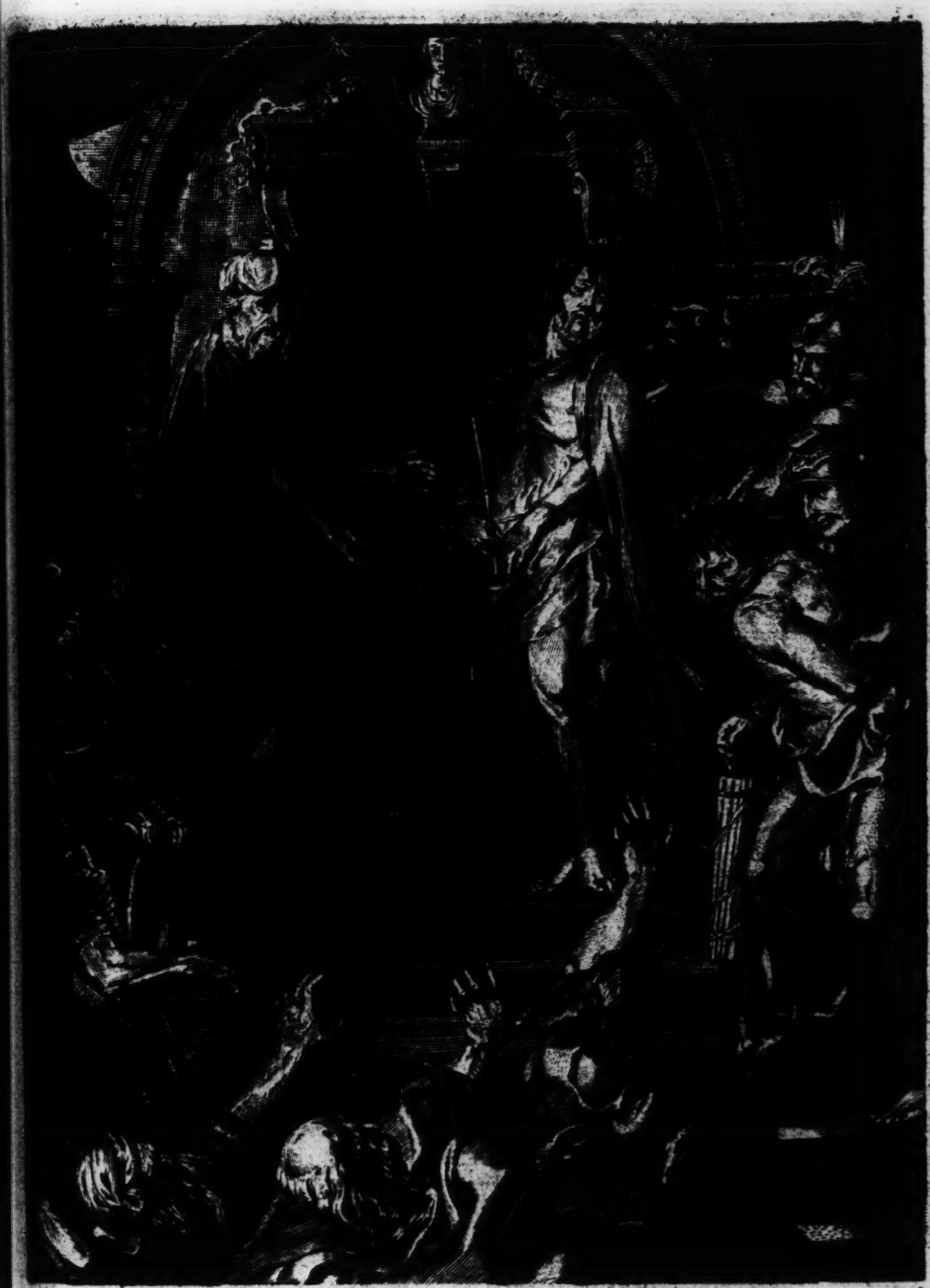
THE ARGUMENT OF THE Ninth BOOK.

THIS *Book begins with a* Complaint *that* Vertue *is generally miſerable in this World. Which is ſilenc'd by the Inſtance of our Saviour's* Sufferings, *tho perfect* Purity *and* Innocence. *Who is accuſed before* Pilate *by the* High-Prieſt *and* Elders; *but nothing being proved againſt him, the Governour would have acquitted him. The* Rabble, *excited by the* Prieſts, *are eager for his* Death. Pilate, *hoping to divert 'em, hearing he was a* Galilean, *ſends him to* Herod; *who, on his Silence, deſpiſes, derides, and returns him to the* Governour. *Whoſe* Wife, *having had a terrible* Viſion *relating to him, ſends to her Husband, by no means to concern himſelf in his* Death. *On which he laboured to deliver him, offering the* Jews *to give them his* Life, *as was uſual at the* Paſſover; *but they refuſed it, and ask* Barabbas, *a Robber and Murtherer; Till, by their repeated* Tumults *and* Inſinuations, *that unleſs* Pilate *would grant their Deſire, he muſt be diſloyal to* Cæſar. *They at laſt prevail, and our Lord is* ſcourged *and* condemned. *He's* mock'd *by the Soldiers, crowned with* Thorns, *and, bearing his* Croſs, *dragg'd to* Execution. *His Advice to the Matrons of* Jeruſalem, *in his Paſſage through the* dolorous Way: *Where he faints under his* Croſs, *and* Simon *coming by is compelled to aſſiſt him. Arrived at* Calvary, *he's crucified between two* Malefactors. *The* Bleſſed Virgin, *hearing the Rumour of her Son's being taken by the* Rabble, *follows him to* Calvary; *and finding him there, falls dead at the Sight. Is recovered by the Soldiers. Her* Lamentation *for the* Death *of her* Son. *Who being moved with her* Sorrow, *ſpeaks to her from the* Croſs; *and commends her to the* Care *of his* Friend, *St.* John, *who ſtood by him, and would never* forſake *him. The Diſcourſe of the two Thieves with our Saviour. The* Prodigies *at* Jeruſalem. *Our Saviour's* Exclamation *on the* Croſs, *under the Senſe of God's* Anger *for the* Sins *of the* World. *The* Angels *in Heaven enraged to ſee their Maſter thus uſed, one of them gives the* Signal of War, Michael *appears at their Head, and they are all ready to deſcend to his Reſcue and deſtroy the* World. *The* Father *repreſſes their* Anger; *letting 'em ſee the Book of the* Eternal Decrees; *and that 'twas neceſſary our Lord ſhould die for the Sins of Man. At which being appeas'd, they return to their uſual* Poſts *and* Employments. *Our Saviour's laſt* Agonies, *his* Thirſt, *receiving the* Vinegar, *and* yielding up the Ghoſt.

THE



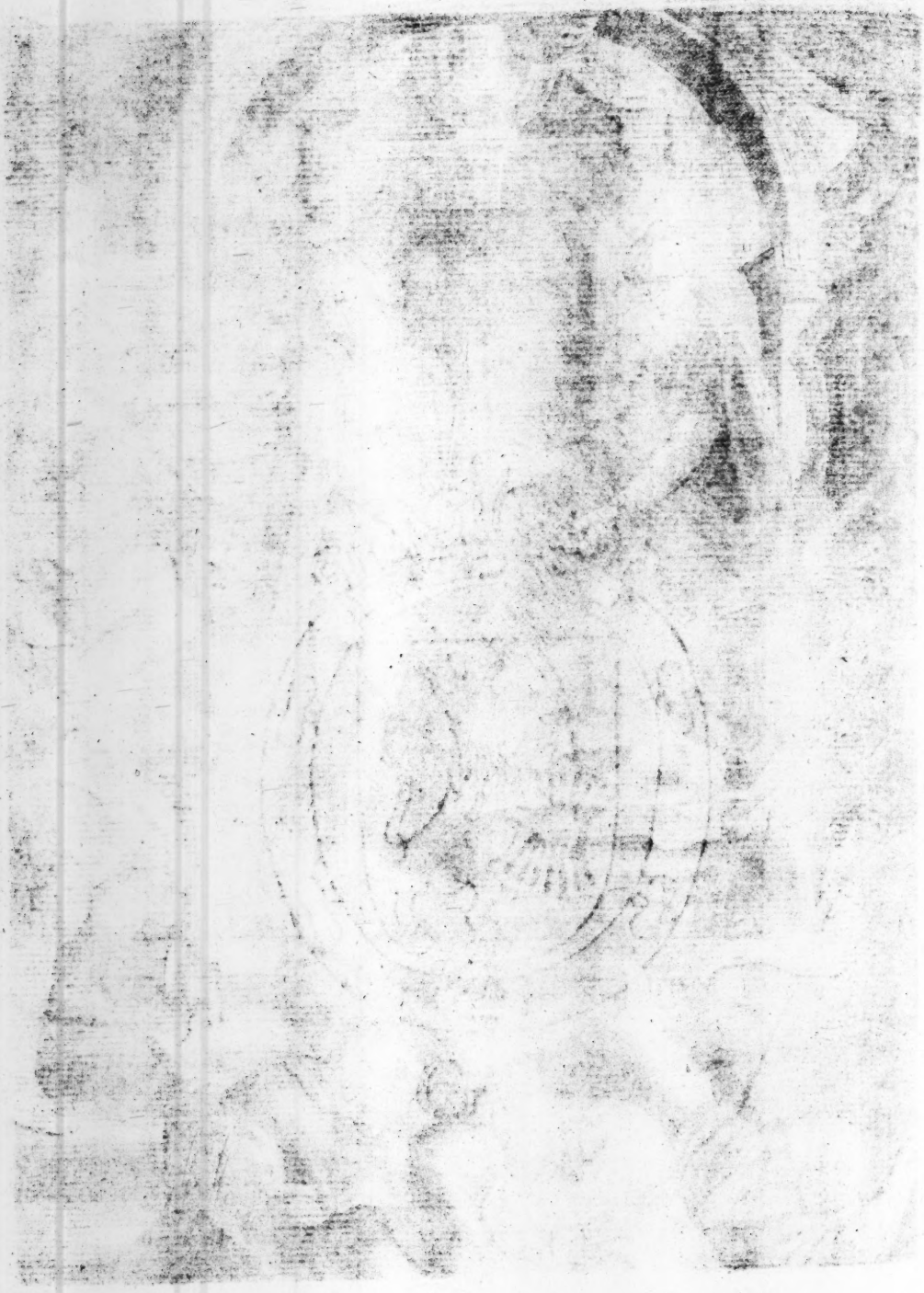
Luc: 23
Io: 18



Luc: 23
Io: 18

Book 9. pag: 296.

N: 50



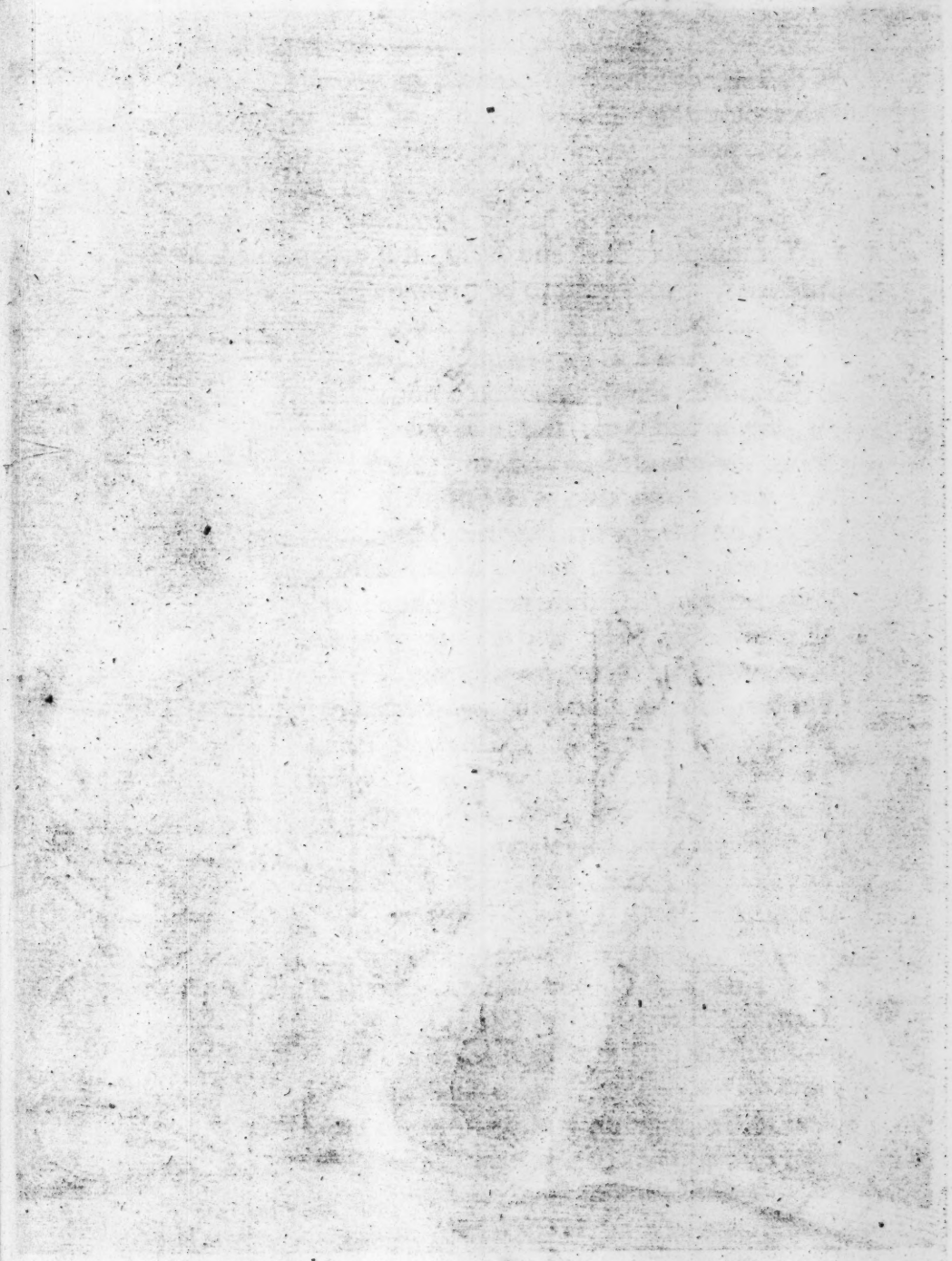
THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK IX.

The PASSION.

* Why was *Virtue* made to be *diſtreſt*,
Like *Noah's Dove* no place of *Eaſe* and *Reſt*
In this *tumultuous World* ſhe ever found;
By *Fortune's* giddy *Wheel* ſtill dragg'd a-round:
If not too, *cruſh'd* on the relentleſs *Ground.*
Her beſt-lov'd *Children* mean and *humble* go,
Friendleſs and *poor*, contemptible and low;
Expos'd to *pinching Want*, and *ſharper Shame*;
" O what is *Virtue* but an *empty Name*? *
Preſumptuous *Thoughts* no more! no more pretend!

Blaſpheme not what you cannot *comprehend!*
What pleaſe high *Heav'n* till this *dull Life* be paſt:
Be this enough, 'twill not for *ever laſt*:
Short Joys, who wou'd not gladly *loſe* to *find*
A long long *Train* of happy *Years* behind?
Yet murmurs *Fleſh* and *Blood*, ſtill diſcontented,
And asks, if only *made* to be *tormented*?
If all this beauteous *earthly Paradiſe*,
Was only *form'd* as the *reward of Vice*:
If *Honour* on the *virtuous* wou'd not wear
As *decently* and well, and ſit as *fair*;
As on the *vitious Brow* — Be this *confeſt!*
Nor is fair *Virtue* always *here* oppreſt:
Eclipſes only make her *ſhine* more bright,
She lovelier looks in *mingled Shades* and *Light*.
Shou'd all this *fail*, there needs but one *reply*,
Ah! *murm'ring Soul!* and did not *Jeſus die*?
Jeſus, in whom were *admirably joyn'd*,
The *pureſt Virtues*, and the *nobleſt Mind*;
The greateſt *Merits*, and the greateſt *Pain*,
The *tend'reſt Love* treated with *worſt Diſdain*:
Tho' all his *Life* one *act of Mercy* were,
Tho' all *Mankind* did ſo *profuſely* ſhare
The *Maker's Bounty*, and the *Saviour's Care*.
Unequall'd *Merit*, *Virtue* too ſublime
And *ſpotleſs Innocence* was all his *Crime*;
That *Fame*, which whereſoe'er he went purſu'd,
To every *Deſart Plain* or lonely *Wood*;
Nor ſuffer'd him to be *obſcurely Good*:
How oft the *raviſh'd Crowd* with *Wonders* fed,
And feaſted high on more than *Angels bread*;
Had him *degraded* to an earthly *Crown*,
Whom all the bright Ethereal *Kingdoms* own;
John 6. 15. Had he not us'd as oft one *Wonder* more,
To 'ſcape their *Kindneſs*, as their *Rage* before;
And veil'd in *Clouds* too thick for piercing *Day*,
Glided unſeen in ſecret *Shades* away:
Not ſo when the *ſad fatal Hour* was come,
And *Heav'n* reſolv'd to call its *Lieger home*;



UMI



Mat:27
Mar:15
Luc:23
Io:19

Book 9. pag: 299.

N: 51



Mat:27
Mar:15
Luc:23
Io:19



See where th' Almighty *Judg* of *Angels* ſtands,
Like a *vile Criminal!* diſhoneſt *Bands*,
At once *reſtrain* and load his guiltleſs *Hands*.
Born with the giddy *Crowds* tumultuous *Tide*,
The very ſame who late *Hoſanna's* cry'd;
Hark how their thick *hoarſe Voices* rend the *Sky*,
No *Word*, no *Sound* is heard, but *Crucifie!*
Sickneſs it ſelf forgets 'tis *weak* and *ſlow*,
Ev'n *Children* which but newly learn'd to go;
Nay, the *ſoft Sex* i'th' common *Cauſe* engage,
Wild *Youth*, and manly *Strength*, and *hoary Age*:
The ſame their *Malice*, and the ſame their *Cries*,
The ſame wild *Fury* in their *Voice* and *Eyes*:
Mild *Pity's* baniſh'd, *Miſchief* fills its place,
And *murd'rous Forms* in each *diſtorted Face*:
Wide foaming *Rage*, black *Malice*, *Hatred* ſell,
And grinning *Envy*, beſt-lov'd Child of Hell;
Like furious *Beaſts*, themſelves and Earth they *tear*,
And ſcatter *Duſt*, loud *bell'wing* round the *Air*.
The real *Fiends*, in mortal *Figures* dreſt,
Which in amidſt the *crowding Rabble* preſt;
So *like*, you cou'd not *know* 'em from the *reſt*;
Found no *Employment* there, the *Work* was done,
No need of *Vipers* now to urge 'em on;
The *Prieſts* their place ſupply'd, the *foremoſt* they
The great *immaculate Paſchal-Lamb* to ſlay:
Scarce had the *Sun* glanc'd on our *upper Skies*,
E'er the wild *Rout*, ſo early *Spite* can riſe,
Were ready to behold the *Sacrifice*:
To *Pilate's Gate* the guiltleſs *Victim* led,
That *wreſted Law* might ſtrike him *doubly dead*:
There with new *Shouts* the *vaſt Pretorium* ſhake,
Which ſoon the frighted *Governor* awake;
He calls his *Guards*, and a *Centurion* ſent,
Who ſcarce cou'd learn what the rude *Tumult* meant:
Amidſt a num'rous *Crowd* with *Staves* and *Swords*,
And *Fury* arm'd, he heard no other words
But *Juſtice*, *Juſtice!* Let th' Impoſtor die!
Juſtice! Rebellion! Treaſon! Blaſphemy!
The *Judge* deſcends, the *loud-mouth Serjeants* call

Luke 23.18
Acts 23. 23.

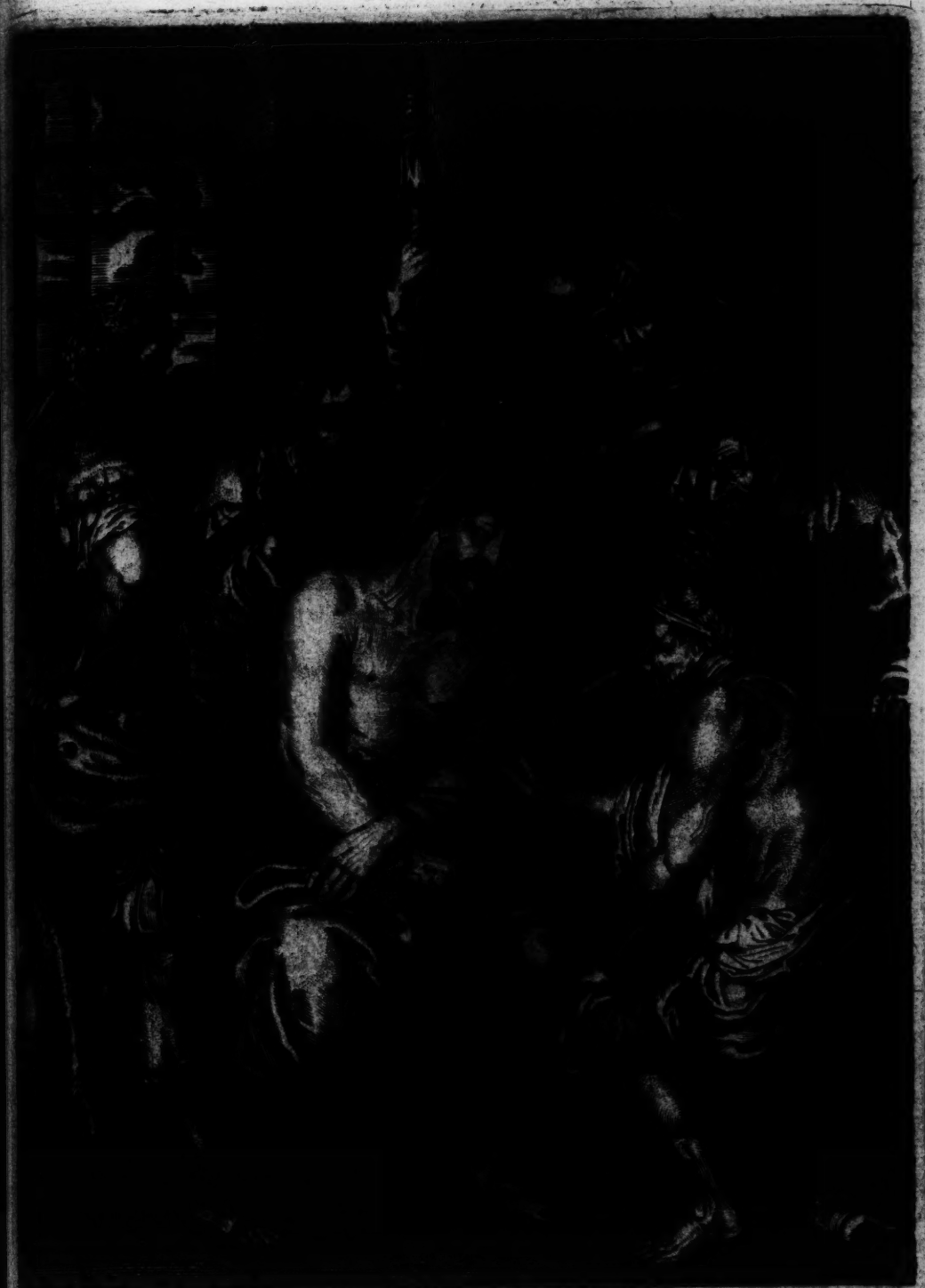
Th'as loud *Accuſers* to the *Judgment Hall*;
They dare not move a Step, *religious Fear*
Had chain'd 'em there — The *Paſſover* was near.
John 18.28. Wretches, who ſtrain at *Gnats*, at *Murders* ſmile:
And will not *guiltleſs Blood* far more *defile*!
Proud *Hypocrites*! thus fix'd at *Pilat*'s Gate,
You ſtill preſerve your antient *Pomp* and *State*;
Not *you* on *him*, but *he* on *you* muſt *wait*.
He did, he ſaw with *Wonder* and *Surprize*
The guiltleſs *Hero* doom'd a *Sacrifice*;
Grief, that cou'd never look with *better Grace*,
Mild *Majeſty* enthron'd in his *ſad Face*.
— The *Roman trembled*, tho' *inur'd* to *Fear*,
His *Heart* preſag'd ſomething *Divine* was near.
Unmov'd, his *awful Priſoner* cou'd not ſee,
But look'd far more a *Criminal* than He:
Nor did of his *Accuſers Pride* complain,
Since him he now *alone* might *entertain*.
But while without the *furious Rabble* ſtays,
With their loud *Curſes*; him to th' *Hall* conveys,
And asks, more like *Petition* than *Command*,
If he the *King* of *Jury*'s fertile *Land*?
The *promis'd Prince*, by each *Prophetic Sage*
Doom'd to reſtore the *bliſsful Golden Age*?
For we, he adds, have *heard*, tho' far remov'd,
His *future Fame*, have *heard*, *admir'd*, and *lov'd*;
Of whoſe high Deeds *Cumæan Grotto*'s rung, *
And our great *Maro*'s *Muſe* divinely ſung.
To whom he thus — Nor need the *Romans fear*,
John 3. 30. Nor *Jews ſuſpect*, my *Kingdom* is not here:
All earthly, worldly *Glories* I diſdain,
And only over *Hearts* deſire to *Reign*;
Truth there to *plant*, and *Error* to remove;
For this I leave my *Father*'s *Throne* above
For an *ungrateful World* — This only I
Propos'd when *born*, for this content to *die*.
Still more *ſurpriz'd*, the *Roman* to the *Gate*
Returns, where ſtill the num'rous *Rabble* wait;
Thirſty of *Blood*, for *Blood* they raving call, *
And preſs both the *great Vulgar*, and the *ſmall*.

Unmov'd

UMI



Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Io: 10



Book 9: pag: 300.

N° 52



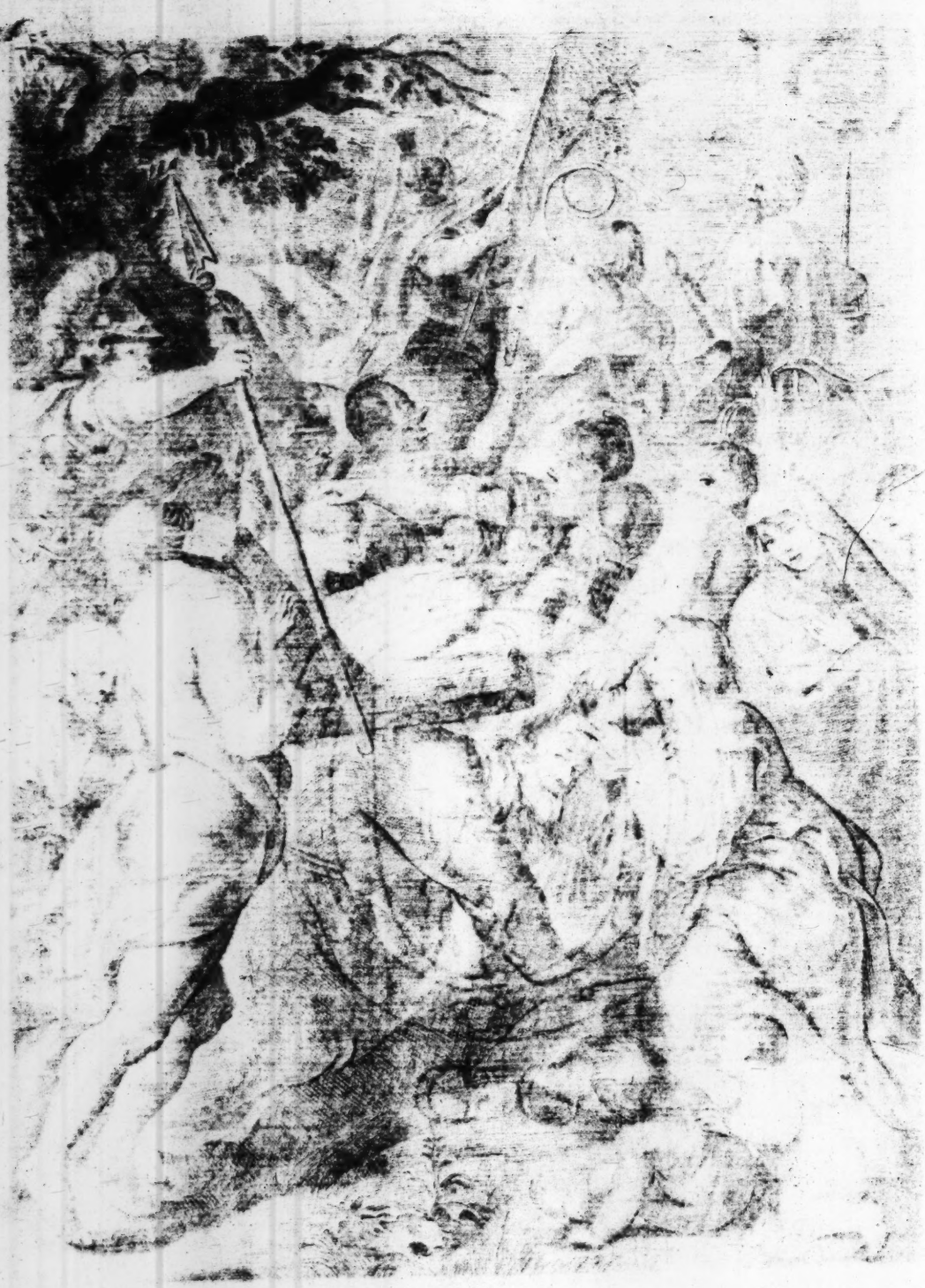
Mat: 27
Mar: 15
Luc: 23
Io: 19



Book 9. pág: 300.

Mat: 27
Marc: 15
Luc: 23
Jo: 19

N.° 53



Unmov'd and *firm*, the *Governor* remain'd,
And asks for what ſo loudly they *complain'd*?
What *Crime* ſo high, the *Priſoner* cou'd alone,
By ſuch a *Death* his mighty *Guilt* atone;
Since all his *Anſwers* yet, diſcover'd none!
Nor muſt the *guiltleſs* be by *Noiſe* oppreſt,
Let one accuſe, be *ſilent* all the *reſt*!
He ſaid, when ſtrait appears from forth the Crowd,
Vain *Caiaphas* ſtill Cruel, Haughty, Proud;
Supplying want of *Reaſon*, *Truth*, and *Sence*,
With a firm *Brow* and pompous *Eloquence*;
And thus began—We highly are content
To plead our *Cauſe*, *Illuſtrious Preſident*,
At your *Tribunal*; ſince we cannot fear,
To find that *Juſtice* which is always *here*!
Nor cou'd *ſmall Crimes* ſo great a *Concourſe* draw
Againſt this *Wretch*, who wou'd our *ſacred Law*
Subvert, our *glorious Temple* overturn,
And in *unhallow'd Fire*, our *Altars* burn.
Since then the *gen'rous Romans* ne'er refuſe
To let their *Friends*, or happy *Conqueſts* uſe
Their own *Religious Rites*; and ſince the *Jews* *
Unanimous and loud for *Juſtice* cry,
And all demand that this *Blaſphemer* die,
As by our *Law* he *ought*, we can't ſuſpect
Great *Pontius* ſhou'd our *joint-Deſires* neglect:
Let then th' *Impoſtor* die, whoſe curs'd *Deſign*
Is by the *World* to be *eſteem'd Divine*:
Let the *Impoſtor* die, we ask it all,
Nor can our *Altars ſtand*, unleſs he *fall*.
He ſaid, th' applauding *People* gave conſent,
And with loud *Shouts* the wide *Pretorium* rent:
Still *Pilat*'s firm: he knew 'twas *envious Rage*
Did them, againſt the *innocent* engage;
For now not *firſt* had he remark'd his *Law*
And *ſpotleſs Life*, nor ought *offenſive* ſaw;
Ought that the *Roman Jealouſie* cou'd move,
His *Life* was *Goodneſs*, and his *Law* was *Love*.
Patient and *meek*, th' expecting *Victim* lies,
As th' inn'cent *Lamb* prepar'd for *Sacrifice*; Iſai 53.7.
His *Voice* not heard, no loud *Complaints* or Cries, No Matt. 26.63.

No murm'ring *Words*, or ſounds of *Diſcontent*;
Gen. 22. 2. As *guiltleſs Iſaac* to the *Altar* went:
Nor was the more by this their *Fire* allay'd,
His *ſilent Meekneſs* did their *Rage* upbraid;
With their hoarſe *Voices* ſtill they rend the *Sky*,
Let the curs'd *Galilean Rebel* die:
Thro' all the *Land* the wild *Sedition* ſows,
Whoſe fatal *Crop* ſo plentifully grows
In his own native *diſtant* Fields. Is he,
Then, *Pilate* ſtrait replies, of *Galilee*—
Gladly the *Hint* he takes—Your *Paſchal Feaſt*,
He adds, has hither brought a *Royal Gueſt*.
Herod himſelf, we muſt not *interfere*,
To him my *Guards* the *Criminal* ſhall bear;
You *Fathers*, follow and *accuſe* him there!
Away they *murm'ring* melt, can hardly ſtay
For *Forms* of *Law*, but *curſe* this dull *delay*:
Him bound, proud *Herod* glad receives, for he
Well hop'd to feaſt his *Curioſity*;
Some *mighty Work*, or glorious *Sign* to ſee,
By the great *Prophet* wrought; and asks in vain
His *Birth*, his *Life*, his *Miſſion* and his *Reign*;
How his *Authority* from *Heav'n* he prov'd?
What *Crimes* the *Citizens* againſt him *mov'd*?
He *ſilent* ſtood: Not ſo the *following Crowd*,
Who ſtill purſue with *Clamours* fierce and loud;
Rebellion and *Apoſtacy* his Charge,
His *Guilt* confeſs'd, too *open* and too *large*
For *Proof* or *Plea*—Still calm his *Looks* and *Mind*,
To his *Almighty Father's Will* reſign'd:
His *Eyes* ſtill fix'd on a far brighter *Throne*,
And in *Heav'ns Court* he pleads his *Cauſe* alone:
Is this the *Man*, the *Tyrant* cries with Scorn,
This *He*, our *Families* proud *Rival* born? *
How likely he to *overturn* a *State*?
Below our *Vengeance*, and below our *Hate*!
Send *Heav'n* no greater *Foe*! *Guards*! quickly bring
Our *Royal Robes* t'adorn this *mighty King*:
His wiſh'd *Commands* they readily *obey'd*,
And him with ſpeed in *Royal Robes* array'd;

Salute

Salute with *mock Devoir* and bended *Knee*,
And back to *Pilate* guard his *Majeſty*:
The *Roman* found his *Stratagem* in vain,
Th' *unwieldy rolling Stone* recurs again:
The *People* throng the *Gates*, and threatning ask,
That he'd once more *reſume* th' *ungrateful* Task:
All *Arts* he tries, *Perſuaſion*, *Flatt'ry*, *Fear*;
Now *this*, now *that*, now *kind*, and then *ſevere*:
One *Method* more remain'd——
'Twas *uſual* with the *Roman Clemency*,
At this *Great Day* one *Criminal* to free,
And grace their *Feſtal Joys*—It chanc'd that then,
A *Wretch*, alike by *God* abhorr'd and *Men*;
A *ſturdy Rebel* he, of noted *Fame*,
With *Murther* mark'd, *Barabbas* was his Name; Mark 15.7.
By *Juſtice* ſeiz'd, did in cloſe *durance* wait,
Trembling his well-deſerv'd *approaching Fate*:
Him *Pilate* offers to the *angry Jews*,
Jeſus and *him*, and asks 'em which they'd *chuſe*?
Since one whoſe *Crimes* admitted no *Defence*,
Was the beſt *Foil* for ſpotleſs *Innocence*:
One *peaceable* and *juſt*, and *mild* and *good*,
T' other with *Faction* branded, dipp'd in *Blood*.
Pity and *Juſtice* here almoſt prevail,
The *Elders* found their *Arts* began to fail;
New *Crimes*, new *Fears* among the *Vulgar* threw,
And ever *ſubtly* mingle *Falſe* with *True*.
Ask 'em if thoſe who wickedly contrive
Their *Temple* to deſtroy, they ſave *alive*?
If 'twere not height of *Madneſs* to prefer,
A black *Blaſphemer* to a *Murtherer*?
By *theſe* inſpir'd and *Hell*, they louder cry,
No—Let *Barabbas* live, and *Jeſus die*!
The *Governor* agen, his *Anger* mov'd
At their *wild Rage*—What *Crimes* had yet been prov'd,
What *Cauſe* of *Death* demands? While thus they ſtrive,
They to *deſtroy*, he to *preſerve* alive,
His *Lady* of an antient *Houſe* and *Name*,
Unblemiſh'd *Virtue*, and unſpotted *Fame*, *

To him, with haſte on the *Tribunal*, ſent
If not too late, the *Murther* to prevent,
Of one he knew ſo *juſt* and *innocent*:
Matt.27.19 For in a dreadful *Viſions myſtick Scene*:
(Avert th'*ill Omens*, Heav'n! what e'er they mean)
She ſaw the *Angry Skies* begin to *lowr*;
She ſaw the *Clowds* break in a fatal *Show'r*
Of *Fire* and *Blood*, which in whole *Rivers* pour
Upon a proud *devoted City* nigh;
And heard a *Voice*, a dreadful *Voice* on high!
"Remove from this curſt *Place*, which to the *Sword* is given,
"They *Blood* for *Blood* ſhall pay, their *Fate's* enroll'd in [Heav'n:
This *trembling Pontius* heard, and labours more,
Tho' ſtill in vain, t' *acquit* him, than before
The *Tide* rolls high, and beats th' oppoſing *Shore*.
Proud *Annas* leads 'em on, who *Moſes's* Chair
Late fill'd, and did the *ſacred Ephod* wear;
Who furious thus began——
—Shall a weak *Womans dreaming Fears* prevail;
Her *Sentence* ſtand, and *Law* and *Juſtice* fail?
Is't thus the *Romans Rule*, or can he be
Their *Friend*, who ſaves their *greateſt Enemy*?
Who ſpares the *Wretch* whom we to *Juſtice* bring,
Whom *factious Crowds* ſo oft have *Hail'd*, their *King*?
For this was *Ceſar's Prefect* hither ſent;
Did he for this obtain the *Government*?
His *Rebels* thus to *reſcue*, yet pretend,
T' *adorn* his *Province*, and be *Ceſar's Friend*?
Well, let falſe *Traytors* whom they pleaſe enthrone,
All other *Kings*, but *Ceſar*, *we diſown!*
Shock'd by this laſt *Attack*, tho' firm before,
The *wav'ring Roman* now cou'd bear no more:
He, *preſt*, gave way to the *impetuous Flood*,
A *Traytor's Name* waſh'd off with *guiltleſs Blood*.
Thus when fair *Jordan* do's his *Banks* o'erflow,
Whether his *double Spring* o'ercharg'd with *Snow*, *
From neighb'ring *Lebanon*, or *Lakes* below,
In *Subterranean Vaults*; thus ſtrives a while
The painful *Husbandman* with fruitleſs *Toil*:

Do's

Do's, to his *Fury Banks* and *Dams* oppoſe;
The *angry Stream*, thus *check'd* ſtill wilder grows,
And over all at laſt *reſiſtleſs* flows:
Whilſt he, for *life*, to ſome near *Hillock* flies,
And back to th' *River* ſadly turns his *Eyes*;
Sees all his *Stock* deſtroy'd in one *ſhort Day*,
Sees all his envy'd *Riches* waſh'd away;
And *Beaſts* and *Men* and floating *ſtacks* of *Corn*,
And *Houſe* and *Homeſted*, down the *Carrent* headlong born.
Thus *Pilate yields*, nor longer cou'd engage
The *ſtubborn Crowd*, yet thus his *fruitleſs Rage*.
He vents — You've *Conquer'd* — I no more deny
Your wicked *Wiſh* — The *Innocent* muſt *die* —
But know a *ſpeedy Vengeance* will purſue,
And may it *light*, light *heavy* all on you!
For thus I *waſh my Hands* of the foul *Guilt*; Matt. 27. 24, 25.
Bear you his *Blood*, by you unjuſtly *ſpilt*:
Agreed, they anſwer all, we're all content
To bear the *Blood*, the *Guilt*, the *Puniſhment*;
We and our *Children* both. — *Wretches*, you ſhall,
When your proud *Tow'rs* and boaſted *Temple* fall
Beneath its *Weight*, when *Nemeſis* divine,
Still *ſure* tho' *ſlow*, ſhall perfect *Heav'ns* deſign
On you, and all your curs'd *devoted Line*:
Blood thro' your *Gates*, *Blood* thro' your *Streets* ſhall flow,
Faſter then *Kidron* in the *Vale* below;
Deſtruction croſs the *Stream*, triumphant ſtride,
And *Death* ſit crown'd upon the *Crimſon Tide*.
Nor Wretches! can you deepeſt *Suff'rings* pay,
For half the *horrid Crimes* of this *black Day*:
Whither, O whither, *Traitors* will you bring
Your own *Liege Lord*, your *Saviour* and your *King*?
How many *Wounds*, how many *Deaths* provide?
See where his *innocent Hands* are rudely ty'd
By the rough *Soldiers*! Where, at what they do,
The very *Marble* weeps far more than *you*?
What *Furrows* on his *Shoulders* deeply *plough'd*?
What drops, what *rivulets*, what *ſtreams* of *Blood*?
How thro' the *Hall* repeated *ſtrokes* reſound,
Kind *Stripes*, for us they *Cure*, tho him they *Wound*;

His *Blood* a ſtrange *Balſamic Power* has ſhown,
It heals *our* feſt'ring *Wounds*, but not his *own*;
Whilſt with profoundeſt *Patience* all he bears,
And *melts*, or *tires* his *Executioners*.
O injur'd *Heir of Heav'n!* O *Maſter ſpare*
Thy ſelf, for 'tis too *much* for *God* to bear!
Had we not better ſuffer *endleſs Pain*,
Than *thou* all *this*? O break th' *inglorious Chain!*
Like *Sampſon ſnap* thoſe *Cords* thy *Arms* diſgrace,
And ſcatter *Vengeance* thro' the faithleſs *Race*;
Keen *Rays* of *Light'ning-Glories* round thy *Head*,
And arm'd with *Thunder*, ſtrike, or *frown* 'em *dead!*
— Ah no! Too well he knew the *Price* he gave;
Not *thee* their *Death*, but *thine* the *World* muſt ſave!
And cou'd our *Grief* ſo far thy *Pity* move?
How great thy *Pity*, and how *large* thy *Love!*
Thy ſtronger *Mercy*, ſtrugling *Juſtice* chains,
Pity thy *Pow'r*, and *Love* thy *Vengeance* reins:
All this thou'ſt done to gain thy *Rebels Grace*,
Yet much much more's behind of thy *ſad Race*:
Scourg'd, mock'd, and crown'd with *Thorns*, which *pierc'd*
His *ſacred Head*, his *Body* all o'er *Gore*; [and tore
In *Purple Robes*, tho' dreſt in *that* before,
Adorn'd, a *Reed* they for a *Scepter* bring,
Then publickly expoſe and *Hail* him *King*,
Longer the furious *Rabble* wou'd not ſtay,
But their *mock Soveraign* drag to *Death* away:
Soon they the fatal *Inſtrument* prepare,
Which on his *Wounded Back* compell'd to bear,
He *ſinks* and *faints* beneath th' *unequal Load*;
Tho' he *Gods* only *Son*, himſelf a *God*.
Th' *accurſed Croſs* for us he not *refus'd*,
A *Death*, for *Slaves* and *Villains* only us'd: *
He *ſinks* and *faints*, as him they thus convey,
To greater *Pains*, thro' the long *dol'rous way*:
Waſh'd with his *Tears* and *Blood* — —
Thither by chance the Perjur'd *Judas* ſtray'd,
The *Wretch* who baſely had his *Lord* betray'd;
By *Chance*, or rather by thoſe *Furies* ſent,
Which firſt *Mankind deludes*, and then *torment*:

He

He *ſaw* the Peoples *Madneſs* heard their *Cry*,
He ſaw his *Maſter* bound, and *doom'd* to *Die*:
How *wild* the *Thoughts* his guilty *Soul* purſue?
How gladly wou'd he, what was *done undo*?
Now all to *late* — What *pain Reflection* brings?
What *Wounds*, what *Deaths*, what *Vultures*, *Racks* and *Stings*?
Hurry'd by theſe he to the *Elders* goes,
And at their *Feet* the fatal *Price* he throws;
The *Price* of *Blood* — Here, take he *wildly* ſaid, Mat. 27. 3.
Take that, for which my *Saviour* I *betray'd*;
(Ah! *mine* no more) The *Innocent* and *Good*!
For which my *guilty Soul*, his guiltleſs *Blood*,
His *Blood*, worth infinitely more than *Gold*,
The *Merchants* you; was baſely *bought* and *ſold*.
With *Smiles* this *Anſwer* only him th' afford,
— A worthy *Servant*, fit for ſuch a *Lord*!
Whom, if he thinks he wrongfully *betray'd*,
Look he to that, his *Price was juſtly paid*.
— Away the *Wretched* blindly ruſhes, where,
He's *goaded* on by *Conſcience* and *Deſpair*:
To *Heav'n* he cannot look, his *Guilt* and *Sin*
Had *clouded* that, and he's all *Hell* within:
His furious *Eyes*, he gaſtly rolls around,
And when by *chance* the *chearful Sun* he found,
Gilding the neighb'ring *Hills*, the *cheerful Sun*,
Which *bluſhing* on him roſe, he thus begun:
"*Periſh* for ever, O thou *hated Light*,
"And *ſink*, like me, in long *eternal Night*!
"Why doſt thou yet thy beauteous *Beams* afford
"To that *curſt Place*? There, there my *injur'd Lord*
"I lately *Sold*, and now lament in vain;
"My *God*, my *Conſcience* ſold for *ſordid Gain*:
"That *Conſcience*, *Fame*, and *God* I did eſteem;
"'Twas there my ſelf I *Damn'd*, and *Murther'd* him:
"O whither ſhall a *Miſerable* run?
"In *Hell* I'd gladly *plunge*, new *Hells* to ſhun;
"To ſhun my *ſelf*, my *Plague*, my *Hell*, ſhall I,
"To my *betray'd*, my injur'd *Maſter* fly,
"Fall at his *Feet*, and *for*, and with *him* die?
"Perhaps I him to *Pity* may encline;

" He muſt be *touch'd* with *Miſeries* like *mine*;
" O he's all *Goodneſs*; go without delay,
" He never yet a *Suppliant* turn'd away;
" Nor will he *Thee* — No *faithleſs Traitor*, no!
" 'Tis now too *late*, thou *canſt not*, *muſt* not go:
" No, I his *cruel Mercy* cannot bear,
" His *hotteſt Vengeance* wou'd be leſs *ſevere*:
" I feel, I feel I *cannot*, *muſt* not *live*,
" Nor *cou'd forgiven be*, tho' *he'd forgive*.
" Shall I then to far *diſtant Regions* go,
" Endeav'ring to *divert* or *cure* my *Woe*,
" Thro' burning *Seas* of *Sand*, or *Hills* of *Snow*?
" Viſit the *Southern*, or the *frozen Pole*,
" Where *Winds* can *carry*, or where *Waves* can *roll*; *
" Where the *Ten Tribes*, vaſt *Seas* and *Deſarts* croſt, *
" In *Climes* unknown, and *Heathen Lands* are loſt?
" Bear me with *ſpeed*, ſome courteous *Whirl-wind* bear,
" If *far away*, I know nor care not *where*;
" Ah! all in vain! my *Guilt* will *haunt* me there;
" The *Image* of my *Crimes* will ſtill *purſue*,
" My *Whips* my *Racks*, my *Plague*, my *Hell* renew;
Gen. 4. 13, 14. " Like *Cain*, a *mark* for every *Murd'rer* made;
" And more than all my injur'd *Maſter's Shade*:
" That only, that beyond my *ſelf* I fear;
" *Guard me* ye *Fiends*? For 'tis already *here*,
" *Bloody*, yet *pale*, his loud tongu'd *Wounds* gape wide;
" O *Earth*! within thy *hollow Caverns* hide,
" Within thy deepeſt *Cell*, thy darkeſt *Room*,
Numb. 16. 32, 33. " A *Wretch*, that envy's happier *Dathan's doom*.
" Wider, ye *gentle Furies*! wider tare
" This *Burning Breaſt*! Let not your *Vipers* ſpare
" A *tortur'd Heart*; tho' Thouſands *gnawing* there,
" I yet want more — (In vain the *Wretched* call
" On *Heav'n* or *Hell*!) they full and *glutted* crawl;
" Yet ſtill *I live* — Here take! O take *me all*!
" Take me at *once*! But why this *dull delay*?
" What *Hope* or *Fear* yet makes me lingring ſtay?
" *Die Traitor*! *Die*! Be that reſolv'd — But *how*?
— No ſooner ſaid, when an *unlucky Bough*,

Thruſt

Thruſt from a blaſted *Elder's Trunk* he ſpy'd, *
On which with *ſpeed* the *fatal Knot* he ty'd;
Then clambring to the *Top*, deſpairing cry'd
" *Die Traytor, Die!* the *worſt* we then ſhall know;
" *Thus, thus let's leap into the Shades below* — *
— Then *ſprings* away, In *Death* his *Eye-balls* roll,
And *laughing Fiends* wait round to *ſnatch his Soul.*
The while, the *wicked Rout* his *ſteps* purſue,
And what his *Treaſon* left *undone* they *do.*
The *Lord* of *Life* to cruel *Death* convey,
Sunk with his *weight*, and *fainting* in the *way.*
As chanc'd a *Traveller* from *Cyrene* came,
Friendleſs, obſcure and mean, *Simon* his name;
Him they with *cruel Mercy*, force to bear, Matt. 27. 32
Of the *inglorious Load* an *equal ſhare*;
" Each faithful *Chriſtians Lot*, as well as his,
" Thro' *Grief* to *Joy*, thro' *Pain* to endleſs *Bliſs*:
Bearing his *Croſs* they their lov'd *Lord* attend;
Whom now arriv'd near his *ſad Journy's* end;
Cover'd with *Blood*, fair *Salem's Matrons* ſee, Luke 23. 28.
As climbing to the *top* of *Calvary*:
His *Soul* with *Grief*, with *Stripes* his *Body* rent;
They *ſee* and *ſigh*, and his *hard Fate* lament:
To him not *unregarded*, nor *unknown*,
Who *carries* all our *Sorrows* as his *own*:
Keep Matrons, your *miſtaken Tears* he cries,
For your own *Sorrows* keep thoſe *flowing Eyes*:
Weep for your ſelves, and *Children* yet more *dear*!
For ſee the *Day*, the dreadful day *is near*;
By Heav'ns juſt *Wrath* on your ſad *Nation* brought,
When barren *Wombs* a Bleſſing ſhall be *thought*:
When tender *Nature* ſhall aſide be thrown; *Vid.* Lib. 7.
Your *Infants Lives* deſtroy'd to ſave your own:
When thro' your *Gates* fierce hoſtile *Troops* ſhall pour,
And what you *leave*, the *hungry Sword* devour.
He ſaid and now with *Sweat*, and *Blood*, and *Pain*,
The *top* of fatal *Golgotha* they gain:
A *lothſom Scene* of *Murther* and *Deſpair*,
Fit for the *Tragedies* were acting there:
With *Sculls*, and *Bones*, and *putrid Limbs* o'erſpread,
And all the *gaſtly Ruins* of the *Dead*: Here

Here *diſembowel'd Bodies* all around,
With *nauſeous Gore* had drench'd the *thirſty Ground*;
There *half-torn Carcaſſes* unbury'd lay,
To each *ill-omen'd Bird* a *Feaſt* by *Day*,
By *Night*, to greedy *howling Wolves*, a *Prey*.
Of his ſad *Load* our Lord *disburthen'd* there,
As late, *he That*, *Him* now the *Croſs* muſt bear;
His humble *Robes* from his freſh *Wounds* they tear,
And *broach* 'em all anew — His greateſt *Pride*,
His careful *Mothers Gift* they can't *divide*,
John 19.24. But did by *Lot*, whoſe it ſhou'd be, decide:
Pſal. 22. 18. Which paſt, their *Fury* wou'd no longer ſtay,
But the pure *Victim* on the *Altar* lay:
His *ſpotleſs Hands* they on the Wood *diſtend*,
And with huge *Spikes* unmercifully rend;
His *Hands* and *Feet*, with many a ſounding ſtroke,
Nail'd to th' accurſed *Tree deform'd* and *broke*:
So wide the *Wounds* their tend'reſt *Muſcles* tore,
All over *one* there was no room for *more*.
By theſe *alone* aloft ith' *Air* he's ſtaid, *
On theſe the *weight* of all his *Body laid*;
Thro' theſe he muſt be *Dying half a Day*,
And *bleed*, by ſlow *degrees*, his *ſpotleſs Soul* away.
Him thus *tranſfix'd* at length they *raiſe* on high,
And with *inſulting Voices* rend the *Sky*:
Him *Prieſts* and *People* with lewd *Scoffs aſſail*,
Matt.27.42. And loud *Salute* — *Great King of* Jury *Hail*!
(For on the *Croſs*, this *Title* o'er his *Head*, *
Matt.27.37. So *Pilate* pleas'd, in *various Tongues* was read:)
"Hail, *wond'rous King*! Wilt't thou not leave thy *Throne*?
"*Deſcend* from thence, thou ſhalt not *reign alone*;
"To all that's paſt, add but this *Wonder* more!
"Now *ſave* your ſelf, who *others* ſav'd before!
"So thee our *King* we gladly will receive
"So thee the *promis'd Prophet* yet believe.
All this, and more our *Saviour* mildly bears,
And prays for *Mercy* on his *Murtherers*.
More muſt thou feel, *O boundleſs ſuff'ring Love*!
From the *rude Crowd* below, and thoſe *above*;
Thoſe *Thieves*, each *mounted* on his curſed *Tree*,

And

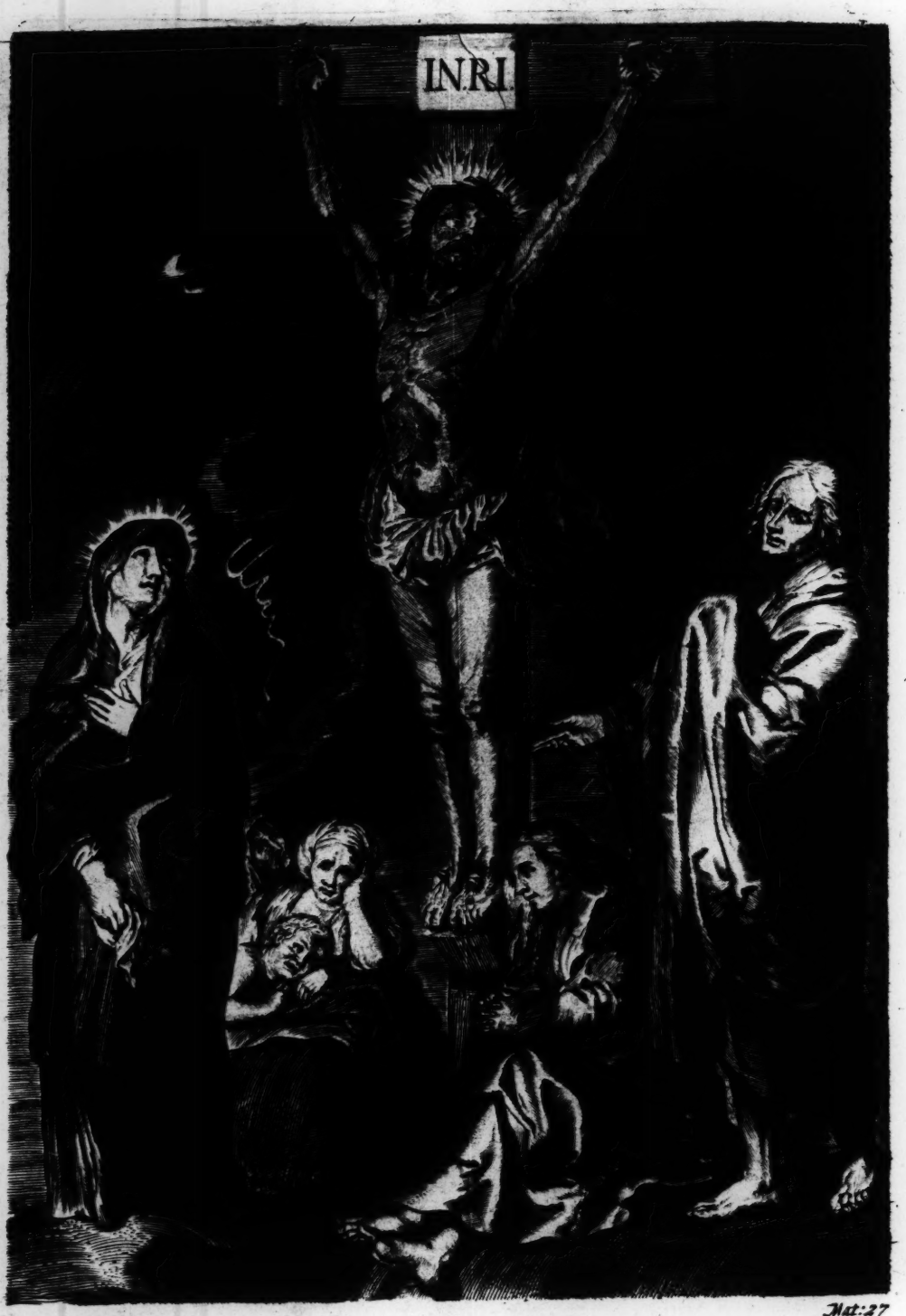
And *groaning* there — O how *unlike to Thee?*
Yet *one* ſome *Tracks* of *Modeſty* retains, *
Some *Sign* of *Goodneſs* in his *Face* remains,
His *Crimes* repents, and *grives* amidſt his *Pains.*
By th' other drawn to *Vice*, and newly made,
A ſhort-liv'd *Partner* in the *curſed Trade*;
A *Thief* of *noted Fame*, a *Villain* he
Of ancient *Houſe*, of *Standing* and *Degree*:
For many a *Year* did *Robb'ry* profeſs,
Deep read in all the *Arts* of *Wickedneſs*:
Stood on his *Honour*, and his well born *Race*,
Nor by *Repentance* would his *Name diſgrace*,
Stern *gloomy Guilt* hung *louring* on his *Face*:
Amidſt his *Torments* curs'd both *God* and *Man*;
And *grinning*, to our *Saviour* thus began!
" Hear'ſt thou their *Taunts*, and canſt thou all endure?
" We *tortur'd* here, and they beneath *ſecure*?
" Thy boaſted *Pow'r* now, if thou canſt *diſplay*,
" And from theſe *Pains* thy *ſelf* and us *convey!*
" Or that thou 'rt *Chriſt* thy *Flatt'rers* vainly ſay;
" Some *Slave* like us, or vile *Impoſtor* rather,
" Nor the *Meſſiah* thou, nor *God thy Father.*
To whom the other, from the *diſtant ſide*,
With *Shame* and decent *Bluſhes* thus *reply'd*:
" Why nam'ſt thou *God*, whom *yet* thou doſt not *fear*,
" Whoſe *ſlow pac'd Vengeance* overtakes thee here!
Here for our Crimes we juſtly *bleed* but *He*
Guiltleſs and *pure*, as *foul* and guilty *We.*
Then turning to our *Lord* his fainting *Head*,
With pen'tent *Tears* accoſting, thus he ſaid:
" O thou who even on the *Croſs* doſt *Reign!*
" I ask not *reſcue* from my *Shame* and *Pain*,
" Juſtly endur'd — All my *Petition* is,
" When thou enthron'd above in *boundleſs Bliſs*,
" Remember me, and my *unworthy Pray'r!*
" My *guilty Soul wide wand'ring* in the *Air*,
" To *Abraham's* Boſom let the *Angels* bear.
To whom with *Love* and *Pity* in his Eyes,
Amidſt his *Pains*, our Lord thus mild replies. —
" Yes, my *true Confeſſor!* thou needſt not fear!

" I'll

" I'll own thee there, ſince thou haſt own'd me *here*;
" This happy *Day* thy *Soul* ſhall mount the *Skies*,
" And with me ever *reign in Paradiſe.*
The while, as chanc'd, *malicious Fame* convey'd,
The cruel *Tidings* to the *ſacred Maid*;
That by falſe *Judas*, to the *Prieſts* betray'd,
Her lov'd *mirac'lous Son* was doom'd to *die*,
And by the *Soldiers* dragg'd to *Calvary*:
You *tender Mothers* who her *Story* read,
Gueſs you, gueſs what ſhe *thought*, and what ſhe *did*!
Tho' ſhe to the *Almighty Will* reſign'd,
Scarce more than her, the moſt *obedient Mind*
That waits above, yet *Nature* wou'd complain;
How *ſtrong* they *Struggle*, how *intenſe* the *Pain*?
By this, from *Street* to *Street*, ſhe's hurry'd on,
Once more t' *embrace* her *loſt lamented Son*:
Thus *Philomel* repeats her *mournful Song*,
When *robb'd*, at once, of all her *tender Young*;
Does near the *Place*, where firſt ſhe *loſt* 'em, wait,
And *flutt'ring* round the *Tree* lament their *Fate*,
Or tho of their *Recovery* ſhe deſpair,
With loud *Complaints* purſues the *Raviſher.*
Thus the bleſs'd *Maid* on *Love*'s ſwift *Wings* did fly,
On *Loves* and *Fears*, to *fatal Calvary*;
Ah! but too *ſoon arriv'd*, the *Guards* in vain
Wou'd *thruſt* her off, ſhe *preſſes* in again:
Thro' *Glaives* and *Swords* and glitt'ring *Halberts* preſt,
And *Groves* of *Deaths* all pointed at her *Breaſt*;
So deep the *Wounds* imprinted there before,
Arm'd with *Deſpair*, ſhe now cou'd fear no *more*:
Paſt the *arm'd Crowd*, and near the *fatal Tree*
Arriv'd, with a *loud Shriek* ſhe cry'd, — *'Tis He*;
Then *dropt* to *Earth*, nor cou'd ſhe longer bear,
Ah! *happy* had ſhe ſtill continu'd there:
With *cruel Pity* her the *Guards* revive,
She *Wakes* and *Sighs* to find her *ſelf* alive:
Strait to th' *accurſed Wood* does *wildly* run,
On whoſe tall *Top* ſhe ſaw her *bleeding Son*;
Then groveling on the *Ground* its *Root* embrace,
And *preſs* it cloſe to her *diſorder'd Face*;

His





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His *precious Blood* mix with her *precious Tears*;
His Blood, which rather you'd believe were *hers*,
So mortal *pale* her lovely *Face* appears:
Warm trickling from her *Heart* as well as *his*,
Which more than he himſelf ſhe ſeem'd to *miſs*:
Ev'n on the *Croſs* her *Grief* her *Son* did move,
Nor cou'd he there *unlearn* his *filial Love*;
His heavy *Eyes*, with *Pain*, and dying *Head*,
Once more he *ſlowly rais'd*, and thus he ſaid.
—No *more*! let each *tumultuous Thought* be ſtill,
Reſign me all to my great *Father's Will*;
As I my *ſelf*! He'll ſtill of *you* take care; John 19. 26.
Behold *your Son*—His faithful *Friend* was there,
Lamenting near *his Croſs*; of all the reſt,
Who late ſo much of *Zeal* and *Love* profeſt
He only came—To whom he *thus addreſt*.
" As e'er thou of my *Boſom* didſt partake,
" Nor ev'n in this *ſad Hour* thy *Friend* forſake;
" E'er I to *Heav'n* my parting *Breath* reſign,
" *Behold* thy *Mother*! *think* her always *thine*!
" Of our true *Friendſhip* this dear *Pledge* receive;
" The laſt that *thou* canſt *take* or *I* can *give*.
She *heard*, and ſtill the more *reſents* her *Loſs*;
Agen ſhe *kneels*, agen *embrac'd* the *Croſs*:
Stunn'd with her *Grief* a while ſhe can't *lament*,
Till *Heav'n* at laſt in *Pity* gave it *vent*;
When thus ſhe *mourns*—" Is this the *Kingdom* given?
Is this the *Throne* for the great *Heir* of *Heav'n*?
Thus, *Prince*! do thee thy *Subjects* entertain?
And thus is the *Meſſiah* doom'd to *Reign*?
For this did God's bright *Meſſenger* deſcend,
For this the *hymning* heav'nly *Hoſt* attend,
And hail thy *Birth* with *Miracles*? O why
Was this *vain Pomp* for one who *thus* muſt die?
Die like the worſt of *Men*, of *Deaths* the worſt,
For *Slaves* alone *deſign'd*, abhord, *accurſt*?
With *Joy*, my *Son*! I cou'd thy *Herſe* attend,
Hadſt thou in *Battle* made a *glorious end*;
At leaſt the *Honour* had the *Grief* allay'd,
And o'er thy *Tomb* glad *Iſrael's* Praiſes pay'd

Had made thee *live agen*; hadſt thou but broke,
Like *Sampſon*, with thy *Death*, the *Heathen Yoke*.
Too well, alas! too late the *Truth* I ſee
Of aged *Simeon's myſtic Propheſie*;
Luke 1. Now thro' my *wounded Soul* the *Sword* does *glide*,
And *pierce* the *Mother* thro' the *Son's* dear *Side*.
Why is my *Grief* ſo *weak*, or why ſo *ſtrong*?
Why muſt I ſtill a *hated Life* prolong?
The *Strokes* of *Sorrow* are like *Lightning* found,
To *blaſt* the *Soul*, but not the *Body wound*.
O take a *Life* your *cruel Pity* gave,
Barbarians take, unleſs my *Son's* you'd ſave!
Or e'er his laſt ſwift *Sand of Life* is run,
O join m' at leaſt in *Death* to my *lov'd Son*!
Might I once more *embrace* him, I'd not care,
Tho' on *another Croſs* you rais'd me there.
Thus the *Great Mother* mourn'd, the *Hills* around,
And *hollow Vales* and diſtant *Plains* reſound
Her *loud Complaints*, the neighb'ring *Brooks* combin'd,
And in the melancholy *Chorus* join'd;
Nay, the *mad Crowd* themſelves, tho now too late,
Help her to *mourn* her *lamentable Fate*:
Eccho'd the *Rocks*, the ſenceleſs *Marbles* moan'd,
And more, the very *Guards* around her *groan'd*;
They *groan'd* and *wept*, but *rav'd* and *bluſh'd* withal,
And rather thought they *Blood* than *Tears* let fall.
Mean while *prodigious Darkneſs* clouds the Day,
And frighted *Nature mourns* as much as *they*;
The *conſcious Sun* no longer now cou'd bear,
Luke 23.44. Shuts his *bright Eye*, and leaves the *widow'd Air*;
Unnat'ral *Clouds* obſcure his *radiant Face*,
When near the midſt of his *diurnal Race*:
Th' amaz'd *Aſtrologer* looks on in vain, *
Nor can the *Sight* by all his *Art* explain:
He ſaw the *ſickly Moon*, where wide away,
Sh' attempted to ſupply the *place of Day*!
He ſaw th' Eternal *Chain* of *Cauſes* broke,
And thus to the amaz'd *Spectators* ſpoke.
—No more this *Knot* I'll ſtruggle to untie;
" *Nature* it *ſelf*, or *Nature's God* muſt die.

From

From *baleful Caves* remov'd from *Joy* to *Light*,
Out-ſallies *Primitive-Subſtantial Night*;
As *black* as that which once on *Egypt* fell,
As full of all th' *Inhabitants* of *Hell*:
Thin *glaring Ghoſts* glide by, looſe *Forms* appear, Vid *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*.
Shrill Shrieks, deep *Groans*, and mournful *Sounds* they hear.
Bellows the troubled *Earth*, in whoſe *dark Womb*
Pent *Whirlwinds* fight, and from each *ſilent Tomb*
Diſturb'd in haſte the *duſty Tenants* riſe,
Still all is *dark*, in vain they ſeek the *Skies*,
Unleſs when they with *twiſted Lightnings* glow,
Ecchoing in *Thunder* to the *Groans* below:
The World no more expects its wonted *Light*,
" And guilty *Nations* fear *Eternal* Night.
But moſt, *Judea's curs'd devoted Land*,
Who now too late their *Error* underſtand:
They knew to them theſe *Prodigies* were ſent,
They knew what all theſe dire *Convulſions* meant:
And now as loud to *Heav'n* for *Mercy* cry,
As late they did to *Pilate*, *Crucifie*.
Matrons and *Maids* in ſolemn *Order go*,
And trembling *Youth*, themſelves they *proſtrate* throw
Before the *Temple-Gates*, high *Heav'n* t' atone,
T' avert their *Countries* ruin and their *own*;
In vain, for *Heav'n* it ſelf was *angry grown*:
The *Altar* ſhakes, the *Aſhes ſcatter'd* lay,
The *Victim* from the Temple *breaks* away,
Or drops before the *Stroke* and *bell'wing* dies;
In lowring *Curls* the *Incenſe* from the Skies,
Rejected there, beats back to *Earth* again,
As *Clouds* of *Smoak* beneath *deſcending Rain*.
Deep hollow Groans from the *Foundations* came,
From the high *Roof* ſhot *ſtreaks* of angry *Flame*:
The ſolid *Pillars* trembled, and inclin'd *
Their lofty *Heads* as *Cedars* in the *Wind*:
Twice ſhook the *rumbling Earth*, and Thunders broke
From the vaſt *Gulf*, and the third diſmal *Shock*,
With trebled *Rage* rent e'en the *ſolid Rock*,
Down to the *trembling Center* rent the *Veil*,
Diſcovering wide the *ſacred Oracle*;

The *Holy* of *Holie's*, naked all it lies,
Expos'd *profane* and *bare* to *vulgar Eyes*;
The *Golden Lamps* around extinguiſh'd quite,
Or only yield a faint *unnat'ral Light*;
More dreadful by ſucceſſive *Lightnings* made;
The *Prieſts* run *frighted* thro' the *ghaſtly Shade*.
The while, the Lamb of God *expiring* ſee,
Upon the Top of *trembling Calvary*:
A heavier *weight* than *Death* his *Soul* oppreſt,
And worſe than *mortal Pangs* his *tortur'd Breaſt*;
No more the *beauteous Rays* of *Love* Divine,
No more his *Fathers Glories* on him *ſhine*:
All *dark* and *horrid* like the *Earth* below,
Where *Day* forſook its *Task* and *back* did go;
Then rais'd his *Eyes*, ſwimming in *Death* and Night,
As *dying Tapers* e'er they loſe their *Light*;
He look'd for his accuſtom'd *winged Train*;
He look'd, alas! for *them* and *Heav'n* in vain;
No wonder *Heav'n* cou'd now no more be ſeen,
The *Crimes* of *Earth* were plac'd too *thick* between:
But finding there no *Paſſage* with his *Eyes*,
To reach it with his *fainting Voice* he tries,
And asks, as if himſelf he had *miſtaken*,
My God, my God! Why haſt thou me forſaken?
High Heav'n, this heard, it heard the *God* complain,
Th' *Eternal Father* heard, and all his *Train*;
The *Father* heard, unmov'd, his *ſuff'ring Son*,
By whoſe *Eternal Councils* all was done.
So did not all the *glitt'ring Hoſt* above,
Ay happy there! for there they *ſing* and *Love*;
They ſtop their *Songs*, their heav'nly *Harps* thrown by,
Or tun'd to ſome new *louder Harmony*:
At length each from his *radiant Throne* aroſe,
Their *heav'nly Warmth* to *ruddy Vengeance* glows;
Like thoſe fair *Strangers* Lot conducted in,
Who puniſh'd guilty *Sodom's brutiſh Sin*:
Amidſt the reſt a *Fire-wing'd Seraph* ſaw,
Of thoſe at *trembling Sinai* gave the *Law*-- *
He blew the *Trumpet* there—
Each ſtubborn Rebel did his *Guilt* confeſs;

It ſhook the *Mount*, and ſhook the *Wilderneſs*;
Nor had he yet forgot the *Sound*, but flies
Thro' *Worlds unknown* and undiſcover'd *Skies*;
Where er'ſt the *Signal* was to *Battle* given,
The higheſt *Tow'r* on all the *Cryſtal Walls* of Heav'n:
There with his utmoſt might he *blew* a Blaſt,
Which thro' *interminable Spaces* paſt;
Which *Chaos* mov'd, its frighted *Surges* fell,
Trembled the gaſtly *Sanhedrim of Hell*;
Whilſt *Heav'ns* wing'd *Watchers* at the *Signal* run,
And almoſt leave their *dreads Commands* undone: *
(*Uriel* before had left the *ſickly Sun.*) *
Each wand'ring *Orb* ſtands ſtill, or wildly *rolls*,
Forgetting both their *Axles* and their *Poles*:
So vaſt the *Wreck* of *Heav'n*, the *Storm* ſo high,
As *Chaos* had broke in upon the *Sky*;
The *Spheres* untun'd forgot their *Harmony*.
Arm! *Arm!* thro' every bright *Battalion* went;
The *Adamantine Gates* o'th' *Firmament*
Wide open thrown, with a *ſtupendous Crack*
More loud than *Thunder*, more the *Poles* they ſhake,
The *Pomp* of *War* diſcov'ring *deep* and *wide*,
Each *Angel* cloſe t' his *Brother Angel's* ſide;
Turms, *Cohorts*, *Legions*, glitt'ring *dreadful bright*,
Arm'd Cap-a pe in more than *Lambent-Light*.
Great *Michael* then himſelf was on the *Guard*,
The *Mount of God* his own peculiar *Ward*;
Where no *Diſturbance*, *Noiſe*, *Complaint* or *Cry*;
But *Peace* and *Joy* roll on Eternally:
None ſince the *Angels* fell; but when from far,
He heard the harſh, *unwonted Noiſe of War*,
His *Sword* h' unſheaths, by ſome wiſe *Angel* made,
Of a *portentous Comet's* flaming *Blade*;
Condens'd his noble *Form* to *Bulk* and *Sight*; *
Is all himſelf, and gathers in his *Might*;
Indues his *dreadful Arms* and *Helmet* bright:
Th' *Old Dragon's ſpoils* the *Creſt*, in *Battle* bold
Conquer'd and *ſtrip'd*, how dreadful to behold!
The *Claws* all-*horrid* with *Ethereal Gold*.
Thus deck'd, among the fore-moſt *Ranks* he flew,

Who

Who eaſily their glorious *Leader* knew;
As on a *Cloud*, with *Thunder* charg'd, he *rode*
Above 'em all, and only *not a God.*
Thus, might we *Mortal* match with *things Divine*;
Thus look'd our *God-like* Heroe at the *Boyne*:
The ſame fair *Ardor* for the *glorious Prize*,
The ſame *juſt Anger* lightning in his *Eyes*:
Thus he appear'd, thus thoſe who *round* him *rode*,
They all like *Heroes fought*, he like a **God.**
When thus prepar'd, they only wait the *Word*
To *ſally* forth, and aid their *injur'd Lord*:
Th' accurſed *City* into *Atoms* tear,
Nay ſcatter *Globe* and all in boundleſs *Fields* of *Air.*
This ſaw th' *All-ſeeing*, did their *Haſte* reſent,
And with an awful *Nod* ſhook the wide *Firmament*;
One *motion* of his *Will* their *Rage* repreſt:
He look'd *calm Peace* into each *warlike Breaſt*:
Unveil'd the *Rolls* of *Fate*, and let 'em ſee,
The great, *unknown*, *tremendous Myſtery*:
Unknown, (or *Anger* them ſo much did *blind*,
'Twas now *forgot* by every *warlike Mind*)
That 'twas *before all Worlds* reſolv'd, on high,
The mighty *Maker* of the *World* muſt *die*:
I'th *Council* of the *Great Three-One* decreed,
See Lib. 6. *Init.* A *ſinleſs God* for *ſinful Man* muſt *bleed*;
His injur'd *Father's Wrath* Atone and bear,
To keep injurious *Rebels* from *deſpair*;
Compleat the *Numbers* of the *heav'nly Hoſt*,
And fill thoſe *Seats* th' *Apoſtate Angels* loſt.
Silence profound awhile all *Heav'n* poſſeſt,
Their *Wonder* was too *big* to be *expreſt*:
Their *Arms* all *dropt*, their *Harps* agen they *try*,
New *Songs* are heard, and *wonted Harmony.*
Sweet Muſe return, and hover on the *Wing*
Around thy *bleeding Love*, thy *wounded King!*
Go *weep*, as *Magdalen* before he *dy'd*,
Never ſuch *Cauſe*, thy **Love is crucify'd**;
Bath his *wide Wounds*, as that *repenting Fair*
His *Sacred Feet*, and dry them with thy *Hair*:
For all the *Follies* of thy *youthful Days*,

Miſpent

Miſpent in *mortal Beauties idle Praiſe*,
Robbing thy *Saviour* of his *juſt eſteem*;
For all thy *broken Vows* to *Heav'n* and *Him*;
For all thy *Sloth*, thy *Vanity* and *Pride*:
See what they coſt, thy **Love is crucify'd**:
On the *curs'd Tree* he bends his *Sacred Head*,
From his *pale Cheeks* each *lovely Roſe* is fled,
His *Lips* his heav'nly *Eyes* already *dead*:
His *ſwimming Eyes* approaching *Night* did *cloud*,
And all his *Face* deform'd with *Tears* and *Blood*!
In num'rous little *Streams* which *trickled* down
From thoſe *curs'd Thorns* which his *bleſt Temple* crown;
Thence to his *mangled Hands* profuſely flow,
And joyn thoſe *mightier Streams* that riſe below;
Which *ſwelling wide* make *Drunk* that thirſty ground,
Till all the guilty *Earth* is *ting'd* around.
Thus oft the wand'ring *Swains* by chance have ſpy'd,
By *Natures Art* in ſome tall *Mountains* ſide,
A *ragged Rock*, bedew'd with *Water* o'er,
And *ſweating Cryſtal Drops* at every *Pore*!
Each ſteals into the *next*, and faſter flow,
To meet large *ſubterranean Streams* below;
Whoſe *Channel Pleaſure* both and *Prophet* yields,
Scattering *Eternal Verdure* round the *Fields*.
Hail all you myſtic *Drops* of precious *Gore*,
Each of you ſingly worth a *World* and *more*! *
Cou'd your immortal *Fountain* want ſupplies,
I'd quickly make a *Deluge* with my *Eyes*.
And now with *Sweat* and *Blood exhauſt* and dry'd,
And *ſcorch'd* with *Pain*, I *thirſt*, he faintly cry'd:
For *eager Wine* the ſcoffing *Soldiers* run,
And *offer* that; he *taſts*, and crys — 'Tis *done*.
'Tis *done* — His *ſpotleſs Soul* no longer *ſtrives*;
The *God* is *dead*, and *Sinful Man revives*: *
He *bow'd* his *Head*, receive my *Soul*, he cry'd,
Dear *Father*! in thy *Arms*; He *bow'd* his *Head* and *Dy'd*.

The End of the Ninth Book.

NOTES

NOTES
ON
The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK IX.

9. *O What is Vertue but an empty Name?*] I hope I need not tell the Reader that theſe *Lines* are only an Objection commonly brought againſt *Providence*, which is, I think, afterwards fully anſwered. As for that Exclamation, *What is Vertue &c.* 'Tis a common ſaying among the antient Heathens, and is aſcribed to ſeveral Authors tho' I think the moſt fix it upon *Hercules*, as extorted from him, when Frying and Raving on Mount *Oeta*, by the *extremity* of his *Pain*; which if true, he's far from being as Heroical as he's repreſented, ſince 'tis not killing of *Bulls* and *Bears*, and *Robbers*, but inflexible *Vertue*, *Patience*, and *Magnanimity*, under the worſt of *Evils*, that make a true Hero. However, as one of our own Writers pleaſantly obſerves, 'tis moſt likely to be his *Expreſſion*, becauſe it looks ſo much like the *Speech* of a *Madman*.

117. *Of whoſe right Deeds* Cumæan Grotto's *rung.*] That there was really ſome *bottom* in thoſe which are called the *Sibylline Oracles*, relating to our Saviour, I ſee no room for any modeſt Man to doubt; tho' it ſeems on the other ſide a clear Caſe, that vaſt heaps of Dogrel Greek has been forg'd in their *Imitation*, like thoſe baſtard Medals, ſo common in the World. The Chriſtians cou'd not feign that of *Tully*, which I think he applies to K. *Ptolomy*, of a King to come out of the Eaſtern Countries, any more, than ſeveral paſſages of the *Sicelides Muſæ*; which ſeem plain Tranſcripts of what the Old Prophets have left recorded concerning our Saviour; which, tho' it ſhould be granted, he might apply to the Son of *Pollio*; yet there's little doubt but he had 'em from the *Sibyls*, or ſome *Tradition* then *current* among the Heathens; tho' he too, as well as *Balaam*, might be acted beyond himſelf; for in my judgment, he does here *majora canere*, as he has promis'd; and *Virgil* excels even *Virgil* nothing being comparable to it in all his Works, not excepting the Prophecy of *Marcellus*; or if there's any thing finer in his divine *Æneida*.

130. *Both the great Vulger and the ſmall.*] *Cowley*'s Thought, wherein he has much bettered that of *Horace*, *odi Profanum vulgus & arceo.*

152. *Their own Religious Rites.*] See *Joſephus* againſt *Appion.*

206. *This he our* Families *proud* Rival Born.] This *Herod* was *Grandſon* to *Herod the Great. Vid. Lib.* 2.

150. *Unblemiſh'd Vertue and unſpotted Fame.*] *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory* tells us, ſhe was a noble *Roman*, her Name *Procula*; afterwards Convert to the Chriſtian Faith, and either a *Saint* or a *Martyr.*

287. *Whe-*

287. *Whether his* double Spring, *o'ercharg'd with Snow.*] I believe there are indeed few *great Rivers* but have more than *one Head*, tho the complement of the Country generally fixes 'em at *one place*. Every one has heard of two Heads assign'd to the River *Jordan*, *Jor*, and *Dan*, like our *Tame* and *Isis*; whence both their Names. It mayn't be unpleasant to give, once for all, a Description of this noble River, the chief of all *Palestine*, and its said, some of the best *Water* in the *World*. The Pilgrim gives the best account of its Rise and Progress that I have yet seen, *Lib.* 2. *cap.* 15. *A une heure de Cæsarea, &c.* " An hours Journey from " *Cæsarea Philippi*, at the Foot of Mount *Libanus* (*Fuller* tells us, 'tis one particular " Mount, more pleasant than all the rest, call'd *Paneas*,) arise two *Springs* of " Water, one about half an hours Journey from the other. That to the East is cal- " led *Jor*, and the other more Northerly *Dan*. They soon make two small *Rivulets*, " which running separate about a League and half, meet at the bottom of the fore- " mentioned Town, joyning at once their *Names* and *Waters*; and from thence " taking the new Name of *Jordan*. Thence running by several Villages and " Countries, and separating the Lands of *Trachonitis*, *Iturea*, and *Galilee*, it falls " into a Valley, where it makes a Lake about 2 Leagues in Circuit, called *Moron* " or *Mora*, (*Merom*, in *Fuller*) by *Josephus* the *Semachonite Lake*; thence verging " towards the East, enters the Sea of *Galilee*, between *Capernaum* and *Chorazin*, and " passing thence, is at last engulst in the *Dead Sea*. He goes on, " But the *Turks* " have a Tradition that *Jordan* will not mingle his blessed Waters with that *stink-* " *ing Puddle*, but at their very fall into the Lake sink down into a *Subterranean* " *Abyss*, and rise agen at *Mecca*, where *Mahomet* was buried, in Honour (doubt- " less) of that great Prophet, where they form themselves into a Lake, whose " Waters have the same Taste and Fish with *Jordan*. And this wise Story the good Pilgrim thinks 'tis worth the while to confute out of the little Scripture he had, full as gravely as *Alexander Ross* does the *Alchoran*, when 'twas translated into *English*, for fear any of *his Countrymen* shou'd turn *Mussulmen* upon the reading it; tho for my part, if any of my Readers are inclined to believe my *Turkish Story* of *Jordan*, they are very welcom, since I shan't think it worth the while to use any Argument to confute it.

330. *His Blood a strange Balsamic Power*, &c.] This is founded on that Notion, that the Blood has of it self a sort of a *Balsamic Virtue* in it, which will *close* and *heal* all slight *green Wounds* without other Medicine, if no other accident happens.

362. *A Death for* Slaves *and* Villains *only us'd*] *Tacitus* calls it *Servile supplicium*, a Servile sort of Punishment, not to be inflicted on any *Roman* Citizen: and therefore we find in History, that S. *Paul*, who was a *Roman*, had the *Benefit* of that Liberty, and was *Beheaded*, while S. *Peter*, a *Jew*, was *Crucified*.

423. *Where* Winds *can carry*, *or where* Waves *can roll*.] I think 'tis a Verse of Mr. *Waller's*.

424. *Where the Ten Tribes*, &c.] There's a great Dispute whither the *Ten Tribes* were carry'd, which perhaps will never be decided; as the *Jews* say of any great Difficulty, till *Elias come*. *Esdras* says, they went over *Euphrates*, which was miraculously dry'd up for their Passage, and after a fair Walk for an Year and an half, arrived at *Arsareth*, which some suppose to be *Tartary*; where also many of our *Moderns* think they have found 'em, there being a City named *Tabor* in that Country, as several of that Name in *Naphthali*; whence some of 'em were carried. Others tell us, that there are a sort of People among the *Tartars*, who run about the Fields, a certain day in the year, making great Lamentation, tho they themselves have forgot the reason, and repeating with violent and dismal Ejulations these Words, *Jeru! Jeru! Salem! Jeru! Damas!* tho they don't understand 'em; retaining still the Names of those Places, tho they have lost the History. Others think the *Americans*, or at least some part of 'em, are the Posterity of the *Ten Tribes*, which is rendered not altogether improbable, from several *Jewish* Customs found amongst 'em. And what if those *Tartarians*, of whom we have discoursed, *Lib.* 3. conducted by Satan, from their own Country

over to *America*, ſhould be ſome of thoſe very *Jews*, whom the Enemy of Man and Ape of God, might take a *pride* in leading to his *Canaan*, almoſt exactly in the ſame manner that *Moſes* led their Forefathers out of *Egypt*. *Acoſta* has a ſtrange Story that looks very much like this, from a Tradition of the *Americans*; "That their God *Vitziliputzli* commanded their Forefathers to leave "the Place where they then liv'd, promiſing, if they'd follow him, a much "more happy Country, by the *Deſtruction* of ſeveral Nations which poſſeſſed "it. Accordingly they departed, carrying this their Idol with 'em in an *Ark* "of *Reeds*, which was ſupported by 4 of their Chief Prieſts, with whom he "*Diſcourſed* in ſecret, and revealed to them all along the different Succeſſes of "their Journey, giving 'em Orders when to *March* and *Halt*, which they "were not to do without his Order. Wherever they came, they Erected "a *Tabernacle* for their God in the *midſt of their Camp*, placing the *Ark* up-"on an Altar. When they were tired with their Journey, and reſolved to "proceed no farther, their God deſtroy'd many of them in a dreadful man-"ner; continuing to Conduct 'em till he brought 'em to *Mexico*; thus he. I ſhall only add, that *Manaſſeh-Ben-Iſrael*, the modern *Jew* tells us, "There "were lately found encompaſſed with ſeveral high Mountains in *America*, a *white* "*People* with long *Beards*, whom he'd fain have the remainders of theſe *Ten* "*Tribes*, and all *Natural Jews*.

449. *Thruſt from a blaſted Elders Trunk he ſpy'd.*] Some ſay 'twas a *Wild Fig-Tree*, but it's no great matter which of the two. *Surius* ſays, "That the *Jews* "have now a Church-yard or Burying-place, on that very piece of Ground, "about the middle whereof, Tradition tells 'em, this *Tree* formerly ſtood: And adds, "That the *Jews* formerly built a Houſe there, and all of that Nation de-"ſire to be buried near it: As indeed they have reaſon, were that odd fancy of theirs true, that the General Judgment muſt be in the *Valley* of *Jehoſophat*, and that all their Bones muſt tumble thither through the Bowels of the Earth, if they don't provide better Carriage; for which Reaſon, many of the richeſt of them, are ſaid to get their Duſt carried to *Jeruſalem*, to ſave the trouble of ſo long a Journey.

447. *Die Traytor, die, be that reſolv'd, but how?*] This Verſe and that below it, *Thus, thus lets leap*, &c. any one may ſee are taken from *Virgil*'s, *Sed moriamur ait*; and *Sic juvat ire ſub umbras*. Concerning the latter of which, I can't help being of a different Judgment from a Perſon ſo great, that it would be immodeſty for me to name him, at the ſame time I own I diſſent from him. I ſay, I can't but think, that *Hemiſtich* as *like Virgil* as, even his famous *Tu Marcellus eris*, for it ſeems to me as full and handſom a Pauſe for a deſperate Mind, which had run it ſelf out of Breath with raving, as cou'd poſſibly be thought on, and that render'd more lively, ſtrong and beautiful, by the Ingemination.

510. *By theſe alone aloft i'th' Air he's ſtay'd.*] I know many are of Opinion, that there was a ſort of a *Suppedaneum*, a *Stay* or *Footſtool* on the *Croſs*, as a Reſt to the *Bodies* of *Malefactors*; but others, and I think the moſt, being of another Mind, I had liberty of chuſing which I pleas'd, eſpecially the former Opinion being grounded on a falſe Suppoſition, that without ſome ſuch ſupport as this, the Body cou'd not *hang* in the *Air*, but wou'd tear out the Wounds by which 'twas faſten'd, and be born down by its own weight: Whereas we are aſſured of the contrary, both by conſidering the *ſtrength* of the *Muſcles* in thoſe Parts, and accidental Examples of ſuch as falling from on high, have been caught by the *Hand*, *Arm*, &c. by ſome *Tenter*, and remain'd a conſiderable time in that *Poſture*; and by the manner of that horrible Puniſhment, at this time in uſe among the *Turks* and *Moors*, who throw *Condemn'd Perſons* from an high *Tower* ſtuck full of *Hooks* and *Tenters*, which catching hold of the Body in its fall, retains it there, where the Wretches muſt hang till either the Wound kills 'em, or they are ſtarved to Death. Now if the whole weight of a Man's Body (caught thus at diſadvantage, and the fall beſides,) can't tear it ſelf off when thus gaunch'd in the Air, how much leſs wou'd it do ſo when ſupported behind, and faſtened

ſo

ſo evenly and *proportionably*, by the moſt ſtrong and *muſculous Parts* thereof?

531. *Yet* one *ſome* Tracks *of* Modeſty *retains.*] 'Tis thought by many that this was no hardned *Villian*, but newly entered in his Trade. There's one paſſage in the Hiſtory of theſe *Thieves*, which carries ſome difficulty in't: 'Tis ſaid in S. *Matthew* and S. *Mark*, that the *Thieves*, in the *Plural Number*, *revil'd our Saviour*. But S. *Luke* gives the Hiſtory as here related; *That* one *did it, and the* other *rebuk'd him.* Some ſay, that *both* did it at firſt, but one *Repented*, which is a *probable Solution*; but I think there's a better, that 'tis a common *Elliptical* way of Speaking, with the *Hebrews*. Thus *Saul* to *David*, 1 *Sam.* 18. 21. *Thou ſhalt this day be my Son in-Law in* one *of the* two. We render it undoubtedly according to the true Sence; but 'tis in the Original, by, or in the *Two*, a plain Inſtance of *two* us'd for *one*; as in the preſent Caſe. So 'tis written in the Prophets, *one* of the Prophets, and 20 other Inſtances. The bad *Thief* then revil'd our Saviour, the good *Thief* pray'd to him, and no doubt was immediately happy with him. Tho I can't think that *Theif* was *good* enough to be himſelf pray'd to, and have a Temple Built to his *Name* and *Honour*; yet ſuch a Temple, *Surius* ſays, was Erected by the Empreſs *Helen* in the *Holy Land.*

518. *For on the* Croſs *this Title.*] The piece of *Wood* whereon the Title was written, was one part of the *Croſs*, called in *Greek* Τίτλος from the *Latin Titulus*; as on the contrary, the writing it ſelf containing the Perſons real or ſuppoſed Crimes, the *Roman* Authors call by a *Greek* Name *Elogium*, tho as we take the Word now, it ſeems but an odd ſort of an *Elogy.*

682. *Th' amaz'd* Aſtrologer *look'd on in Vain.*] This is a ſtory ſufficiently known, and commonly receiv'd and believ'd; and tho I've no need of its being *really true*, yet *Valeat quantum valere poteſt.*

723. *The ſolid Pillars trembled.*] See *Lib.* 7. at the beginning.

727. *Rent ev'n the ſolid Rock---- Down to the trembling Center.*] It's ſaid the *Rocks* rent in General; therefore, as it ſhou'd ſeem more than one, *Walker* ſays, "That "of Mount *Calvary*, whereon our Lord ſuffered, cleft aſunder ſome 2 or 3 *Foot*, at "the place where his Croſs was faſtned quite from one ſide of the Hill to the "other, to be ſeen at this day, gaping about an Hands breadth, and the depth "of it not to be ſounded. But the account the Pilgrim gives on't is very particular, and in theſe Words, "That what he ſaw of it was 6 *Foot* and 2 *Fingers* "in length, and about 2 *Foot* in breadth; adding, that it not only reach'd down "as far as the *Chappel* of *Adam*, which is in the hollow of the Rock, where he "tells us, *Adam*'s Scull was found; (whence the Mount called *Calvary*, if you'll believe it, tho one wou'd wonder by what *Ear-mark* they knew his Scull from another.) He goes on, "It reaches not only thither, but lower, to the Chap-"pel of *Invention* of the *Croſs*, and thence, as he thinks, even down to *Hell*; its "depth being unfathomable: thus he. And tho there is ſomething of *Fable* mixt with what he, and other Popiſh Writers deliver, yet there may be ſomething of Truth, tho the miſchief is, 'tis diſcredited by ſuch ill Company. And if this ſtrange vaſt *Rift* in the ſolid *Rock*, be really true, as it appears to be by the Proof, methinks 'tis no contemptible corroborating Circumſtance for the Truth of that part of the ſacred Hiſtory, and thoſe dreadful Prodigies which the *Evangeliſts* mention.

767. *Of thoſe at trembling* Sinai *gave the Law.*] Which was given by the Diſpoſition of Angels. As S. *Steph.* Acts 7.

780. *And* almoſt *leave their dread* Commands *undone.*] *Vida*, from whom I took the Hint of this *beautiful Digreſſion*, goes a great deal farther, and I think too far, ſaying of the Angels, *Opera imperfecta relinquunt.* Which I ſoften by the Word [*almoſt*].

781. Uriel *before, forſook the ſickly Sun.*] I think that's his Name, whom *Milton* makes the *Angel* of the *Sun*; the Name being very proper, ſignifying, *The Light of God*: Which he might be, and yet that good *Fathers Fancy* very agreeable, who call'd the Sun *Umbra Dei*; the *Shadow of God.* I ſay he had before forſaken it, for an obvious (Poetical) Reaſon, becauſe 'twas *Eclips'd.*

802. *Condens'd his noble* Form *to* bulk *and* sight.] According to the *Platonists* Notion of the *Condensation* of the Angelical *Vehicle*, so as to make it visible; which seems to have been believed by most of the Fathers, who make *Angels* have a *sort* of *Bodies*, as indeed they *must* have when ever they *appear*, and are *sensible* not only to our *Sight*, but even to our grosser *Touch*: as when they laid hold on the *Hand* of *Lot*. Now *Lucretius*'s Maxim will still hold, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res*; nothing can *touch* and be *touch'd* but Body: and perhaps this is the very *Essence* of *Body*, for *Tangibility* and *Impenetrability* seem to be one and the same. But after all, what can the *Deist* get by this, unless he cou'd prove, these *Angels* were *all Body*, or so much as that these Bodies were *Permanent*; whereas, by all we can discover of 'em from Scripture, they appear rather *Ascitious* and *Airy*: and this we are sure, that the Scripture never calls 'em *Bodies*, tho it does *Spirits*, (which, whatever they are, can't be *Bodies* unless *black* can be *white*;) and that, for the Comfort of every *good Man*, *Ministring Spirits* too, even since our Saviour *sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of Salvation*. *Heb.* 1.

855. *Thy Love is Crucify'd*] From that famous Ejaculation of the Father, *Ἐμὸς ἔρως ἐσταύρωται*.

875. *Each of you singly weighs a World and more.*] The *Blood* of him who is *Infinite* the *Blood* of *God*, as 'tis called in the Scripture, (which must get me off for that bold Thought a little lower, *The God is Dead*.) This Blood, I say, must have *infinite Merits*, and therefore extend beyond the *value* of any *finite Being*. The manner of whose *Death* see in the next 2 Lines.

884. *He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul he cry'd,*
Dear Father in thine Arms, he bow'd his Head and dy'd.] *Vida* has done this incomparably well, and expresst almost as much in one Line as I have done in two; who thus at the end of his 5*th* Book, *Supremumque animam, pendens caput, exhalavit.*

THE


I.M.A.D.VIII


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Mar. 15
Luc: 23
Io 19



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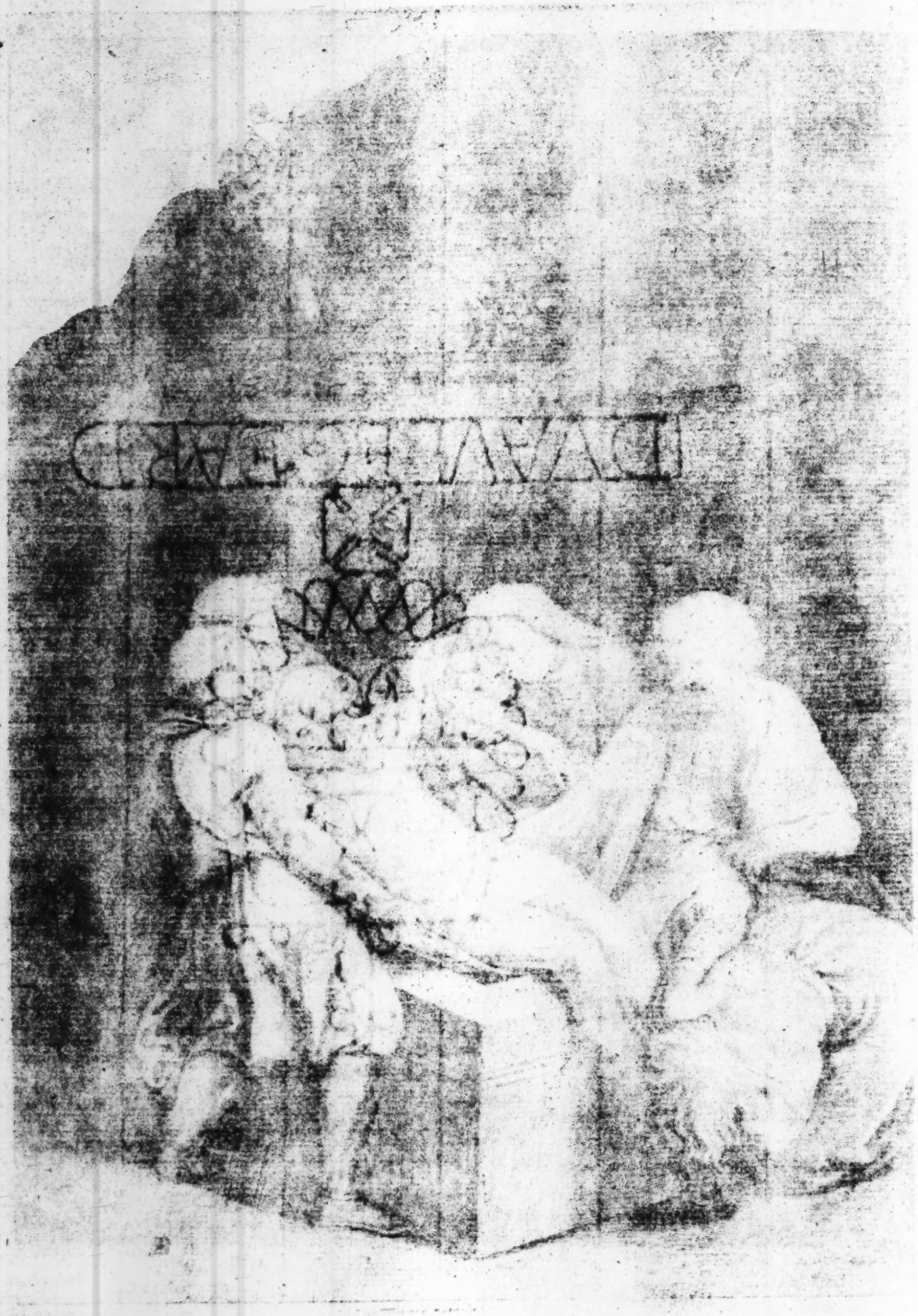
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THE ARGUMENT OF THE Tenth BOOK.

After a Discourse of the pleasure of seeing Virtue *triumphant, notwithstanding all* Misfortunes, *and an* Invocation *of the Blessed* Spirits *Assistance, for the happy* Conclusion *of the Work,* Joseph *of* Arimathea *is introduced going to* Pilate, *and boldly begging the* Body *of our* Saviour; *which being granted, he repairs to the* Cross *and takes it thence, after a* Souldier *had pierced the Side with a Spear,* Blood *and* Water *flowing out of the Wound; then bears it to his Garden, and lays it in his own* Sepulchre, *accompanied by the Blessed* Virgin *and other Friends. The* Triumphs *among the* Devils *at the* Death *of our Saviour:* Lucifer's *Speech on that occasion, ordering all the* Devils *to repair to Earth agen, and repossess their Oracles. While he's in the heighth of his* Exultation, *our Saviour enters* Hell *with a Guard of Angels, and all the* Devils *flying at his sight, and* sinking *into the* Lake, *carries with him to* Paradise *some of those Persons who were lost in the* Universal Deluge. *The Third Day, his Soul and Body being now agen united, and he rising from the Grave,* Mary Magdalen, *and other Women, go to the* Sepulchre *to Embalm him, but find him to be gone, and receive an Account of his* Resurrection *from a Vision of Angels, directing them to go and acquaint his Disciples with the News.* Mary Magdalen *stays and sees our Saviour himself, who orders her on the same Massage; on which Saint* Peter *and Saint* John *run to the Sepulchre, and find the Body to be gone; but returning, cannot gain Belief of the rest, till our Saviour himself appears amongst them; St.* Thomas *being then absent,*

abſent, and ſtill incredulous. Soon after, two others, to whom our Lord diſcovered himſelf at Emmaus, *come in, and relate the whole* Story; *which S.* Thomas *not yet believing,* Jeſus *himſelf appears, and ſhewing him his Wounds, fully convinces him — Ordering all the Diſciples to meet him at* Tabor *in* Galilee, *who going thither for that end, he firſt appears to 'em as they were Fiſhing on the Sea of* Tiberias, *where he tries S.* Peter's Faith, *and foretels his* Martyrdom. *Thence meeting many of his* Followers *on* Mount Tabor, *he orders 'em all to* Jeruſalem, *there to take his* laſt Farewel: *Where being arriv'd, he takes them out to* Bethany; *and after his laſt Diſcourſe and Promiſe to be with them to the End of the World, the Heavenly Hoſt appear, and Sing an* Anthem, *being part of the* 24*th* Plalm, *while our Saviour is* Aſcending; *who, juſt as he diſappears from the Diſciples, orders two* Angels *back to* Mount Olivet, *to comfort them with the Promiſe of his Return; who thereupon depart again with Joy to* Jeruſalem.

THE

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: AN Heroic Poem.

BOOK X.

The *RESURRECTION.*



How *refreſhing* is't, how *dear* a *Sight*,
When *Virtue emerges* out of *Clouds* and *Night!*
To ſee her all her *groveling Foes* deſpiſe,
To ſee the *Tyrant* fall and *Hero* riſe!
True *Worth* ſurvives the *Grave*, rude *Winds* the *Fruit*
May *blaſt*, but 'tis *immortal* in the *Root*.
Beat on Affliction's *Billows!* 'Tis in vain,
The *Rock* will ſtill *impregnable* remain;
The *Storm*, tho' *fierce*, will ſoon or late blow o'er,
And we with *Shouts* ſhall reach the happy *Shore*,
Where our great *Captain* is arriv'd before.

Kind

Kind *Spirit*, who from the dark *tumult'ous Wave*
Didſt raiſe a beauteous *World*, O hear and ſave!
Save and direct, direct our feeble *Bark*,
As once thou didſt the weary wand'ring *Ark!*
Remove the *Clouds*, be all *ſerene* and fair
Like thee, O gentle *Blaſt* of Heav'nly *Air!*
Let this laſt *Voyage* no rough *ſtorms* moleſt,
Then, of our dear, long wiſh'd for *Port* poſſeſt,
We'd gladly *Anchor* in *eternal Reſt*.
And now *true Night* in the *diſorder'd* Skies,
Prepares, at her appointed *Hours*, to riſe;
But *wonders* that her *Task*'s perform'd before,
Nay, blacker *Veils* ſpread all the *Æther* o'er:
Still high in *gloomy Air* the *Bodies* ſtood
Expos'd and Tortur'd on th' *unlucky Wood*;
Tortur'd the *Two*, but from his ſpotleſs *Breaſt*,
The *Third*'s bright *Soul* was fled to endleſs *Reſt*:
Nor longer cou'd the gen'rous *Joſeph* bear,
To ſee his *Friends* ſad mangled *Reliques* there;
Matt. 26. 56. But while far off his *ſcatter'd Houſhold* fled,
Their *Faith* and *Courage* with their *Maſter* dead:
With *Nicodemus*, his old prudent *Friend*,
Afraid no more, do's from the *Hill* deſcend,
Where ſad *Spectators* near the *Croſs* they were,
Mar. 15. 43. Boldly to beg the *Body*, and Inter,
With *ſilence* in his own *new Sepulcher*:
Vid. Lib. 1. *ad fin.* There, if his juſt *Requeſt* ſucceſsful prove,
To pay the laſt due *Debt* of *Tears* and *Love*:
Thus who *boaſt higheſt*, firſt the *Cauſe* forſake,
Thus *Converts* of the beſt of *Chriſtians* make.
With *pious Haſte* they both to *Pilate* ran,
To whom, *undaunted*, *Joſeph* thus began.
Brave Roman, whom our *Nation*'s *Spite* and *Rage*,
Now *firſt* did in an *unjuſt Act* engage:
As *noble Pontius* wou'd be ſtill thought free,
And only *Paſſive* in their *Cruelty*;
And bear to diſtant *Ages*, diſtant *Lands*
His *Fame*, as *clean* and *ſpotleſs* as his *Hands*;
T' his humble *Suppliants* let be reſtor'd,
The breathleſs dear *Remains* of our lov'd Lord:

Nor

Nor will the *Prieſts* themſelves, howe'er they rave,
Urge on their *Hatred*, e'en beyond the *Grave*;
He's *cold* and *lifeleſs* now, their *Fear* is o'er,
Nor can he *them* or *Ceſar* injure more:
Grant then we for his *Body* may return,
Due *Honours* pay, at his ſad *Fun'ral* mourn,
And ſprinkle *Tears* and *Flow'rs* around his *Urn*.
The *Roman* thus — Witneſs each *ſacred Pow'r*,
Witneſs the *common Jove* we all adore, *Vid.* Lib. 6.
Father of Men and Gods; with how much *Joy*
I'd him *reſtore*, how griev'd did him *deſtroy*;
Reſtore you your *whole Friend*, whom publick Spite
And Rage, have robb'd of our *etherial Light*:
Take what *remains*, I gladly that *reſtore*,
And take my *Grief*, that I can give, no *more*.
Their wiſh'd Requeſt obtain'd, they haſt away,
And but to give the *Donor* thanks cou'd ſtay:
The *Hill* ſurmounted ſoon, *abrupt* appear'd
No more, nor more the *Guards* around they fear'd:
Arm'd Troops and *glitt'ring Helmets*, dreadful bright,
Projecting far away their dazling *Light*:
" Of *Murder'd Men* the low *lamenting Voice*,
" Mixt with the *Murderers* confuſed *Noiſe*
They *heard*, yet onward went with *pious haſt*,
Thro' *Crowds unarm'd* or *arm'd* alike they paſt:
Till to the fatal *Scene* of *Death* arriv'd,
Where new *Barbarities* were ſtill contriv'd;
Still new *Effects* of pop'lar *Rage* they found;
The *mangled bleeding Body*'s on the Ground:
A *ſingle Death*'s too little, they'd invent,
Beyond the *Croſs* it ſelf, a *Puniſhment*:
The *Bodies* muſt *expos'd* no longer ſtay,
T' *unhallow* their approaching *Paſchal Day*,
And *damp* their *feſtal Joys*; new *Arts* they try,
And with new *Torments* make 'em *more than Die*:
With *pond'rous Staves* and *Sledges* cruſh'd their *Bones*,
Ecchoes the *Mountain* with their *Strokes* and *Groans*.
The half-dead *Wretches* ſupplicate in vain
For ſome kind *Stab* to eaſe their ling'ring *Pain*:
Jeſus alone had his *meek Soul* reſign'd,

Mark.15.44 And ſpar'd their *Cruelty*; his *Head* reclin'd,
On his *torn Shoulders* lay, enrag'd they cry'd,
He had *deceiv'd* 'em, and too *mildly Dy'd*:
Enrag'd, they ſuch a *Diſappointment* found;
They e'en the *ſenſleſs Carcaſs gore* and *wound*:
A *Soldier*, blind with *Fury*, ſnatch'd a *Spear*,
Which *Death* on its *ſharp Point* in vain did *wear*,
And *darts* it at his *Side*, out ſprings a *Flood*
John 19.34: Of pureſt *Limpid Water*, joyn'd with *Blood*;
Joyn'd, not *confus'd*, as thro' thin *Cryſtal* ſhine,
The ſparkling *Drops* of *Gaza*'s noble *Vine*:
True *Types* of thoſe bleſt *Streams* which ever flow
From *Gods* high *Throne*, t' enrich the *World* below;
Th' ineſtimable *Sanctions* of our *Bliſs*,
1 John 5.6, 8. Thoſe *Streams* which glad the *Churches Paradiſe*;
That *ſacred Laver*, and that *Banquet* high,
Where thoſe who *Bath* and *Feaſt* ſhall never *Die*.
While this *tranſacting*, *Joſeph* thither came,
And ſtrait aſcends the *Tree*—(*Loves knows no Shame*;)
Himſelf *aſcends*, and from th' *accurſed Wood*
Takes his *dead Friend*, cover'd with *Wounds* and *Blood*,
And to his own fair *Garden* ſadly bore,
Where oft his lov'd Diſciples met *before*;
Then, near the *Tomb* lay down their *precious Load*,
The wond'rous *Reliques* of a *ſuff'ring God*.
Hither, *bright Heav'nly Youths*, O hither bring, *
The *Glories* of your own *eternal Spring*!
Of ev'ry *Flow'r* that in fair *Eden* grows,
The dying *Hero*'s fun'ral *Pomp* compoſe,
Mix'd with *Engeddi*'s Spice, and *Sharon*'s *Roſe*; *
And when you all your *Sweets* have round him *ſpread*,
Tho' ne'er till this *ſad Hour*, a *Tear* you ſhed,
Weep, O *Immortals*! *Weep*! your *Lord* is *dead*.
Or if you ſtill refuſe your *courteous Aid*,
We'll ask no more, for ſee the *Heav'nly Maid*;
The *Virgin-Mother* can that *Office* do,
With as much *Grace* and *Purity* as you.
On the *hard Rock* behold her *ſeated* there!
Whilſt all her ſad *Companions* rend the *Air*
With *loud Laments*, the *Hills* repeat their *Cries*,

She

She only *ſilent*, her exhauſted *Eyes*,
Have not one precious *Drop*, one ſingle *Tear*;
Her *Grief* ſo *decent*, ſhou'd ſhe but *appear*
In *publick*, all the *World* would *Mourning* wear. *
Silent and *ſtill*, as deepeſt *Waters* flow,
What *Breaſt* but *hers* could *hold* the *mighty Woe*?
She ſaw his *Soul* from his pale Body fled,
She ſaw her *Hope*, her *Life*, her *Saviour* dead;
Her *wond'rous Son*, no *Pangs* at his firſt *Breath*, *
But ah! they're more than *doubl'd* at his *Death*:
In her ſad *Arms*, he *all-a-Carcaſs* lies,
Death's heavy *Iron Slumber ſeals* his *Eyes*;
His *Eyes* faſt *clos'd*, altho' his *Wounds* gape wide,
Thoſe *Wounds* which rend his *Feet*, his *Hands*, his *Side*;
She *Kiſſes* both, while her *Companions* tear,
With loud *Complaints*, their *Garments* and their *Hair*;
Scarce are they by the *Men* at length *reſtrain'd*,
Who not their own *unruly Tears* command:
To his *pale Corps* the laſt due *Honours* pay,
And in the *Marble Vault* lamenting lay;
And *dewy Night* deſcending, leave the *Tomb*,
Conducting ſafely the *great Mourner* home.
Mean while the *World* a gen'ral *Grief* expreſt.
All *Natures Family* in *Mourning* dreſt:
Silent and *ſad*, or in ſoft *Sighs* complain'd,
Nay *Heav'n* it ſelf ſcarce *undiſturb'd* remain'd:
In *Hell* alone was *Joy* and curſt *Delight*,
Our *Happineſs* their *Woe*, our *Day* their *Night*:
Scarce ſuch wild general *Revels* there were known,
When their black Prince did the *firſt Man* dethrone,
And almoſt made a *ſecond World* their *own*:
The *Pandemonium* fills, the *Iron Gate* *
Is *throng'd* with many a *Sooty Potentate*:
Blaſphemous *Moloch*, *Satan*, *Belial*, *Baal*,
And luſtful *Aſmodai*, part *go*, part *crawl*
On long *Serpentine Folds*, as erſt they fell; *
Now dreſt in all the *ugly Forms* of Hell:
High in the midſt, dire *Lucifer* aſcends
His glowing *Throne*, a frightful *Guard* of *Fiends*
Flock round, the boldeſt *Spirits* who with him *fell*,

Gen. 3. Milton's *Paradiſe loſt.*

And make a *Pomp* worthy the *Prince* of *Hell*:
Some *Signs* of what he was he ſtill retain'd,
A few weak *Rays* of *gloomy Light* remain'd;
Which a faint *glimm'ring* ſort of *Twylight* made,
I'th' *ugly Horror* of th' *infernal Shade*:
His *Pow'r* not leſs, tho' by high *Heav'n* confin'd,
And ſtrong eternal *Chains* the *Rebel* bind;
Were he let *looſe*, and no new *Thunder* hurl'd,
He'd quickly into *Atoms* cruſh the *World*;
As now he is, his haughty *Eyes* expreſs
The higheſt *Ill*, *Majeſtick Wickedneſs*;
Great without *Good*, as Earthly *Tyrants* are,
Who *Hells black Brand*, not *Heav'ns bright Image* wear;
Moſt *Servile*, yet *Imperious*, *Proud*, yet *Baſe*,
A *wicked Joy* glares thro' his *dusky Face*;
Tranſports he does amidſt his *Torments* feel,
And ſhows ſome *mighty Miſchiefs on the Wheel*:
" Thus the *French Lucifer*, his dear *Allie*,
" Who ſtill maintains *his War* againſt the *Sky*,
" Thus *great appears*, in *Blood* and *Murders* crown'd;
" As many black *Deſtroyers*, wait around
" His *Peſtilential Throne*, for *Orders* wait,
" To ſcatter *Miſchief* and *unerring Fate*.
Thus *he*, thus *Hell's proud King* in *Flames* array'd,
Who having all his own *ſad World* ſurvey'd,
He thus began——

Dominions, *Thrones*, and *Pow'rs!*
Poſſeſſors once of *half* Heav'ns *Cryſtal Pow'rs*,
Which had *Fate* ſmil'd, long ſince had *all* been *ours*:
And *Fate*, not *Valour* cruſh'd us, for we're ſtill
Unconquer'd in our own *Almighty Will*;
What ſince againſt its *Tyranny* we 've done,
You *know it*, and we need not *bluſh* to own;
How we that *ſordid Piece* of *dirty Clay*,
Whom our more *high-born Minds* diſdain'd t' obey;
For whom the *beauteous World* above was made,
A *Heav'n* to our *uncomfortable Shade*,
Have, by an eaſie *Stratagem*, betray'd:
Rom. 5. 14. Did our *hard Foe's* wiſe *Workmanſhip* diſgrace,
And in one *Moment murder'd* all their *Race*:

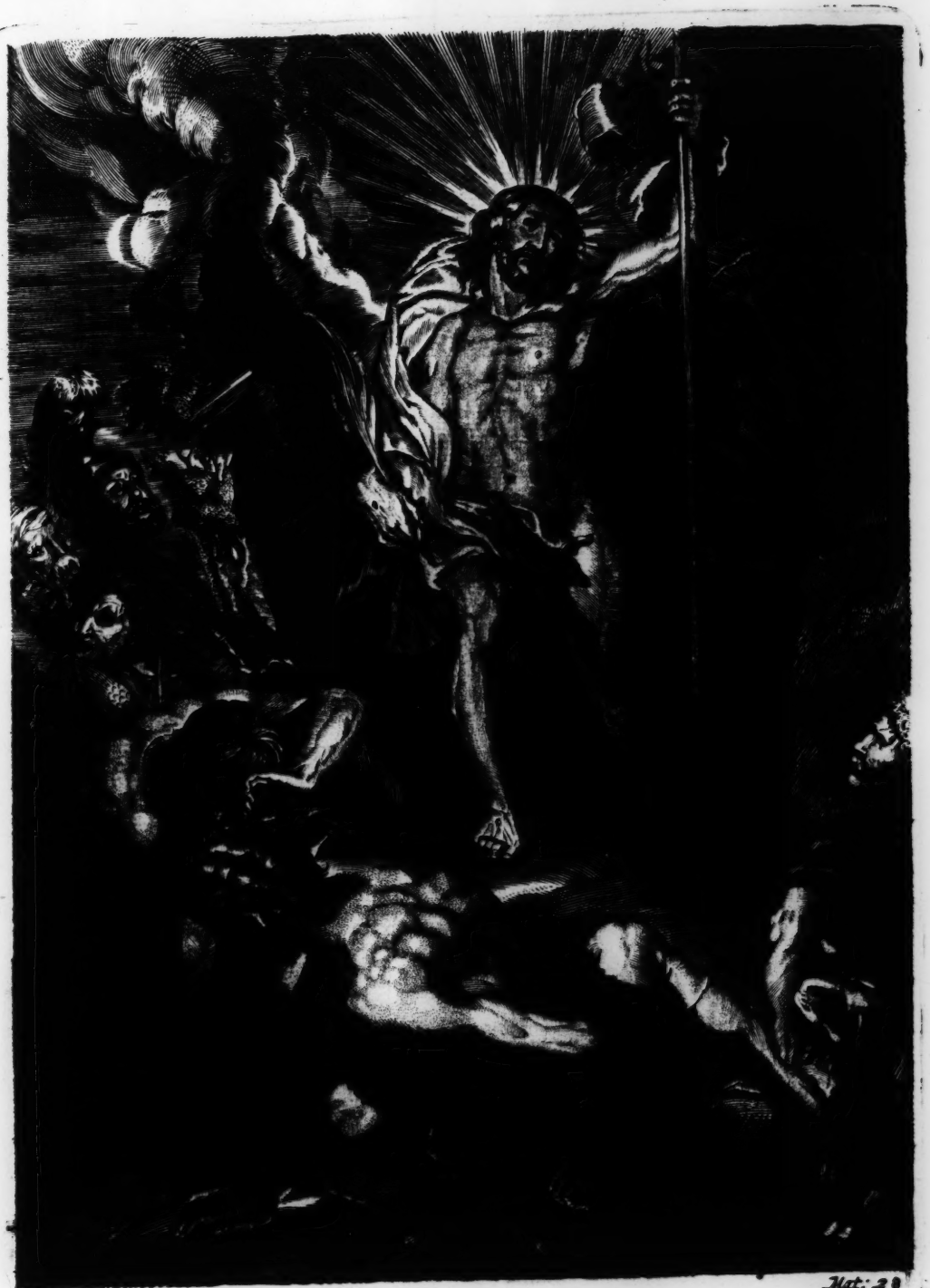
'Tis



UMI



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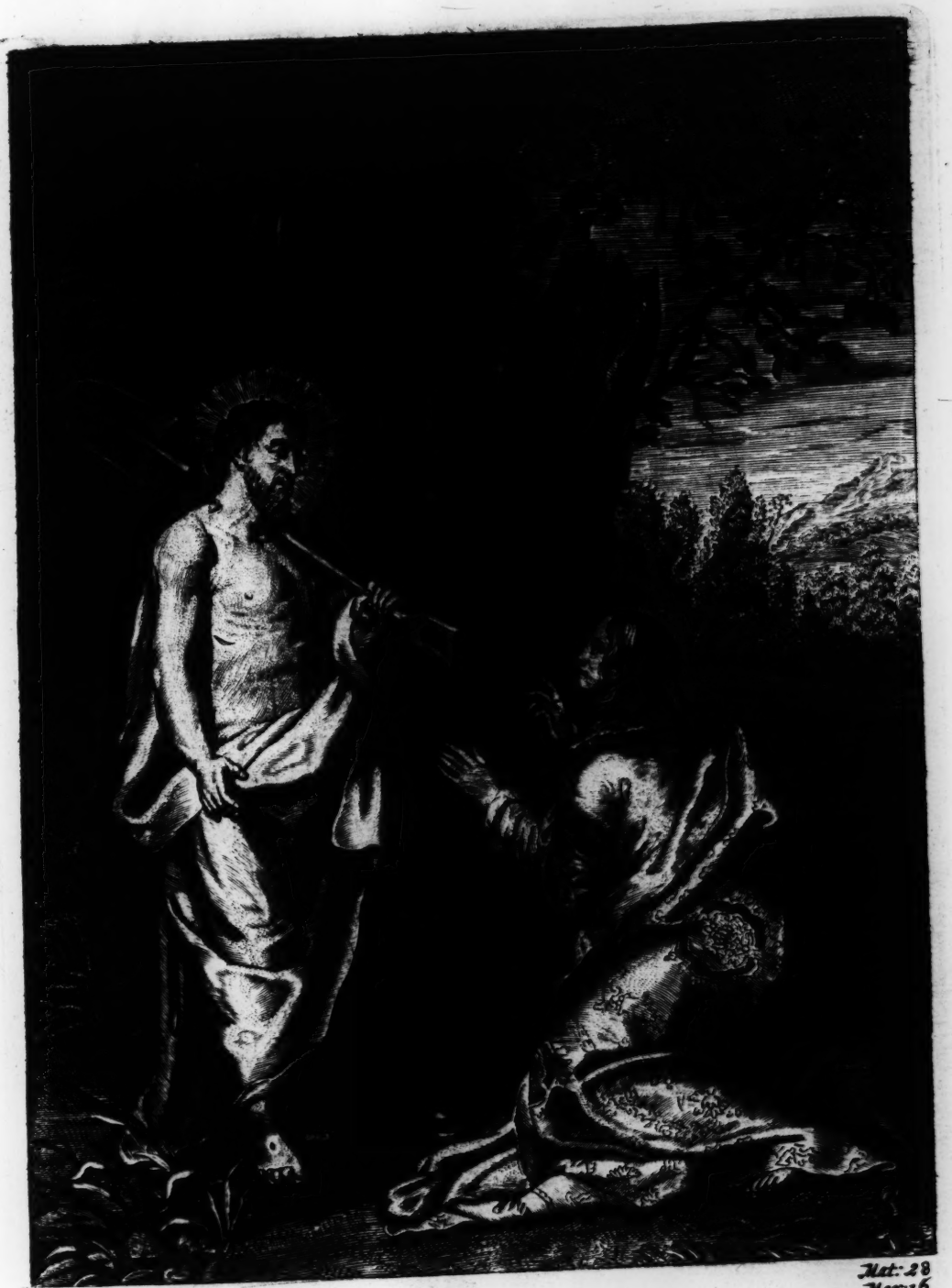
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UMI

'Tis true they *Mercy* found, tho' we had *none*,
Who ſcorn like *Man*, to *kneel* and *lick* his *Throne*;
No—Since ſo bravely once we took the *Field*,
Now, for *another Heav'n* we wou'd not *yield*;
Who, more than *half* his *World* e'er ſince *poſſeſt*,
He the poor *Jews*, and we had all *the reſt*;
More *Prieſts*, more *Oracles*; nay even there,
In his *lov'd Land*, ours was the *largeſt ſhare*;
To us his own *proud Kings* for *Counſel* come, 1 Sam. 28. 8.
And *Endor* ſpeaks when *ſacred Shilo's* dumb.
'Tis true, his *dreaming Prophets* did foretel,
In many a myſtic *Type* and *Oracle*,
The *Ruines* of the *World* agen ſhould *riſe*,
Th' *eternal Word* deſcending from the *Sky's*
In *mortal Form*—*Ours* was too *mean* and *baſe*;
A *Curſe* on *him*, and all that *ſordid Race*!
To *drive* us from our *Conquer'd Kingdoms*, where
We *ſally* out, and taſt the *lightſom Air*,
From theſe *ſad Realms*; nay, tho' we cannot fear
A further *Blow*, *purſue* and *chain* us here:
Revolving deep, I gueſt that [redacted] was near;
And when the late great *Hebrew Prophet* came,
Whoſe *Birth*, whoſe *Life*, whoſe *Miracles* and *Fame*
Have fill'd the *World*, from whom our *Legions* fled
At his *dread Word*, his *Word* which rais'd the *Dead*;
Chas'd every ſtubborn *Pain*, and ſtrong *Diſeaſe*,
Rebuk'd the *Winds*, and ſtill'd the *raging Seas*;
When he did thus to th' *wond'ring World* appear,
I for our *State* almoſt began to *fear*;
To *fear* our *Empire* now was *doom'd* to fall;
Him *Saviour*, him the *Jews Meſſiah* call,
And would have *Crown'd* their *King*—Him firſt I try'd,
You know th' *Event*, with all the *Baits* of *Pride*;
All that the *Earth*, of *Wealth* or *Pleaſure*, yields, *See* Lib. 3.
Rich *Africk's* Sands, or *Europe's* fertile *Fields*;
Luxurious *Aſia's* tempting *Charms* were ſhown, *
And all the hidden *Sweets* of *Worlds* unknown:
Whatever *Nature* made of *Fair* and *Good*;
But all in vain, *Impregnable* he ſtood:
Not ſo his *Friend*, whom *Fear* or *Gold* o'erpow'rs Judas.

At

At firſt *Aſſault*—(Th' *High-Prieſt* before was *ours*)
The *Wretch* who *late* came *here*, like thoſe *above*;
We *Traytors hate*, tho' we the *Treaſon love*—
Howe'er at length we're *ſafe*, our *Fear* is o'er;
The mighty *Prince* will *drive us* now no more!
I ſaw the *Heir* of *Heav'n expos'd on* high,
The *Croſs* his *Throne*, I ſaw th' *Immortal Die*;
For ſuch his *Flatt'rers call'd* him—Now they *run*
To *ſhelt'ring Shades*, and *flie*, *like* us, the *Sun*;
Tho' little need—*He fled himſelf* from *them*
And angry *Heav'n* on *our Jeruſalem*
Look'd *frowning down*; e'en let it now *frown* on,
What's *paſt* is *Fate*, the *mighty Work* is done;
Our *Conqu'rer* now may *mourn* his *Conquer'd Son*:
On all the *tott'ring World* may *Vengeance* take,
At which we'll *ſmile*, but can't what's *paſt unmake*;
That only is *beyond* his *boaſted Pow'r*,
Too *feeble* to *recal* one *fleeting Hour*:
Loſers may *ſpeak*—Let the *Creation* low'r;
Let *Thunder* rend the *Poles*, the *Center ſhake*,
And *ſink* us *deeper* in our *dreadful Lake*;
Yet ſtill we'll *Revel* here; let *Envy* ſtay
Her eating *Cares*, and know no *Grief* to day;
E'en ſhe ſhall *ſmile*, her greateſt *Foe* is *Dead*;
Let *baſhful Error* raiſe her *Hydra-head*,
She and my own *dear Diſcord*, lately fled
From the *great Prophet's Words* and Heav'nly *Air!*
Let 'em with all their *ſnakey Train* prepare
For *Earth* agen, and our new *Conqueſts* tell
To every *holy Fane* and *Oracle*;
To all the *Demons* that in *Æther* rove,
From *Delphos* ſacred *Rock* to wiſe *Dodona's Grove*. *
Tell 'em—But there his *Speech* abruptly ends;
Confus'd, he from his *Iron Throne* deſcends:
For wide away thro' his own *darkſom Cell*,
He ſaw *ſtrange Light*, he ſaw a *Heav'n in Hell*;
The *Walls*, the *Gates* are down, and *Death* and *Sin*, *
Thro' the new *horrid Breach*, came *tumbling* in;
Their *Conqu'ror* after who the *Blow* had given;
'Twas he *himſelf*, th' *Illuſtrious Heir* of *Heav'n*,

Jeſus

Jeſus the God——
'Twas he—A *Guard* of warlike *Angels* ſtands
Around with kindled *Thunders* in their *Hands*:
Tho' more his *Sight* the *Rebels* did ſurprize,
He wears far *fiercer Thunders* in his Eyes:
Too well his *Eyes*, too well his *Arm* they knew,
They oft before had *ſeen* and *felt* 'em too:
Firſt did their *trembling King* the *Firm* forſake,
And *headlong he plunges in the broad Lake*; *
Innumerable *Legions* after run,
New *Hells* they *ſeek*, the *Lamb*'s fierce *Wrath* to *ſhun*;
At once they *fall*, and from the *Rivage* ſteep,
Strike thro' the *Boſom* of th' *unbounded Deep*;
I'th' *rolling liquid Flame* wide *Circles* make,
Soft *murmurs* the black boyling *Brimſtone Lake*.
So when from the fair *Banks* of Silver *Poe*,
Far off, a *Flight* of trembling *Mallards* know,
The *Royal Eagle* their unequal *Foe*;
Darting, like his own *Thunder*, thro' the *Air*,
They, carri'd on the *ſwifter* Wings of *Fear*,
Strike *headlong* thro' the *Stream*, and *diſappear*.
The *Fiends* on *Earth* too felt the fatal *Blow*,
And quickly *ſympathize* with thoſe *below*;
And, as of old from Heav'ns *high Wall* they fall,
Now *drop* from each *forſaken Oracle*;
Thick as *Autumnal Leaves* the *Valleys* ſpread,
E'er *ſhiv'ring Winter* ſhows its *palſi'd* Head:
Lamenting *Sounds* are heard, they take their *flight*,
Wide-wandring in their own *Eternal Night*:
Thus does at laſt the *Womans Off-Spring* tread,
Triumphant, o'er the *hiſſing Serpent*'s Head: } Gen. 3. 15.
And thus *Captivity* he *captive* led.
The guilty trembling *Jaylors* puts to *flight*,
Expoſing their *dark Cells* to hated *Light*; *
From the old greedy *Lion wreſts* his *Prey*,
Which long *condemn'd* in thoſe ſad *Manſions* lay;
And with him back *reduc'd* to *cheerful Day*.
How welcom their *Deliverer* appears,
To the old *Priſ'ners* of *Two Thouſand Years*, *
Who in the *Univerſal Deluge* fell,

Thro'

Thro' gaping *Earth*'s wide *Ruins* ſwept to *Hell*:
The *Graves firſt Fruits*, a joyful *Troop* they riſe,
Regain the now almoſt *forgotten Skies*,
And *wait* their *Saviour* into *Paradiſe*.
With him agen, *Sweet Muſe*, to *Earth* return,
Where his *ſad Death* his *Friends*, miſtaken, mourn;
His *Death* who cannot *die*, or if before,
He his *Clay-houſe* forſook, can *die* no *more*:
His *Body* now *Spiritual* and *refin'd*,
A fit *Companion* for ſo *pure* a *Mind*;
Active and *agile*, preſt and ready 't ſtands,
As *ſwift* as *Thought* t'obey the *Soul*'s *commands*;
Like that it *moves*, and in a *moment flies*
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from *Earth* to *Paradiſe*. *
This knew not they, who yet *lamenting* were,
And loſt in *ſtupid Sorrow* and *Deſpair*;
Forgot the *Promiſe* of his ſure *return*,
And, without either *Faith* or *Hope* they mourn;
Sad was the *Feaſt* to them, no cheerful *Ray*
It wore, as ſad the *Night* that clos'd the *Day*:
With kinder *Omens* the *third Morn* appears,
The happy *Morning* doom'd to *dry* their *Tears*.
" Kind *Phoſphor* bring the Day, why this *Delay*,
" *Jeſus* is *riſing* — *Phoſphor* bring the *Day*!
Haſt his *dull Steeds*, for if he longer ſtay,
Another *Sun* will *riſe*, a *Sun* ſo bright,
The *World* no more will *need* his weaker *Light*.
Earlier than he *fair Magdalena* roſe,
And to the *Tomb* with *Spice* and *Unguent* goes,
Him to embalm who *no Corruption knew*;
The ſame *officious Kindneſs* thither drew
Her weeping *Friends*, who tho' their *Fear* was ſtrong,
Their *Love* was more; ſad *Tales* the *Way* prolong,
As cheerful *ſhorten*, tho' at laſt they come
To th' *ſteep Aſcent*, the *Garden* and the *Tomb*,
Not far remov'd before, but a new *Fear*,
And crowding anxious *Thoughts* ſurpriz'd 'em here:
Not yet ſecure the doubtful *Jews* they heard,
As *Guilt* is ſtill *ſuſpicious*, plac'd a *Guard*
Around the *Sepulchre*, a *Seal* ſecur'd

The

The *pond'rous Stone* their mighty *Foe immur'd*;
Nor think yet *ſafe* or *deep* enough he lies,
For they too heard, he the *third Day would riſe*,
Whoſe pow'rful *Word* had others *rais'd*; nor yet,
Can they the wond'rous *Lazarus* forget,
Or *Naim's twice-born Youth*. — Their *Fear* not vain.
Nor longer *Hades* cou'd his Soul retain:
A *Conqu'ror* thence he *roſe*, where late *he fell*,
And *drags* in *Triumph* after *Death* and *Hell*:
He *did*, *he came* — All *Nature* muſt obey
Its *Sovereign Lord*; he *will'd* the *Stone* away: *
Tho' all around *officious Angels* ſtay'd,
For *Pomp*, not *Service* there, nor needs their *Aid*.
Jeſus is riſen, Triumphal *Anthems* ſing:
Thus from *dead Winter* mounts the *ſprightly Spring*;
Thus does the *Sun* from *Night's black Shades* return,
And thus the *ſingle Bird* wings from th' *Arabian Urn*: *
Jeſus is *riſen*; he'll the *World* reſtore,
Awake ye *Dead!* dull *Sinners ſleep no more!*
In *Pleaſures* ſoft *Enchantments* ſlumb'ring deep,
Or *Sleep* no *more*, or elſe for *ever ſleep!*
But tho' *himſelf* he's *gone*, his tender *care*
Still left two bright *Attendant Angels* there;
Thoſe early pious *Pilgrims* to conſole,
Who with miſtaken *Tears* his *Loſs* condole,
Their trembling *Feet* no ſooner had they ſet
I'th' *Garden Walks*, but they new *Wonders* met;
The *Earth* too trembled where ſo late he *lay*, Matt. 28. 1.
And *Nature's* ſelf ſeem'd more *afraid* than *they*:
And lo! the beauteous *baſhful Clouds* divide,
And *rev'rently* ſtand off on either ſide;
As at th' *approach* of *Earthly Majeſty*,
A *living Lane* is made till all the Pomp *go by*:
And lo! a *heavenly Youth* doth downward move,
The loveliеſt *Form* in all the *Realms of Love*;
From the *Cave's mouth* he *rolls* the mighty *Stone*,
From whence *before* our *conq'ring Lord* was gone,
He *rolls* it, and *triumphant* ſits thereon:
The *Roman Guards*, nor were they *us'd* to *fear*, Matt. 28. 4.
Their *Stations held*, till the bright *Form* was near;

Fain, impious! wou'd *reſiſtance* make, and fain
They would have drawn their *Swords*, but *ſtrove* in vain
Againſt th' *unequal Foe*, in vain they rear
Their uſeleſs *Piles*, ſuſpended in the *Air*; *
Their *Hands*, their *Souls* diſarm'd they quickly found,
They *fall, their Armour clanks againſt the Ground*: *
To the ſoft *Sex* more calmly did appear,
Matth. 28. 5, 6, 7, 8. Dreſs'd in a *milder* and leſs *warlike* Air,
Mark 16. 5, 6, 7. The heav'nly *Youth*— You have *no need to fear*:
We in your *Cauſe* engage with all our *Pow'rs*;
Luke 24. 5, 6, 7. I know you ſeek your *ſuff'ring Lord* and ours;
Too late; alas! You ſeek him here, he *ſaid*,
Him, who for *ever lives*, among the *Dead*.
Dry your vain *Tears*, nor longer him deplore,
Your mighty *Saviour lives to die no more!*
'Tis the *third Day*, he *promis'd* then to riſe,
Nor cou'd *deceive*— Look in and truſt your *Eyes!*
See where he by your ſelves was *laid*, ſee there
The *Linen*, and the *empty Sepulchre*:
Be you the firſt *Apoſtles*, quickly go,
And to th' *Eleven* the happy *Tidings* ſhow.
With *Joy* and mingled *Fear* they haſte away,
All but fair *Magdalen*, reſolv'd to ſtay,
If poſſible her *much lov'd Lord to* find,
And with his *preſence* eaſe her *anxious Mind*;
Her *Mind*, which ſtruggling *Thoughts* like *Earthquakes move*,
Tortur'd at once with *Hope*, and *Doubt*, and *Love*;
An *Angel's witneſs* ſhe cou'd ſcarce receive,
'Twas too *good News* ſhe thought, nor *dar'd believe*:
Muſing ſhe fix'd her *Eyes* upon the *Ground*,
Till wak'd by *ſudden Noiſe*, and turning round,
She *ſaw*, or *thought* ſhe ſaw, the *Gard'ner* near,
And thus, *abrupt* with many a *Sigh* and *Tear*,
Accoſts him— Sir, if you have *born* him hence,
John 10. 15. The poor *Remains* of *murder'd Innocence*;
My laſt juſt *Tears* and *Sighs* are yet *unpaid*,
O *tell*, of *Pity* tell me where *he's laid*;
Where I— The *God* himſelf, no more cou'd *bear*,
'Twas *He* himſelf; bright *ſhone* th' *enlighten'd Air*
Around his *Sacred Head*, the *God* ſhe knew,

And

And at his *Feet* her ſelf in *Tranſports* threw;
The crowding *Joy*'s too *vaſt* to be *expreſt*:
Maſter — She crys, and ſpoke in *Looks* the *reſt*:
He mild *repels* her with his *radiant Eyes*,
And adds — There's yet no time for *Extaſies*.
To his dear *Brethren*, ſtill he held 'em *dear*,
Tho' poorly ſunk in *Unbelief* and *Fear*;
He bids her ſtrait the happy *Tidings* beat,
Then *glides* unſeen away in *trackleſs Air*.
She came and *told*, the *Apoſtles* ne'er the more
Believe, *incredulous* as *ſhe* before;
Day-dreams, by ſickly *female Fancies* made
They thought it all, or ſome *deluſive Shade*;
And yet *alarm'd* with the repeated *News*,
Their *Wonder* pay where they their *Faith* refuſe.
The lov'd *Diſciple* did *attention* lend,
The moſt *concern'd* as he was moſt his *Friend*.
Cephas with him, who *rais'd* from his *late fall*,
In *Faith* and *Courage* now out-ſtrips them all:
Thus *broken Bones*, by skilful *Artiſts* dreſt
And *ſet agen*, grow *ſtronger* than the *reſt*:
This his *warm Zeal*, and that his *Friendſhip* bear
In a few *Moments* to the *Sepulchre*;
Entring *ſurpriz'd*, they nothing there cou'd find,
Nothing, beſides the *Linnen* left behind;
The *Spice* with which the *Jews* embalm their *dead*, John 19.40:
And *blood-ſtain'd Napkin* from his *Sacred Head* 20. 5.
In decent *Folds* laid by, aſunder plac'd,
A *work* confeſſing, neither *Fear* nor *Haſte*:
They ſaw *believing*, now no longer *mourn*
His *Death*, but joyful to the *reſt* return;
Return with *ſpeed*, but gain no *Credit* there,
For all was fill'd with *Terror* and *Deſpair*;
Black *ſullen Grief* hung o'er 'em, all was *Night*,
Without one ſmiling *Glean* of *Hope* or *Light*:
Their *Sun* was *ſet*, can they too *much deplore*?
Was *ſet* in *Death*'s dark *Shades* to *riſe no more*. *
The *Doors* were *ſhut*, leſt the *malicious Jews*,
Shou'd them, as late they did their *Lord*, accuſe
Of *Crimes* unknown, all *ſtill* and *ſilent* were,

No *Sounds* but *Sighs*, which gently mov'd the *Air*;
No *Light*, but one weak *Tapers glimm'ring Ray*,
And that too *hid*, leſt *that* ſhou'd them *betray*.
When *Loe!* the *God* himſelf, (*mirac'lous Sight!*)
The *God himſelf*, in his own *Lambent Light*
Adorn'd, 'ith' midſt *appears*, his *Shape*, his *Dreſs*,
His more than *mortal Meen*, the *God confeſs*;
Divinely did he *look*, divinely *move*,
His *Voice* Divine, 'twas only *Peace* and *Love*;
His wond'rous *Voice*, which *Light* and *Life* convey'd,
Like that firſt *Word* by which the *World* he *made*:
Thorough their *ſecret Soul* 'twas ſwiftly ſent,
And *ſtruck* new *Beams* of *Joy* where e'er it went;
Then mildly *chides* their *Unbelief* and *Fear*,
Such kind *Reproofs* who would not gladly hear?
Shows 'em thoſe *glorious Wounds*, the *Nails* and *Spear*
Had lately made, and further to compleat
Luke 24.43. Their *Faith*, of their poor *Fare* he deigns to eat:
Thus baniſh'd all their *Sorrows*, all their *Tears*;
Once more *ſalutes* with *Peace*, and *diſappears*.
Thomas as chanc'd was *abſent*, whether *Fear*,
Or only *Buſ'neſs*, 'twas detain'd him there;
How great his *Loſs* the while, (" ſcarce leſs they loſe
" Who kindly *bid*, ungratefully refuſe
" To *meet* their *Saviour* at the *Churches Feaſt*)
In vain he is *aſſur'd* by all the *reſt*
Of the glad *Tidings*; him they entertain,
With the late *Viſions* wond'rous *Scenes* in vain,
Him doubting *Cephas* chides, and does declare,
With *Warmth* and *Zeal*, what all cou'd *witneſs* there:
No *more*, he cries, he *did*, he *did* appear,
I ſaw him, with theſe *Eyes* I ſaw him *here*,
Here in this *Place*, where if my *Senſe* is true,
He as *diſtinctly ſpake*, as I to *you*:
We *ſaw*, we *heard* him all — You muſt *forgive*,
If what's *incredible* I can't *believe*,
Says the *weak Saint*; but whilſt he thus *replies*,
In ruſhes *Cleophas*, a glad *ſurprize*
Which *ſeal'd* his *Lips*, *ſpoke* loudly in his *Eyes*:
His *Feet* awhile his *Breath* and *Voice* out-ran,

When

When both recover'd were, he thus began.
He *lives*, he *lives* — *Grief* vaniſh! *Cares* away!
Our *much lov'd Maſter* lives — This happy *Day*,
We *ſaw* him both — *He* can confirm the ſame!
And his *Companion* ſhows who with him came;
Who did with *Vows* the Sacred *Truths* atteſt:
And thus, by all *deſir'd*, relates the reſt.
As toſt 'twixt leſs'ning *Hope* and faithleſs *Fear*,
And *weary* grown with thoſe *ſad Objects* here,
Which but *reviv'd* our loſs; we did forſake
This guilty *Town*, and a ſhort *Journey* make
To neighb'ring *Emmaus* — You know it all, Luke 24 13.
Seated beneath an eaſie *Mountains fall*;
When we almoſt had reach'd the *Goal* deſign'd,
Scarce half our little Journey now behind;
To *Ba'al-Perazin* come we thence deſcry,
To th' left the *Houſe* of aged *Zachary*,
The *Baptiſts happy Sire*; no ſooner ſeen,
But new tormenting *Thoughts* came ſtealing in:
What *atteſtation* this great *Prophet* gave
Our greater *Lord* by *Jordan's* Sacred *Wave*;
How neither cou'd their *ſhining Virtues* ſave:
Both *juſt* and *good*, and *Innocent* in vain,
By *Herod this*, and that by *Pilate* ſlain.
With *various Talk* we thus *beguil'd* th' *Aſcent*,
Meas'ring each ſtep with *Tears* — As on we went
An *unknown Trav'ller* join'd us, whom we gueſt,
Some *Proſelyte* returning from the *Feaſt*;
At whoſe *approach* in vain we *dry'd our Eyes*,
Since *faſter* ſtill new *ſtubborn Streams* ariſe;
He ſaw, and thus began — If 'twere not *rude*,
A *Stranger*, in your *private Thoughts* t' intrude;
I'd ask from whence this *Tide* of *Paſſion* flows,
Which does, againſt your *Will it* ſelf *diſcloſe*,
Since *Sorrow* when *divided*, *weaker grows!*
Stranger indeed! my *Sighing Friend* replies,
Who have not heard the *Cauſe*, from all our Eyes
Has this juſt *Tribute* drawn — And can it be?
Known you not our *Elders Cruelty*,
And our *great Maſter's Fate*? ſuch *Wonders* ſhown,

To

To what *dark Corner* is his *Name unknown*,
In our *Jeruſalem*? ſuch none before
No *Man* cou'd e'er perform — We thought him *more*;
Thought him the *wond'rous promis'd Prince* fore-told,
So oft in holy *Oracles* of old:
The great *Meſſiah he*, the *Chriſt* of *God*,
To *bruiſe* the Nations with his *Iron Rod*;
And if not *He*, ſure *Iſrael ne'er* will find,
A *Prince* more *juſt*, to *nobler Deeds* inclin'd;
More *mild* and *good*, and *merciful* and *kind*.
But, ah! by our falſe flatt'ring *hopes* miſled,
Too late we're *undeceiv'd*, and *mourn* him *dead*.
Judge if we've *Reaſon*! — He'd no longer *bear*
Our *Blaſphemies*, but thus reprov'd, ſevere:
Miſtaken Men! your *Minds immerſt* in *Night*, *
Without one *cheerful Beam* of *heavenly Light*!
And was not this by the *Divine fore-ſight*
Known, and *diſpos'd* for many *Ages* ſince;
Was not *Meſſiah* ſtill a *ſuff'ring Prince*
Deſcrib'd? Did not this *Truth* the *Prophets* tell,
In many a *myſtic Type* and *Oracle*?
That the *Eternal Father* did ordain,
His *Son* to *ſuffer firſt*, and then to *Reign*;
Why elſe from *faithful Abraham's* Boſom, why
Was his lov'd *only Iſaac* drawn to die?
Why was he *offer'd* too near *Calvary*? *
What meant the *Paſchal Lamb*, and wherefore *dies*
Th' *innocent Herd*, a daily *Sacrifice*?
Num. 21. 8. The *Brazen Serpent Moſes* did prepare,
Nail'd to the *Pole*, and lifted *high* 'ith' *Air*;
Which *eaſe* to every *wounded Wretch* did give,
They turn their *half-cloſ'd Eyes*, and *look* and *live*.
What that? What many a *mighty Shadow* more,
What all the *Wounds* the *Royal Prophet* bore;
Pſal. 22. 16. That *Truths* dark *folded* in the *Pſalms* and *Law*;
Iſa. 53. What wond'rous *Viſions lofty Eſay* ſaw,
Th' *Evangelizing Prophet*, *full* and *clear*;
Scarce *Propheſies*, but *Hiſtories* you hear,
When he is *read*; now *Jeſſe's* noble *Stem*,
And then the *Prince* of *Peace's Diadem*;

And





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N° 59



Book 20. pag: 343

Mat 16
Luc: 24

N.° 60



Marc 16
Luc: 24

And *Purple Royal Robes* deciph'ring plain,
Not bought from *Tyre*, but *dy'd in* noblet *Grain*,
His own *pure Blood*, abus'd, condemn'd, betray'd,
For all *Mankind* a *ſinleſs Victim* made;
Thus ſee him there *triumphing!* ſee him come
From *Bozra's lofty Rock* a *bleeding Conqueror* home! Iſa. 63. 1.
While thus he ſpake, *Truth's warm* and chearful *Ray*
Glides thro' our *raviſh'd Souls*, our *Grief* or *Way*
We now no longer *mind*, nor *ſtooping Day*,
Which e'er it does to th' *under-World* deſcend,
Conducts us to our *little Journy's end*:
He *wou'd* have further gone, we both intreat,
He'd not *diſdain* our *humble Countrey-Seat*
That *Night* to *grace*, and our *poor Fare* to eat:
He *mildly grants*, we enter'd and refreſh'd
Our *weary Limbs* with grateful *Food* and *Reſt*:
Such *Cates* as our ſmall *Village* did afford,
Were *ſpread* upon the *Hoſpitable Board*;
We *ſeated* too, he *bleſt* and *brake* the *Bread*,
When lo, the *envious Cloud* o'th' ſudden fled,
Diſcov'ring *well-known Glories* round his *Head*:
Jeſus! 'twas He — Our loſt *lamented Lord*:
Thrown at his *Feet*, *we trembled* and *ador'd*:
For our *officious Kindneſs* he'd not ſtay,
But *glides unſeen in ſecret Shades away.*
You *happy Souls!* who *feed* on *Angels Fare*,
No *wonder* if you meet your *Maſter there*:
Let *Prodigals* and *Swine* on *Husks* be fed,
Jeſus will ſtill be *known in breaking Bread.*
But all in vain they theſe *new Wonders* tell,
The *Didymæan* ſtill's an *Infidel*:
Argues and *asks* — Why yet he never *ſtay'd*,
But always *vaniſh'd* like the *fleeting Shade?*
No, he's *reſolv'd* — Nothing ſhall him *perſuade*,
But *Demonſtration evident* and *clear*:
Unleſs, ſays he, my *ſelf* I *ſaw* him here;
Saw with theſe *Eyes* thoſe *Wounds* of which he dy'd,
And with theſe *Hands touch'd e'en* his *Hand* and *Side*;
I ſtill ſhall think you but your *ſelves deceive*
Or me, and neither *can* nor *will* believe:

He

He ſaid,— They wondring, once agen behold
The *Room* all *delug'd* with *Ethereal Gold*:
Clear Waves of Glory gild th' *illumin'd Air*,
A *Flood* of *Lambent Light*, and *Jeſus there*:
His *Sacred Wounds* the *Source* from whence it flow'd,
Prodigal now of *Light*, as *once* of *Blood*.
All *kneel'd*, *adoring*, — *Thomas* only *ſtands*,
John 20.27. Till forth he *gently reach'd* his *wounded Hands*,
And *ſhows* the *Nails* rude *Prints*, which yet abide
In glorious *Scars*; ſhows him his *mangled Side*:
Lets him e'en all his own *bold wiſh* receive,
And mildly asks him, if *he'll yet believe?*
Low at his *Feet* himſelf he *throws* t' *adore*—
My *Lord!* *My God!* nor had he *room for more*,
He *raviſh'd*, crys,— him gently *Jeſus* rais'd,
And *bleſt*, tho' more their *nobler Faith* he prais'd.
Who to the *Churches witneſs* Credit give,
Without their *Senſes* groſſer *Aid* believe,
Nor ſhall that want: he bids 'em all repair
With *ſpeed* to *Galilee*, and meet him there.
Mat. 28.7. On *Tabor's Holy Mount*, where once before, *
The bleſt above did their bleſt *Lord* adore:
Gives *him* his *Sacred Word* agen t' appear,
Strengthen their *Faith*, and ſhow new *Wonders* here.
In *Peace* and *Joy they* from the *Feaſt* return
To *meet* their *Lord*, whom now no more they *mourn*,
Nor idly *wait*, no more by *Wonders* fed;
With *honeſt Pain* they earn their *welcom Bread*. *
As chanc'd upon a *dark* and *ſilent Night*,
Good *Peter* his *Companions* did invite
The *heedleſs Fiſh* in *Flaxen-Toils* to take,
Royal *Tiberias!* on thy *neighb'ring Lake*:
John 21.3. They go, to *fruitleſs Pain* themſelves expoſe,
Till the next *melancholly Morn* aroſe;
Whoſe *Light* did on the *ſounding Shore* diſcloſe
A *Perſon* of a *Stature*, *Face* and *Dreſs*
Unknown— He *hales*, and asks 'em what *ſucceſs*
The *Night* had *brought*? They *Sighing*, *None* reply'd;
Be ruled by me then, *Mates*, for once, he *cry'd*,
And try the Right, for that's the *luckier Side!*

Where,

Where, if I not *miſtake*, a *Shoal* remain,
Which ſoon will *richly recompence* your Pain:
His kind *Advice* they follow *ſtrait*, and caught,
As once before, a *vaſt, a wond'rous Draught*;
Not their united *Strength* cou'd lift it o'er,
Compell'd to *drag* their num'rous *Prey* aſhore;
When now their *Net* with much ado, they'd *tow'd*,
Their little *Bark* half *ſunk* beneath the *Load*,
Nearer the *Land*; the lov'd *Diſciple* cries
'Tis *He*, 'tis *He*--- So *ſharp* are *Friendſhips* Eyes:
'Tis our *lov'd Lord*--- Th' *Alarm* good *Peter* takes,
And *croſs* the *Waves* a wond'rous *Voyage* makes;
The *liquid* Marble *ſolid* Footſteps gave,
He *runs*, nor *dips his Feet* beneath the *Wave*. *
He firſt arrives upon the *Oozy ſhore*,
And humbly does his *well-known Lord* adore:
He *firſt*, the other *Ten* not far behind,
Who ready on the *Sand* a *Banquet* find;
By ſome *officious Angel* there 'twas laid,
To ſhow their *Maſter* did not need their *Aid*;
Stretch'd on the *Beach* they here themſelves refreſh,
With *Joy* they *eat*, and the kind *Giver* bleſs.
And now when their *mirc'lous Feaſt* was o'er,
Refreſh'd by *that*, but by their *Maſter* more,
They *gaz'd*, for *Fear* their *Eyes* ſhou'd them *deceive*,
And *Joy* wou'd hardly let 'em *yet believe*.
Chiefly *good Cephas*, who ſo oft *deny'd*
That *Lord*, for whom he wou'd have *oft'ner dy'd*:
Whoſe *honeſt Zeal* ſo far his *Faith* outran;
To whom, *ſeverely mild*, the *God* began;
The God yet *veil'd* 'ith' *humble Form* of *Man*:
Thou whoſe *warm Zeal* cou'd *Death's* worſt ſhape out-brave,
Say as thou woud'd thy *Heart* to *Heav'n* approve,
If more than *theſe* thou doſt thy *Maſter love*? John 21. 15.
To whom he thus ——
Nor *dare* I, who ſo little *Love* have ſhown,
Or *queſtion theirs*, or once *commend* my own;
But how I *love* let me no *Witneſs* be,
For *Lord!* thou know'ſt, and I *appeal to Thee!*

Then *Feed my Lambs!* our *Saviour* ſtrait reply'd,
In *Paſtures green by* ſome *ſtill Water's* ſide:
The *ſelf-ſame Queſtion* was repeated o'er,
And had the *ſelf-ſame Anſwer* as before;
Nor muſt theſe *two* without a *Third* ſuffice,
For *thrice* he muſt be *try'd*, who *thrice denies*:
Who *tortur'd* with *ingenuous Grief* and *Pain*
Thus to be *queſtion'd*, thus *returns* again.
O why, thou who ſo *well* doſt all *things* know,
Muſt I a *Task* ſo *cruel* undergo?
How much I *love*, let me no *Witneſs* be,
For, *Lord*, thou *know'ſt*, and I *appeal* to *Thee!*
Then *feed my Lambs!* our *Saviour* ſtrait reply'd,
In *Paſtures green*, by ſome *ſtill Water's* ſide:
Now, while thou may'ſt, *defend* the *ſacred Fold*,
For *Time* apace *rolls on*, and *thou grow'ſt old*:
Some *Luſtres* ſince thy *Youth* was *firm and ſtrong*,
And thou thy *ſelf* all *Vigorous* and *Young*;
Then free as *Air*, thy ſelf alone cou'd'ſt *bind*,
And *Men* as ſoon might *track the wand'ring Wind*:
But when *old Age* with *palſy'd ſteps* draws near,
And *warns thee* thou muſt ſtay no *longer* here;
Then the *rude Soldier* ſhall with *churliſh Bands*,
Secure thy *wither'd Arms* and *trembling Hands*,
And thee unto that *fatal Place* convey,
Whence *ſtruggling Nature* fain wou'd *ſhrink* away:
I *warn* thee well, nor unprovided be,
But when I call, *prepare to follow* me!
He ſaid, nor longer on the *Shore* wou'd ſtay,
But to fair *Tabor's Mountain* leads the way: *
There to a *num'rous Troop of Friends* appears,
Confirms their *Faith*, and diſſipates their *Fears*:
Inſtructs in his bleſs'd *Law* each *wav'ring Mind*,
And *warns* of all the *Dangers* yet behind;
Aſſures of *conſtant Aid* againſt their *Foes*,
Aſſures once more, e'er he t' his *Father goes*,
He'll *viſit* them; e'er him high *Heav'n* receive,
Till the laſt *Day*, then take his *final Leave*.
With *Peace* diſmiſt, their *ſteps* they *backward bend*,
And at *fair Solyma* their *Lord attend*;

For

For his *approach* their pious *Minds* prepare,
With ardent *Wiſhes*, *holy Hymns* and *Pray'r*:
While this *bleſs'd Work* the *Infant Church* employs,
He *comes*, and with him all his *Train of Joys*;
Then, with his little *Troop* of *happy Friends*,
Forſakes the *Town*, the *neighb'ring Hill* aſcends,
Thee lovely *Bethany*! for ever leaves
Thee, ſweet *Gethſemane*! from both *receives*
Still new *ſupplies* to fill his *humble Train*;
Till from the *Top* they ſaw the diſtant *Plain*,
O'er whoſe ſmooth *Boſom* murm'ring *Kidron ran*;
When thus the **Saviour** of the **World** began.
My *Father* calls, and I muſt ſhortly go,--
Farewel, you dear *Companions of my Woe*!
Me *Heav'n* muſt till the laſt *Great Day* receive,
Peace is the *Legacy* I with you *leave*:
--Be that the *Mark* of *mine*! by that alone
My little *Flock* ſhall from the *World* be known:
Galleſs as *Doves*, but *wiſe* as *Serpents* too;
As my great *Father* me, ſo ſend I *you*:
All *Pow'r* in *Heav'n* and *Earth* his Words ſecures
To his lov'd *ſuff'ring Son*--- The *ſame* be yours: * Matth. 1. 18.
To *Cenſure* thoſe who my *ſoft Yoke* refuſe,
And both in *Earth* and *Heav'n* to *bind* and *looſe*!
Go then to what e'er diſtant *Corners hurl'd*,
Go in my *Name* and *Proſelyte* the *World*! * Mark 16. 15.
Mine and my *Father's Name*, for we are *One*,
And that *bleſs'd Spirit's* from *him* and from the *Son*
Eternally *proceeding*; boldly go,
As far as *Land* is *fix'd*, or *Waters* flow;
Till *utmoſt Eaſt* your Lord their *Saviour ſtyle*,
Till utmoſt *Weſt*, "e'en *Albion's ſtubborn Iſle*; * See *Lib.* 7.
Where ſtill *new Worlds* ſhall wait you yet *conceal'd*,
In Times *revolving Race* to be *reveal'd*:
Thoſe who your *Words believe*, and mine *obey*,
Let *Sacred Water* waſh their *Sins* away; Matth. 28. 19.
Thoſe *happy Souls* who thus for *Heav'n* prepare,
Shall, when I come *Triumphing*, enter there;
While thoſe who *Mercy* ſcorn, ah hapleſs *Race*!
For whom I *dy'd* in *vain*, and *purchas'd Grace*

From my *forgiving Father*; thoſe muſt go,
The *choice* their *own*, *to endleſs Worlds of Woe*:
Nor will I you without *Credentials* ſend,
Angels ſhall *guard*, and *Miracles* attend;
Which ſhall the *ſtubborn World* ſo far ſurprize,
They muſt *believe*, if they'll *believe* their *Eyes*:
For when the bleſſed *Paraclete* ſhall fall, *
And with *high Pow'r* from *Heav'n inſpire* you all;
(Nor, if at *fam'd Jeruſalem* you ſtay
And wait his *Pleaſure*, will he long delay:)
What *Signs*, what *mighty Wonders* ſhall *you do*?
How much ſhall *you* your *ſelves* be *chang'd* from *you*?
Acts 3. 4, 9, 10, &c. All *Tongues*, and *more* than *all*, at *Babel* known, *
Shall then be *yours*, familiar as your *own*:
You ſhall the *Thoughts* of many *hearts reveal*?
Your *Touch*, your Word, your very *Shade* ſhall *heal*?
Mark 16. 18. Thoſe *Fiends* late *driv'n* from ſome *falſe Oracle*,
Acts 5. 15. Yet *here*, ſhall *envy* thoſe who *lower fell*,
And from your *Words* ſeek *ſhelter* e'en in *Hell*.
Nor only *They themſelves* ſhall *conquer'd* find,
But every *Ill* with which they *plague* Mankind:
Th' *auxiliary Miſchiefs* they employ,
To make e'en *Nature Nature*'s ſelf deſtroy:
Blue *Poiſons* harmleſs thro' your *Veins* ſhall flow,
Vipers and *Aſps* innoxious *Worms* ſhall grow;
In *Teeth* or *Sting*, no dreadful *Venom* found,
E'en he whoſe *Eyes* ſhoot *Death* ſo proudly *crown'd*; *
Tam'd by your *Touch*, diſarm'd, ſhall *bruſh* the *Ground*.
Nor of your *Safety* when I'm gone, *deſpair*,
I'll *ſtill be* with *you*, for I'm *ev'ry where*:
Be *with you* to *protect*, *ſuſtain*, *defend*,
Till this *frail World*, but not my *kindneſs* end;
Till each *reviving Duſt* forſakes its *Urn*,
And in the *Clouds you ſee your Lord return*.
He ſaid, when lo! a *trembling Purple Light*,
The *Olive-bearing* Mountains proudeſt height
Began to *gild*, and as it farther *ſpread*,
Each *lofty Cedar* bends his *leafy Head*;
Each humble *Palm* below too ſeem'd to fear,
And all *confeſs'd* ſomething *Divine* was near:

Soft





Matt: 17
Mar: 9
Luc: 9

Soft *Muſic's* heard from a far *diſtant Cloud*
Deſcending ſlow, ſtill more *diſtinct* and loud,
As by *Degrees* it ſtill approach'd more *nigh*;
Then *warlike Trumpets* eccho round the *Sky*,
Triumphal Notes and *Sounds* of *Victory*;
Mixt with the *melting Harp*, and theſe among
Was plainly heard ſome Noble *Feſtal Song*:
Alternatively thus they *ſung* and *play'd*,
The *Words* a *King*, the *Tune* an *Angel* made.

The Angels below.

PRepare! Prepare you *glitt'ring Orbs* above!
At *decent diſtance roll* away!
Let onely *pureſt Ether* ſtay!
Let envious *Clouds* remove!
All ye *bright Clouds* his *Way* prepare!
Sweep with your *Purple Wings* the *Air*!
The *King of Glory's entring there*!

Pſalm 24. 7, 8, 10. *Lift up your Heads, O ye* Gates, *and be ye lift up, ye* Everlaſting Doors, *and the King of Glory ſhall come in.*

The Angels above.

SAY *you*! for ſurely you muſt *know*,
Say you who keep *perpetual Guard* below,
What *God*, *what Hero* is't you bring;
What *wond'rous King*?

Who is this *King of Glory*?

The Angels below.

'TIS He who lately *Triumph'd* o'er the *Grave*?
Who drags the *King* of *Pride* along,
With *eaſe* the *ſtronger* binds the *Strong*,
And *Death* and *Hell* his *Slave*!
Whom all the *heav'nly Warriors* ſing,
Their *Trophies* to his *Footſtool* bring;
The *Conq'ring God*, the *wondr'ous King*!

It is the Lord, ſtrong and mighty, *even the Lord* mighty *in* Battle.

The Lord of Hoſts, *he is the* King *of* Glory.

While thus they *Hymning* wait, he *mounts alone*,
Nor needs their *Pow'r*, he's *greater* of his *own*;
All *impious Doubts* for ever to prevent,

Aſcending

Aſcending ſlow, and *ſtopping* as he went;
Till, when he out *dull Earth's attraction* leaves,
Him there, for *State*, a *radiant Cloud* receives:
Swifter than *Thought* did his bright *Chariot* move,
And bore him to th' *expecting Crowd* above:
Innumerable Hoſts their *Leader* wait,
Drawn out before *Heav'ns Adamantine* Gate;
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* their glitt'ring *Squadrons* ſhine,
And *croſs* the *Gulph* compos'd a *glorious Line*:
He *comes*— At his approach a *Shout* is giv'n,
A *Shout which* ſhook th' *Eternal Walls* of *Heav'n*:
Not all the *Pomp* of this *Triumphal Show*,
How much, much more than we *poor Mortals* know,
Made him forget thoſe *Friends* he left below;
With *Joy* and *Wonder rapt* he left 'em there,
They *kneel*, and after gaze in *trackleſs Air*;
But e'er the *Everlaſting Gates* divide,
And *Him* from *them*, not *them* from Him *deny'd*;
In *Glory* plac'd by his *great Father's* Side,
One *Look* he gave, which *wonted Love* expreſt,
And ſends *two Angels down* to tell the reſt:
Tell 'em their *Lord* who did to *Heav'n* aſcend,
Acts 1. 11. Commands they ſhould their *fruitleſs gazing* end;
Nor *gaze* in *vain*, nor Him as vainly *mourn*,
Whom in the *Clouds* they'd *ſee* agen return
To *judge* the *trembling World*, nor judge *alone*,
They all th' *Aſſeſſors* on his *mighty Throne*:
When the laſt *Fire* to *Atoms* ſhou'd diſperſe,
This *beauteous Poem* of the *Univerſe*;
Which *heav'nly Art* far lovelier will reſtore, *
When *Death* and *Time* it ſelf ſhall *be no more*.

THE END.

NOTES ON The LIFE of *CHRIST.*

BOOK X.

133. *Shou'd she but appear —— In Public, all the* World *wou'd* Mourning *wear.*] Something like that Thought of Mr. *Cowley*'s:

Ah charming Maid! *let not ill Fortune see*
The Livery *that thy* Sorrow *wears,*
Or know the Beauty *of thy* tears,
Leſt she shou'd come and Dreſs herſelf at thee.

139. *No Pangs at his mirac'lous Birth.*] So 'twas generally conceiv'd and believ'd, by moſt of the *Antients*, which is enough to vindicate the Propriety of the Expreſſion.

163. *The* Pandæmonium *fills.*] Every one that has read *Milton* may remember 'tis his *Word.*

167. *In long* Serpentine *Folds.*] See *Milton*'s admirable Deſcription of the *Devils* turning into *Serpents*, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*: This, and much that follows, ſuppoſing his *Notions* there.

247. Luxurious Aſia's *tempting Charms have ſhown.*] The Liberty of *Concubinage*; the Pleaſantneſs, and Riches, and Manners of thoſe Countries, ſufficiently warrant the Epithet I here give the *Aſiatics.*

283. *From* Delphos's *ſacred Rock to Wiſe* Dodona's *Grove.*] *Delphos*, ſays the Scholiaſt upon *Homer*, was firſt called the *Parnaſſian Grove*, then *Python*, afterwards *Delphis*. *Strabo* ſays, the City was called *Delphos*, the Temple *Pytho*, and the Prieſt *Pythia*; tho *Ptolomy* and *Eraſmus*, make *Pythia* and *Delphos* two Cities diſtinct from each other: *Dionyſius* ſeems to make *Delphys* the proper Name of the Serpent *Python*, whom *Apollo* kill'd in the neighbouring Country. *V.* 442. ἦχι Δελφυνῆος — Διλφωίης, *&c.* Where is the *Spire*, or *Train* of the Dragon *Delphis? Homer* calls this City Πυθῶνα πετήεσσαν, Stony or Rocky *Pytho*; and accordingly; 'tis here ſtil'd *Delphos ſacred Rock.* For *Dodona*'s *Grove*, as famous for *Oracles* of Old, as a *Book* ſince writ by that Name, has been thought for *Propheſies*, it was ſo called from the Country wherein it was ſeated. Its Name, learned Men generally agree, to be derived from *Dodanim*, the Fourth Son of *Javan*; (whence the Ἰάονες;) as he of *Japhet*, the *Greek* Ἰάπετος. Here was the City of *Dodone*, and the Temple of *Jupiter Dodonæus*, plac'd, its probable, in that famous Grove of the ſame Name; tho' ſome leſſen this *Grove* into a *ſingle Oak:* So the Poet, ἐκ δρυὸς ὑψικόμοιο Διὸς, *&c.* to require an anſwer from the *Oak* of *Jupiter.* In this *Tree,*

Tree, or *Trees*, it ſeems hung a parcel of *Brazen Veſſels*, or ſort of *Bells*, which made a noiſe when mov'd by the *Wind*; and perhaps this was all the *Vocality* of that famous *Oracle*; tho' we are not to queſtion, but the *Attendants* on the Temple, very well underſtood that *Language*.

300. *And* headlong he plunges *in the broad Lake.*] I know not whether I had need inform my Reader, that I chuſe to make the *Cadency* of this Verſe thus *abrupt*, to expreſs my *Sence* the more lively; as I've done *Lib.* 3. in that, *On Surges tumultuous agen we riſe.* In imitation of many ſuch in *Virgil*; and that of *Cowley* among others, in which he himſelf inſtances;

Down a ſteep Precipice, deep, adown he caſts 'em all.

330. *To the old Priſoners of* 2000 *Years — Who in the Univerſal Deluge fell*, &c.] This is according to the Notion of many of the Antients, that the dark Place in 1 S. *Peter* 3. 20. *Concerning the Spirits in Priſon who were diſobedient in the days of* Noah, *&c.* relates to thoſe who were loſt in the *Univerſal Deluge*; and that ſome of theſe our Saviour brought back with him, after an *actual Deſcent* into *Hell*; *having there ſpoiled Principalites and Powers.* Many of our own Divines have been thus far of this Opinion, that they thought Chriſt did *actually Deſcend* into *Hell*, tho' now I think moſt are of another mind, and believe, with great probability, that only a *Deſcent* into the *Grave*, or the *State* of the *Dead*, which the famous controverted *Hades* ſignifies, was thereby intended. However ſince our Church leaves this *undecided* in her Article *de Deſcenſu*, I am, I think, at liberty to take that Senſe which I look on as moſt *Poetical.* But however, 'tis eaſie to ſhew, that even that *Notion* of thoſe, *Loſt in the Deluge*, &c. is far enough from Popery. The Papiſts place all *good Men* here before our Saviour's Death, which afterwards they changed into a *Purgatory.* I only place *bad Men* there formerly. They require a *Divine Faith*; whereas I'll be content with a *Poetical.* Nor can I think I am any more oblig'd to make good the *actual Reality* and *Truth* of that *Notion*, than for what follows in the next Verſe; *Thro' gaping* Earths *wide* Ruins *ſweep'd to Hell.* Which alludes to the *Hypotheſis* aſſerted in Mr. *Burnet*'s ingenious *Theory.*

382. *He* will'd *the* Stone *away.*] I'm ſure, the Papiſts can never prove he came through it, tho' he might *remove* it for a *moment*, and let it return to its place, as ſoon as he had quitted the Sepulchre. He *raiſed himſelf*; *Surrexit, non ſuſcitatus eſt*, as one of the Fathers; and this *by his own power. Deſtroy this Temple*, ſays he, *and I will raiſe it again*: Therefore he muſt be *God*, or elſe, as one of the greateſt Men in the World obſerves. "He had not been ſo much as a *modeſt Man*; "becauſe he would have arrogated to himſelf what did not really belong to him: "or had expreſs'd himſelf in ſuch a manner, as he knew would be, and was, "taken in ſuch a Senſe by thoſe who heard him, as that they muſt conclude, "him *God.* As for the Angels rolling away the Stone, 'twas for the ſake of the "*Women*, not for him, who cou'd not want Power to remove that, when he had "before, *by his own Power*, been *raiſed from the Dead.*

388. *And thus the* ſingle Bird *wings from th'* Arabian *Urn.*] This is *Vida*'s Simile of the Phœnix, which he thus proſecutes very beautifully in his ſixth Book.

Talis ubi turpe irrepſit ſenium, unicus ales
Congeſſitq; ſibi ramis felicibus altum
Summo in colle rogum, poſuitque in morte ſenectam;
Continuò novus exoritur, nitiduſq; juventâ
Effulget criſtis, & verſicoloribus alis:
Innumeræ circum Volucres mirantur euntem;
Ille ſuos adit Æthiopas, Indoſq; reviſit.

415. *Their uſeleſs* Piles *ſuſpended in the* Air.] Piles were a ſort of *heavy Darts*, or *Javelins*, us'd by the *Romans.*

417. *They*

417. *They fall, their Armour clanks againſt the Ground.*] I think 'tis *Cowley*'s Verſe, in the *Fall* of *Nabaſh* when kill'd by *Jonathan*.

488. *Was ſet in Deaths dark ſhades to* riſe no more.] So it ſeems they all thought, for 'twas a long time ere they believ'd the *Reſurrection*, tho they had repeated and credible *Teſtimonies* of it from Eye-witneſſes; much leſs can we ſuppoſe they did ſo when it depended on *Faith* only.

586. *Miſtaken Men, your minds immerſt in Night.*] *O Fools and ſlow of Heart*, &c. Our Saviour calls 'em.

597. *Why was he offer'd too, near* Calvary.] Old *Tradition* ſays, as has been already obſerv'd, that *Adam*'s *Scull* or *Head*, was found about this *Mountain*, whence ſome derive its *Hebrew* Name *Golgotha*; and in *Latin Calvary*: Nay *Surius* is ſo certain of it, that he gives it as at leaſt highly probable, that our *Saviours Blood*, when upon the *Croſs*, deſcending by the *Cleft* which the Earthquake caus'd, did run down and waſh this very *Scull of Adam*, as it lay below, near the bottom of the Mountain. A little more probable it is, that it derives its Name from its *ſhape*, being a round bare *Rock*, at diſtance appearing like a *Scull*; or at leaſt, from the many unburied *Sculls* and *Bones*, there found; this being the place of Publick Execution. Now 'tis certain, *Iſaac* was offered near *Calvary*, for that it ſelf is one of the *Mountains* in the Land of *Moriah*; and 'twas upon one of theſe where he was Offered: and perhaps our Saviour was promiſed of Old, to *come*, or *appear*, in that very place. For whereas we render the *Jehova Jireh*, in *Gen.* 22. 14. *In the mount of the Lord it ſhall be ſeen.* It will bear another Sence; *In the mount ſhall the Lord be ſeen.* This Mount, either Mount *Moriah* it ſelf, on which, part of the City and Temple was Built, (*Vid. Joſeph.*) and where our *Lord*, the true *Jehova*, ſo frequently appeared; or perhaps on Mount *Calvary* it ſelf, where this great *Antitype* of *Iſaac* was offered.

679. *With honeſt Pains they earn their welcom* Bread.] The Apoſtles were not yet ſent abroad to Convert the World, as they were after the *Deſcent* of the Holy Ghoſt; and ſo kept to their old *Employs*: But when they left thoſe, to undertake more eminently the *Cure* of *Souls*, *heavy* enough of it ſelf without any *additional weight*, then we don't find St. *Peter* a *Fiſhing* any more, unleſs, as our Saviour ſaid, *to catch men*: And St. *Paul* tells the *Corinthians*, *that the Lord himſelf had ordained, that thoſe who preach'd the Goſpel, ſhould live of the Goſpel.* By which Lord, I ſuppoſe, is meant our Saviour, in thoſe Words of his, *The workman is worthy of his hire.*

705. *He runs, nor dips his* Feet *beneath the* Wave.] The meaning of this place I think is not clear in Hiſtory, whether St. *Peter* walk'd upon the *Waves*, as once before, or only waded to land; the former Sence was more noble, for that reaſon I choſe it. As for his walking without dipping his Feet, I'm ſafer in my *Hiſtory* than *Virgil* in his *Hyperbole*, that I mean of *Camilla*.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis, &c.
Vel mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore Plantas.

761. *But to fair* Tabor's *Mountain leads the way.*] *Vid.* St. *Matt.* 28. 16. where 'tis ſaid, *The Apoſtles went to a mountain which he had appointed*; and this probably was either *Tabor*, or that of the *Beatitudes*, becauſe ſomewhere in *Galilee*, and near the Lake.

793. *The* ſame *be yours.*] So ſays our Saviour; *All power is given to me in Heaven and Earth.* And again, *As the Father hath ſent me, ſo ſend I you.* Not the *ſame Power* in *Degree*, but the ſame *ſort* of *Spiritual Power*, that of binding and looſing; *Whatſoever ye ſhall bind on Earth, ſhall be bound in Heaven*, &c. That is, God himſelf ratifies thoſe *Cenſures* and *Abſolutions*, which his Church rightfully diſpoſes; this *Power* not being given ſo much as to the Seventy, much leſs to all Chriſtians, but to the Eleven only. 28 St. *Matt.* 26. *The Eleven Diſciples went away into* Galilee, *and Jeſus ſpake unto them ſaying, All power is given me*, &c.

797. *Go in my* Name, *and* proſelyte *the World.*] I think the Word *proſelyte* comes nearer the μαθητεύσατε in the Original, than that by which we tranſlate it. Now the Cuſtom of making *Proſelytes* among the Jews, all know, was to admit whole Families together, not make the *Father* an *Iſraelite*, and leave the *Child* an *Heathen.*

803. *Ev'n* Albion's *ſtubborn Iſle.*] Mr. *Cowley*'s Thought and Words, at the End of *David*'s Viſion.

818. *For when the holy* Paraclete *ſhall* fall.] the ſence of the Word παράκλητος, is diſputed among the Learned. Some think it means an *Advocate*, others a *Counſellor*, &c. And it may very well mean both: However what e'er is intended by it, the *Word* I uſe will reach it.

824. *All Tongues, and more than all at* Babel *known*] The Philologiſts have with good ſucceſs, prov'd the gradual *Degeneracy* of one *Language* into another, from the *Phenician*, down to *Latin*, *Greek*, and all, or moſt of the preſent *European* Languages.

838. *E'en he whoſe Eyes ſhot Death, ſo proudly Crown'd.*] The *Baſilisk*, which, as ſome of the Naturaliſts, moves *erect*, and has ſomething not unlike a *Crown* on its Head; which I take from that of St. *Mark* 16. 18. ὄφεις ἀροῦσιν. You ſhall *take up*, *touch*, or *handle Serpents*; as was actually perform'd in the Caſe of St. *Paul* at *Malta*, *Acts* 28. 5.

879. *While thus they* Hymning *wait, he mounts alone.*] The Readers muſt not expect I ſhou'd take any more *Notice* of our Saviours *Footſteps*, which the Papiſts ſay he left in the *ſolid Rock* at his *Aſcenſion*, than they find in the *Evangeliſts* themſelves; in none of whom the leaſt *Track* of 'em is to be diſcovered: But thoſe who have put out another Edition of the *Goſpel*, with many *Additions*, and as they think, *Amendments*, will tell you, "That there's a Chappel built over the "very place of the *Aſcenſion*, whoſe *top* is *open* to Heaven, ſince as much as they "build at *Days* is thrown down at *Nights*, on purpoſe that all the *pious Pilgrims* "who ſee this *opening* may think of our Lords *Aſcent*: And that within the Gate "of this Church, on the *right hand*, where our *Saviours ſacred Footſteps* are to be ſeen "imprinted in the *living Rock*, as 't had been in *ſoft Wax*: That one of theſe "Footſteps the *Turks* had *taken* up, and carried away to their chief Moſque, "where 'tis to this day at the foot of their Mufty's *Chair*, honoured with their "*Lamps*, ſprinkled every day with *ſweet Waters*, and adorn'd with pretty Flowers. Thus *Surius* as he pretends from unfailing Catholick *Tradition*; of all which the Reader is at liberty to believe if he pleaſes as little as I do.

911. *Which Heav'nly* Art *far lovelier will reſtore.*] Whether or no this ἀποκατάστασις, *redintegration* or *renovation* of the *World*, ſhall be *really* performed in that ſenſe wherein I *ſuppoſe* it, as I v'e ſaid in other Caſes, does not much affect me in *relation* to my *Poem*, ſince 'tis at leaſt *probable:* For all know that *this*, and the Doctrines depending upon it, had the conſent of moſt of the ancient *Fathers*; and I believe 'twill be difficult to find any who oppoſed it before *Dionyſius*, who was not of the beſt Antiquity; this being the Judgment not only of old *Papias*, who might be as *Wiſe* as he was *Good* for all *Euſebius*, but indeed of *Irenæus*, *Juſtin Martyr*, *Tertullian*, and I believe all others for the two or three firſt Centuries: Nay it appears from S. *Jerom* himſelf, that 'twas in his time generally and almoſt *univerſally* receiv'd, becauſe he acknowledges he ſhould bring a great *Clamor* on himſelf by ſpeaking againſt it. That there may be ſuch a *renovation*, is alſo the avow'd Judgment of two very ingenious Men at preſent in our Church; One the *famous Theoriſt*, the other Mr. *Norris*, on the Sermon upon the *Mount*, and that *Beatitude*, "Bleſſed are the *meek* for they ſhall inherit the Earth: Which he takes, as Mr. *Walker* alſo does, "for that *new Heaven*, and *new Earth*, ſpoke of in 21*ſt*. of "the *Apocal.* Now this they do, and *Print* in *Proſe*, as the Learned Mr. *Mede* has done at large before 'em; much more than may I in *Verſe* aſſume the ſame liberty. Nor can I paſs the ἀποκατάστασιν πάντων "the *Reſtitution* of all things, mention'd "by St. *Peter*, Acts 3. 21. Which, ſays he, God has promiſed by all his holy Pro- "phets ſince the World began; which ſeems not to refer to the *Times* of Chriſtianity

only

only, in the ſtate wherein it now is, ſince this *Reſtitution* or *Renovation* is not to be "*until* Jeſus Chriſt was *ſent again* from *Heaven*, who before had been preach'd unto "'em. When the *Times* of *Refreſhing* ſhould come, which are all ſpoken of as *Future*, and which 'twou'd ſound very harſh to reſtrain to the *Deſtruction* of the *Jewiſh Temple*, *City*, *Policy* and *Nation*, which ſeems but an odd ſort of a Refreſhment. Beſides, this is not only to be a *Renovation* of *good Men*, but of all the World, *all things*: Behold I make *all things new*, ſays our Saviour, and a *new Heaven* and new Earth is promiſed, which in the *Hebrew* Phraſe, is equivalent to a *new ſyſtem* of all *Viſibles*, and 'tis ſaid, *Rom.* 8. Not only *we our ſelves* the Chriſtians and good Men, "But the whole Creation groaneth for this *happy Change*, "where the *expectation* of the *Creature* is ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from the *mani-* "*feſtation* of the *Son* of *God*. Further, it ſeems to me, that by the *new Heaven* and *new Earth* ſo often mention'd in all the holy Prophets, can't be meant the *ſtate* of the Church *triumphant* in Glory; for 'tis not ſaid, "Men ſhall be taken "*up* to *God*, but the *Tabernacle* of God ſhall be with *Men*; not the *Jeruſalem* "ſhall be carried up to Heaven, but *Jeruſalem* ſhall deſcend down from *Heaven*. Nor ſeems it to relate to the *Church Militant* here upon Earth, in any *paſt*, or the *preſent* Age, ſince the Church has ſcarce ever yet come up to that *Glory* there deſcrib'd, tho' we ſhou'd take it in a *metaphorical Senſe*; granting but any manner of *Proportion* between that and what's ſignified by it. Nor can I imagine that *Satan* can ever yet, with any *Propriety*, be ſaid to have been *bound* a *Thouſand Years*, or *One* either; ſince, after *Heathen Idolatry* ceas'd, he was ſtill as hard at Work, and perhaps more perniciouſly, to the *Church* I mean, in hammering out *Schiſms* and *Hereſies*, and *Popery*, and *Mahometaniſm* than ever he was before. Beſides, this is deſcrib'd, as not to come to paſs till after *Babylon* is fallen, who ſeems now to ſit as a *Queen* and rejoices that her *deadly Wound* is *healed*: From all which, I ſee not well how the concluſion can be avoided; That this *happy State* is *yet to come*; This dear deſirable State of *Piety*, *Friendſhip*, and *Spiritual*, *Heavenly Pleaſures*, even on this *Earth*, whereon *Virtue* has ſo long been *miſerable*. However thus far we are certain, that *Chriſt ſhall reign till he has put all his Enemies under his Feet*, tho' in what *manner* does not I think ſo much *concern us*; nor is that any *fundamental* Article of Faith, *&c.* Yet in general, I'm ſure every good Chriſtian will joyn with me in our Saviours one Words, "*Thy Kingdom come!* Nor will refuſe to uſe thoſe of our Church; "That the Kingdom of Gods dear Son may *come quickly*, "and that all his Enemies being made his *Footſtool*, he, who is Lord of Lords, and "King of Kings, may reign to all the Ends of the Earth!

Make haſt, my Beloved! and be thou like to a Roe *or young* Hart *upon the Mountains of Spices!*

Veni cito, Domine Jeſu. *Amen*

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